BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

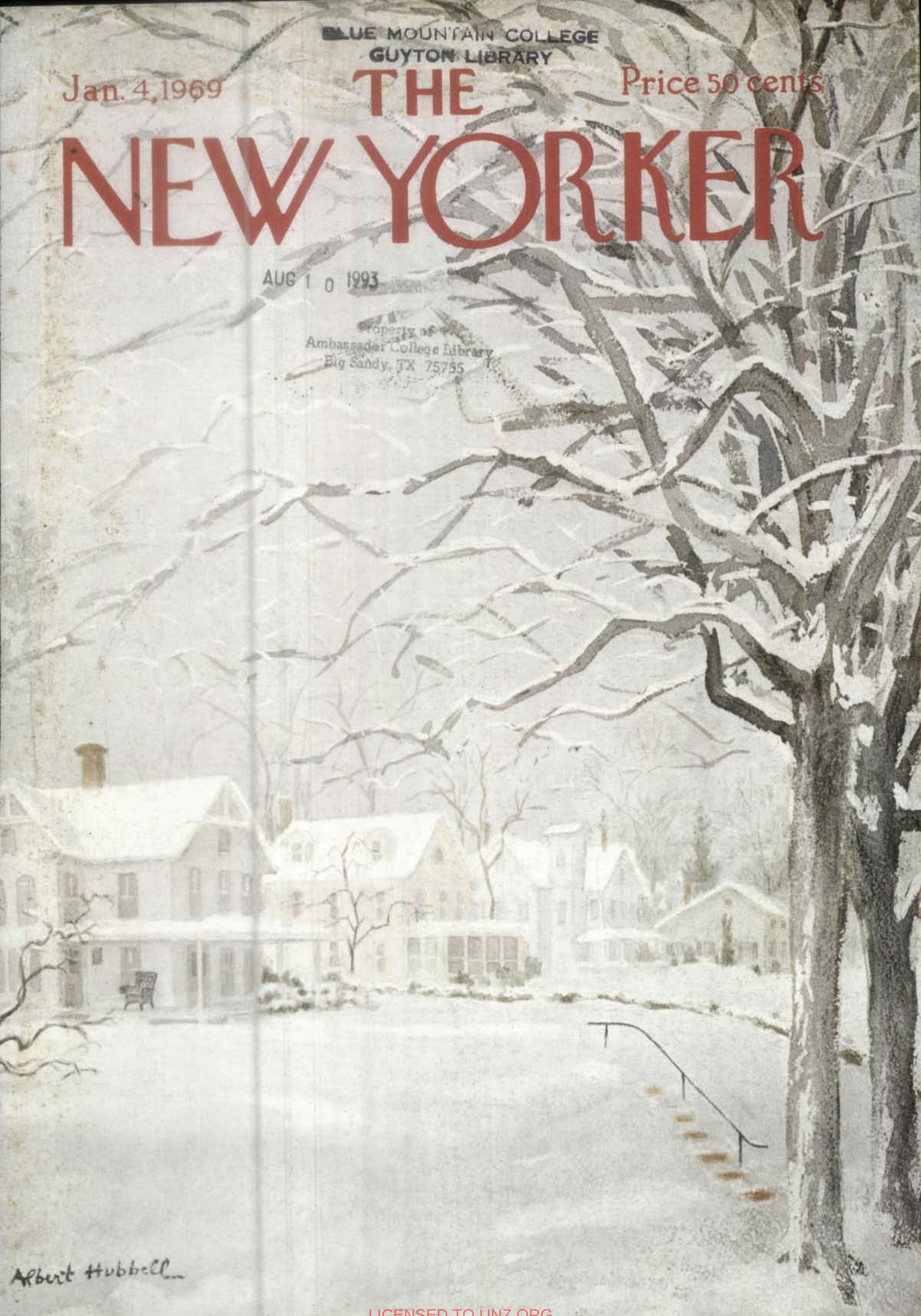
Jan. 4, 1969

THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

AUG 1 0 1993

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755



Greece:
the coming country.
Come.

Greek National Tourist Office
601 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
Phone: 212 HA. 1-5777 Write: Dept. NY-1

I want to come to Greece. Please send free information, maps and folders.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State________ Zip______

The British are coming for the world's clearest sunlight.

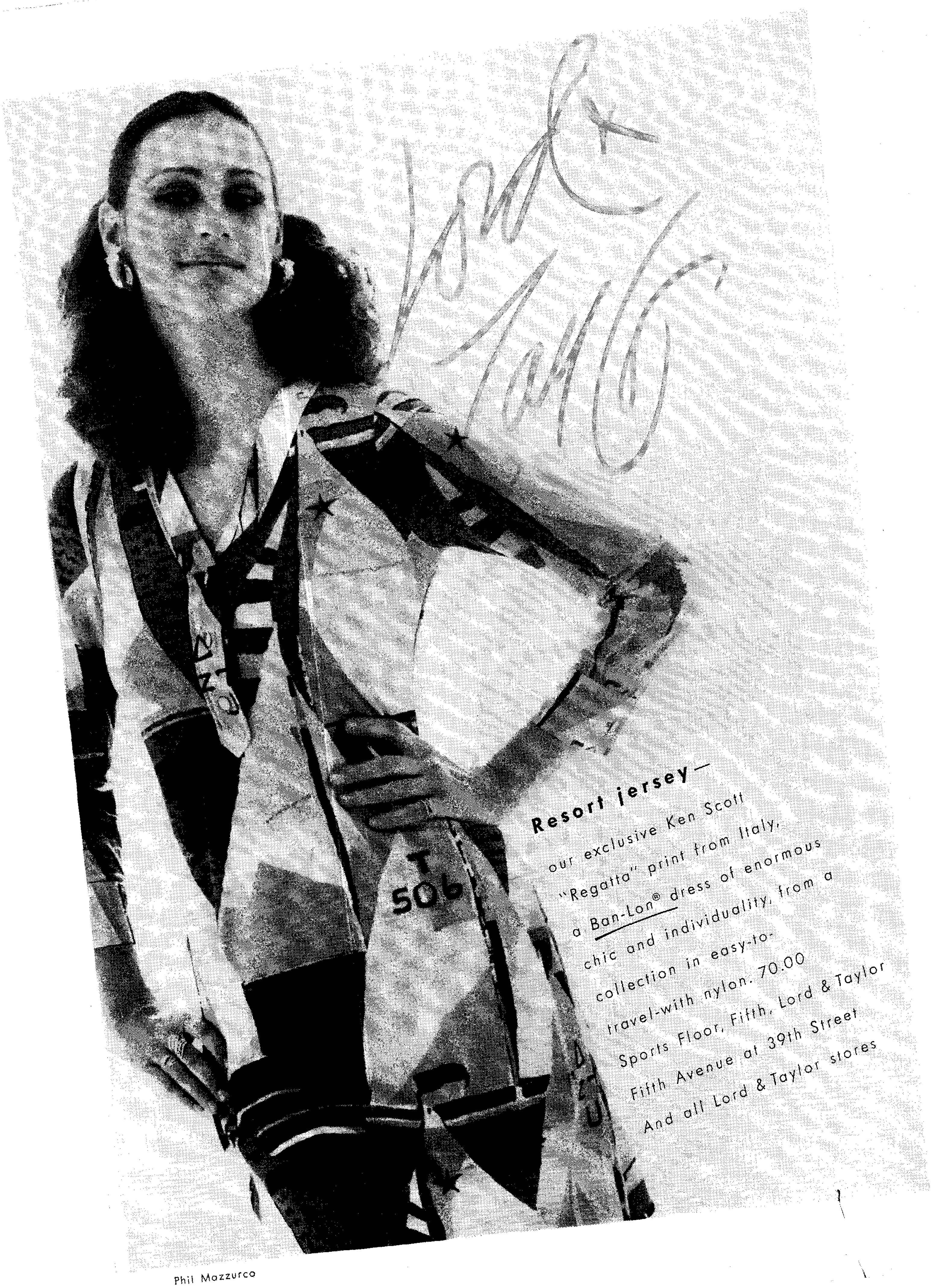
Shining on Delos, legendary island birthplace of Apollo, on Delphi's sacred temples, and all over Greece for 300 golden days a year. Come and get a heavenly tan.

The Austrians are coming to enjoy the world's bluest waters.

Water-ski, snorkel and swim off perfect beaches from Corfu to Skiathos. Or rent a racy yacht with crew for about $10 a day per person. Come and feel like a millionaire.

The Dutch are coming to see the world's loveliest landscapes.

Island villages, a brilliant white against sea and sky, tawny fields of wheat and wildflowers beneath brooding violet mountains. Come and feast your eyes.



Resort jersey—
our exclusive Ken Scott
"Regatta" print from Italy,
a Ban-Lon® dress of enormous
chic and individuality, from a
collection in easy-to-
travel-with nylon. 70.00
Sports Floor, Fifth, Lord & Taylor
Fifth Avenue at 39th Street
And all Lord & Taylor stores

Phil Mazzurco

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE,** adapted by Richard Wilbur. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Thursday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30; Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

The Autograph Hound—The collective title of a double bill by James Prideaux. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Big Time Buck White—A play by Joseph Dolan Tuotti. (Village South Theatre, 15 Vandam St. 989-7736. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forty Carats—Julie Harris, Marco St. John, Murray Hamilton, Franklin Cover, and several other nice people in a comedy adapted from the French by Jay Allen and cleverly directed by Abe Burrows. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

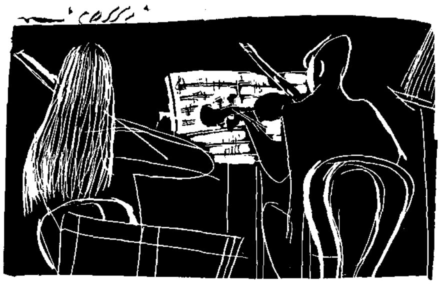
"God Is a (Guess What?)"—God is a black God (that's what) in this wild, eruptive, serious comedy by Ray McIver, which gets the Negro Ensemble Company off to a bracing start on its second season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 12.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 5.)

Hadrian VII—A London import, by Peter Luke, taken from the novel of the same name by Frederick William Rolfe. Alec McCowen plays the title role, and Peter Dews is the director. Previews through Tuesday, Jan. 7. Opens officially on Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 9, at 2.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in the title role is the main reason for going to see this skimpy little comedy by Murray Schisgal. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Living Theatre—Performances Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8:30. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. For tickets, call 777-7703.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Minnesota Theatre Company—Final performances of a four-week repertory. **THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI,** directed by Edward Payson Call: Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 9-10, at 8:30; and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . **THE HOUSE OF ATREUS,** directed by Tyrone Guthrie: Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

Morning, Noon, and Night—Three one-act plays that, despite being admirably acted, end up seeming like Amateur Night on Broadway. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Shakespeare's **KING LEAR,** with Lee J. Cobb: Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 7-8, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . William Gibson's **A CRY OF PLAYERS,** with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.) . . . ¶ At the Forum (362-7618) in the same building—John White's **BANANAS:** Thursday through Saturday, Jan 2-4, at 8; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 7-8, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2. . . . Charles Dizenzo's **AN EVENING FOR MERLIN FINCH:** Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 8.

	Page
BOOKS	72
THE CURRENT CINEMA	69
THE THEATRE	59
U.S. JOURNAL: OSHKOSH	62

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Riot—A workshop production from Boston about the current Negro revolution, in which scenes of violence are simulated by the energetic players, who, to the accompaniment of screeching noise and flashing lights, swing chairs in the air, kick beer cans around, and even charge with bayonets, thereby putting the customers in considerable jeopardy. The theatrical effect is almost nil, however. (Broadway United Church of Christ, Broadway at 56th St. 245-5587. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Sweet Eros and **Witness**—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The first amounts to the monologue of a self-designated poet delivered to a young woman he has kidnapped, stripped, and tied up. In the second, another young nut, this one with assassination in mind, plays host to a small assortment of people, among them a loquacious window-washer. The company does well. Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki are very good as the two young men. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

To Be Young, Gifted, and Black—A play adapted by Robert Nemiroff from the speeches, journals, and letters of the late Lorraine Hansberry. With Barbara Baxley, John Beal, and Rita Gardner. Opens Thursday, Jan. 2. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

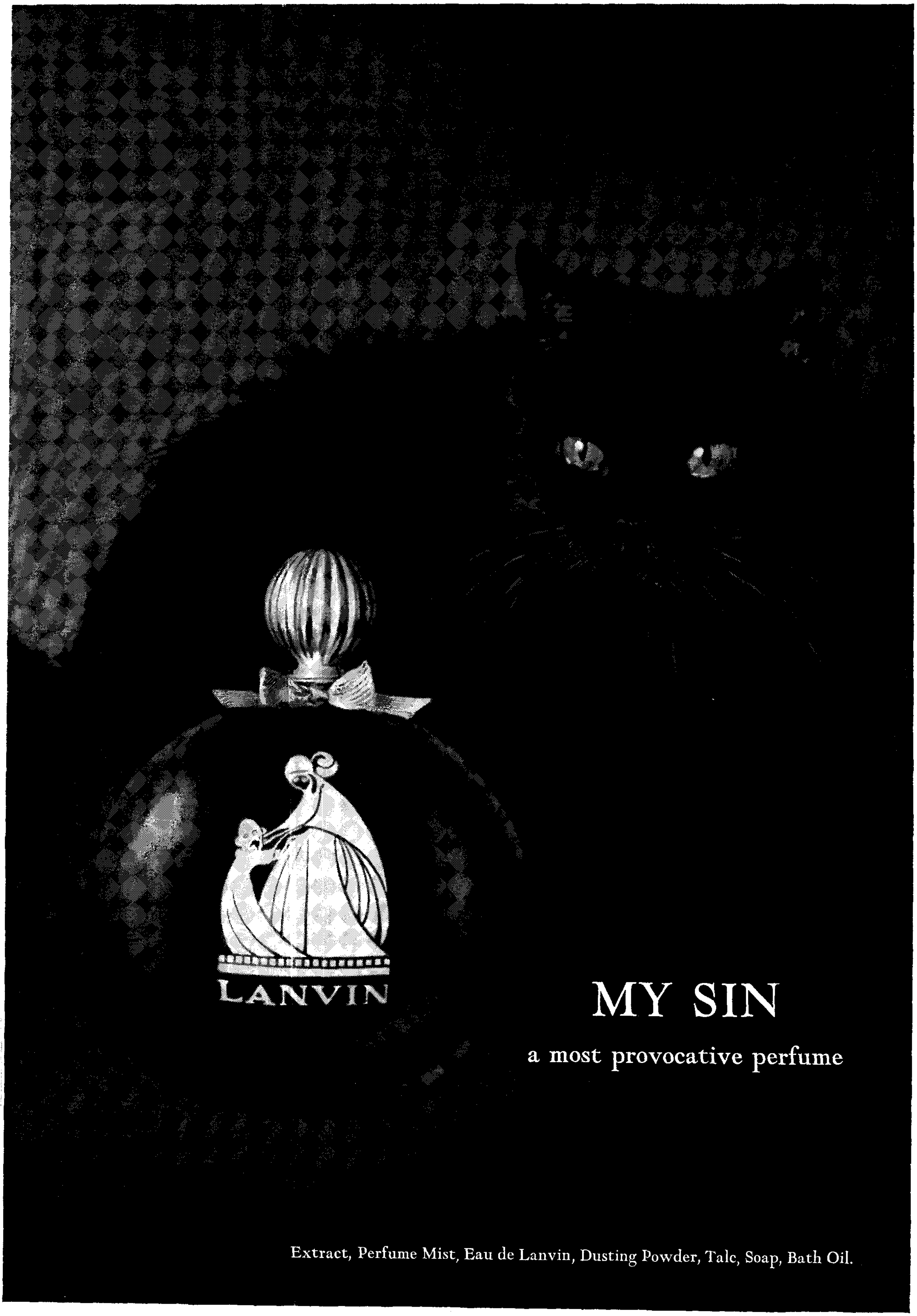
Trainer, Dean, Liepolt, and Company—Plays by David Trainer, Phillip Dean, and Werner Liepolt. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 18.)

Yes Yes, No No—A play by Ronnie Paris. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4060. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**PLAZA SUITE:** Three conjoined one-act comedies by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall have the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **THE PRICE:** Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy. Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, and Kate Reid compose the family, and David Burns is a funny old outsider. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Eddie Bracken, Michaele Myers, and Robert Elston. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at

---

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; Peter F. Fleischmann, president; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLIV, No. 46, January 4, 1969. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1969 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $10.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $11.00; other foreign, $13.00.


LANVIN
MY SIN
a most provocative perfume
Extract, Perfume Mist, Eau de Lanvin, Dusting Powder, Talc, Soap, Bath Oil.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2:30. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4, for five weeks.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Carnival!—*Final performances of a four-week* revival presented by the City Center Light Opera Company, with Leon Bibb, Victoria Mallory, Pierre Olaf, Karen Morrow, and Richard France. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8, *and* Saturday *and* Sunday, Jan 4-5, at 2:30 and 8.)

Dames at Sea—An entertaining takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, with a suitable score by Jim Wise, suitable book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller, and a delightful performance by Bernadette Peters, as a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. Neal Kenyon, who was both director and choreographer, has hit just the right note of foolishness in his bits of stage business and in his elaborate production numbers. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fig Leaves Are Falling—A musical with a cast headed by Barry Nelson and Dorothy Loudon; Allan Sherman wrote the book and lyrics, and Albert Hague the score. George Abbott is the director. Opens Thursday, Jan. 2. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on *knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they* do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Maggie Flynn—A drearily old-fashioned musical that purports to be based on the Civil War draft riots here. With Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Promises, Promises—Jerry Orbach, Jill O'Hara, and many others in a marvellous musical with book by Neil Simon and music and lyrics by Burt Bacharach and Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Zorba—An amiable musical starring Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. "Zorba the Greek" was a popular novel and then a popular movie, so the musical can offer few surprises, but in a musical who needs surprises? The tidy, pleasant music and lyrics are by John Kander and Fred Ebb, respectively, who did "Cabaret." (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **CABARET:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He held the bowl aloft and intoned: — *Introibo ad altare Dei.* (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. Starting Monday, Jan. 6, Jerry Jarrett will replace Mr. Goz for two weeks. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** Jane Morgan plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. David Holliday substitutes for Mr. Wright at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Thursday, Jan. 2, and Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; Sundays at 7; and Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 7-9, at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:15: "Swan Lake," "Stravinsky Symphony," and "Scotch Symphony."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Prodigal Son," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:15: "Bugaku," "Scotch Symphony," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1:15: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:15: "Jewels."... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Four Temperaments," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Stravinsky Symphony."... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:15: "Irish Fantasy," "Concerto Barocco," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse."... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:15: "Jeux," an unnamed ballet (première), and "La Valse."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Tarantella," "Ballet Imperial," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:15: "Pas de Deux and Divertissement," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Jeux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:15: "Stravinsky Symphony," "Haydn Concerto," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo," "Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Stars and Stripes." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)

SANDWICHES
VAL

American Ballet Theatre—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30: "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Flower Festival Pas de Deux," and "Concerto."... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free." ... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2:30: "Harbinger" and "Giselle."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "Coppélia."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1:30: "Les Sylphides," "Billy the Kid," and "Concerto."... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:30: "Giselle" and "Etudes." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

Princeton Triangle Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "A Different Kick," this year's undergraduate production. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday *and* Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 2-6400.)

Ice Show—"Ice Capades," with a company headed by Phil Romayne, Cathy Steele, and Freddie Trenkler. Opens Tuesday, Jan. 7, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 19. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 3, and 8:30; and Sundays at 1:30 and 5:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

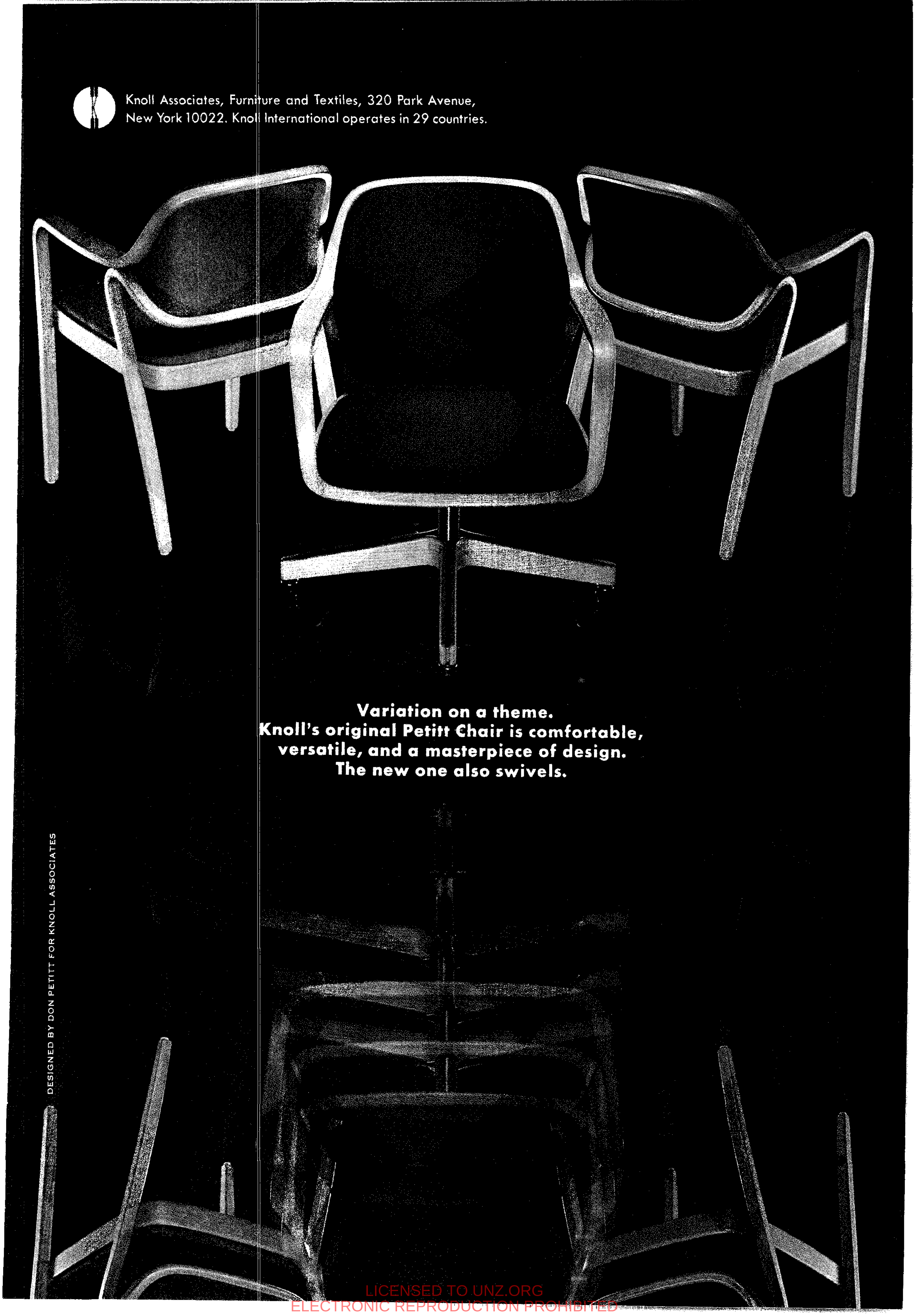
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Janis Ian, who writes and sings about contemporary joys and woes, will be onstage through Saturday, Jan. 4, as will a comical singing team named the Times Square Two. Shows begin at about nine-thirty. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. Tim Hardin, one of the most remarkable composer-singers around, will perform Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, young folks Ian and Sylvia will arrive to do some down-to-earth singing and strumming. Shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Closed Thursday, Jan. 2, and Sunday and Monday, Jan. 5-6.

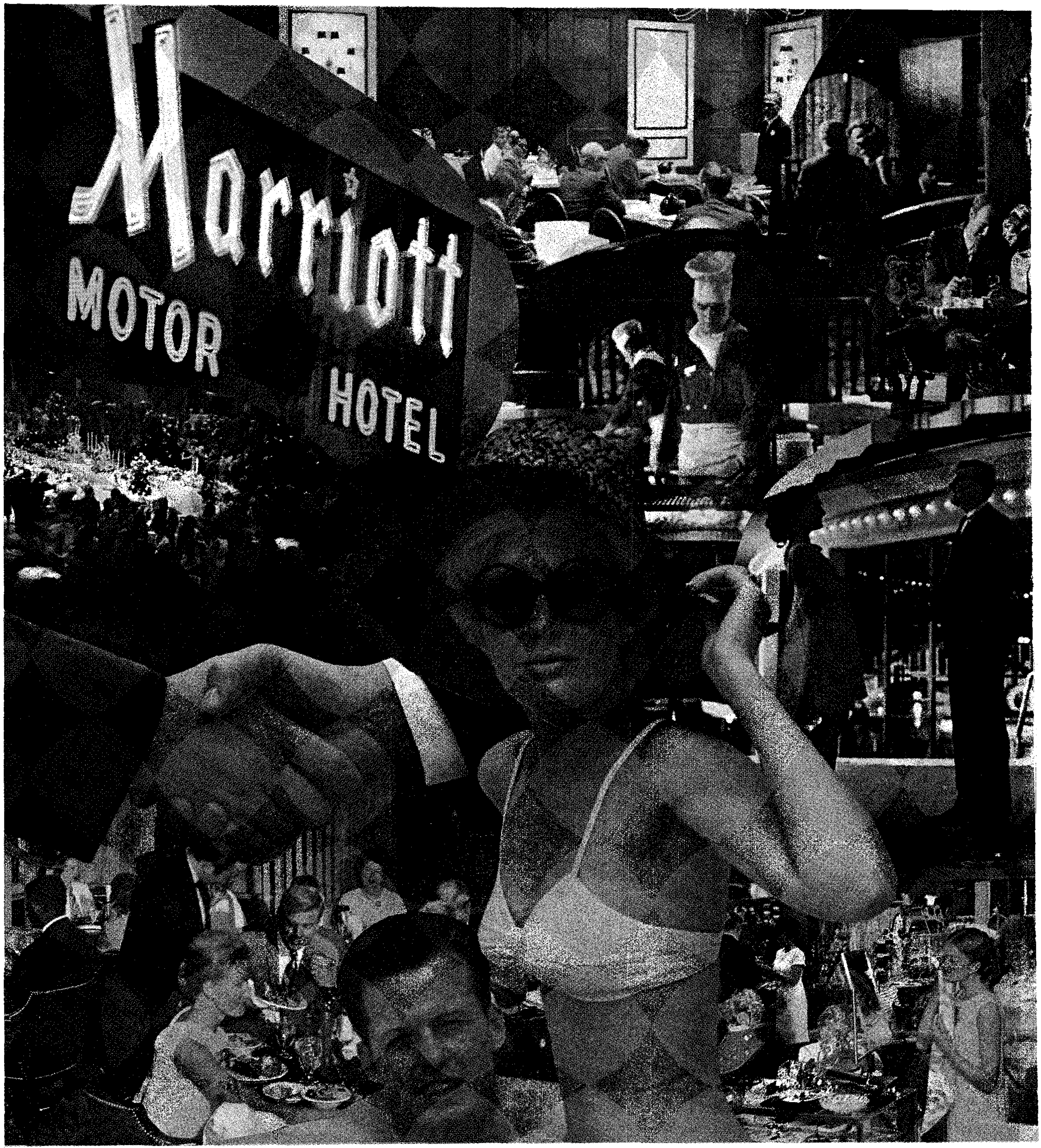
Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses,


Knoll Associates, Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue,
New York 10022. Knoll International operates in 29 countries.
Variation on a theme.
Knoll's original Petitt Chair is comfortable,
versatile, and a masterpiece of design.
The new one also swivels.
DESIGNED BY DON PETITT FOR KNOLL ASSOCIATES

MARRIOTT'S A WIFE TREATER. Bring the wives to your next meeting. While they swim, boutique, and relax, you tend to business. Then dine and dance by candle-light, sharing the fun, food and excitement. There's no pleasure like Marriott business.

THIS IS LIVING!



MOTOR HOTELS in Atlanta, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, Philadelphia, Saddle Brook, N.J., Washington, D.C., Boston ('69). Camelback Inn, Scottsdale, Arizona. Sales Offices in Washington (202) 223-5040; New York (212) 889-4910; Chicago (312) 693-2044. **COMING SOON:** Marriott Inns . . . Nationwide.

THIS IS MARRIOTT!

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

where it's just about all *that's* happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and some pleasant sounds by the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and prefabricated nostalgia. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's dim, shadowy, and nondescript, and so are its environs. Jazz most nights from nine-thirty until closing by the Chico Hamilton sextet. Monday, Jan. 6, from nine-thirty, will be turned over to singer Betty Carter. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, the Roy Haynes quintet will move in. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Jan. 4, the Noah Howard quintet, and Sunday, Jan. 5, Frank Foster's concert ensemble.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Ahmad Jamal trio plays for drinking and dining. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, the Gary Burton quartet will take over. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: On Fridays and Saturdays, Nina Simone will be playing and singing with her quintet, trading sets with Montego Joe's quartet. (Shows from ten on Fridays and from nine-thirty on Saturdays.) Mondays, starting at eight-thirty, are mixed bags of soul and rock performers.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-0355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz has a tendency to thrive. At nine-thirty, Herbie Hancock's sextet takes the stand. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, blues singer Novella Nelson will also be around. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Closed Thursday, Jan. 2; Sunday, Jan. 5; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 7-8.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right; it's practically in the North River, in a pretty desolate part of town. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, a Dixieland band performs from four-thirty until nine. Then the regular crew takes over and plays till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud sound of the Epitomé alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, the Candymen will replace the E. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boîte.* Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years *IV* to *VIII*, when Carnot and his associates were trying to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system. Dancing from nine to two Tuesdays through Thursdays, as well as Sundays, and from eight to four Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays. Alcohol? No.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—High up (by day it's a restaurant called the Penthouse Club) and filled with sleek-looking people, this is a place to spend an hour or so either gazing at the view—which is superb—or merging with the shaking, strobe-lighted scene. Snacks. Dancing to records from ten to three or four every night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the *general idea*, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, an octet known as the Cal Roberts Swingers plays and sings. On Monday, Jan. 6, Tamba Four, a rock group, will succeed the Swingers. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd *knows how to swing*, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Pumpkins do. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Cucumber Castle," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

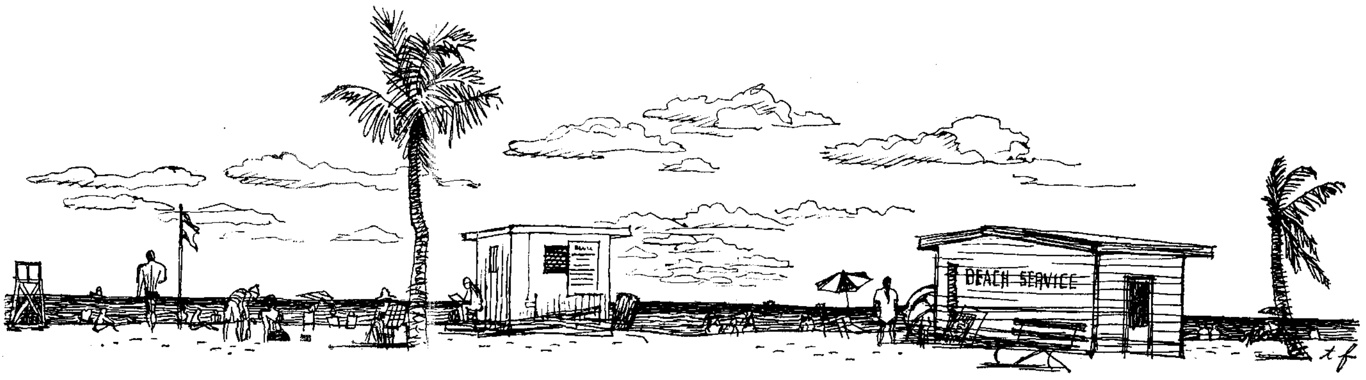
(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): It's still royal old Marrakech, but you won't know everybody within the walls of the Medina anymore. The music comes not from the African Moors or even the Yorkshire Moors, but from Manhattan, and some of it flows out of a gramophone. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): The count is Yale 27, Slippery Rock Teachers 2 every night, to the tunes of Phil Wayne's band on Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the rest of the time in the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): When slow motion in this city seems a necessity, the restaurant here is always ready to second that motion, even while Ernie Warren's cheery crew of music-makers functions, *which it usually does* from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): That old sweet chariot does *not swing especially* low when Count Basie's band is in the driver's seat. His men begin at eight-thirty, other music begins at six-thirty, and Marlena Shaw sings along with the Basies. On Friday, Jan. 3, the band led by Bobby Hackett, whose horn has never gone off the silver standard, replaces the Basies, and Urbie Green's set takes over the six-thirty slot. No noise Sunday nights. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain as day, this décor, but there is a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling equal-but-separate dances like the Monkey et al.), permanent dance music, and a modicum of sustenance. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week; Sundays, starting time is three-thirty. A triad of bands, the leading (and most Latin) of which is Argueso's, disport themselves. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Man's inhumanity to Jackie Vernon is the topic of the evening, and Exhibit A



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11

is wistful (and voluble) Mr. V. Bert Convy, the original American-in-Berlin of "Cabaret," chimes in, too. Both players move out on Saturday, Jan. 4, and on Monday, Jan. 6, Joan Rivers will resume her recitations from her own Doomsday Book. Ten is the usual starting time, but it's nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—A meeting of minds and mimes, all of them Mediterranean—Greek, Israeli, Armenian. Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard are the moderators, George Mgrdichian is chief oudist, Yakov Uriel serves as Gabriel's trumpet, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay," the local mini-revue, can't quite make up its mind: when it's good, it's very, very good, and when it's bad, it's . . . Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Godfrey Cambridge, who often seems to know the difference between what is funny and what isn't, does the talking out loud during dinner and supper in the Royal Box, and the crew christened Anthony and the Imperials tend toward raucous-and-roll. The musicianly Lee Evans band takes care of the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The light fantastic cavalry of José Greco, two dozen strong, is in possession of the Andalusian hacienda. Among his supporters, the ones named Luis Rivera, Maria Sota, and Carmen and Justo Quintero deserve, like Señor Greco, an extra accolade. Seven nights a week is the plan. . . . ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre-in-the-round, fervent demonstrations of the off-beat Spanish handclap and flight-of-the-bumblebee Spanish song go on until all hours, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Bobby Darin is demonstrating what a little thought can accomplish toward the upgrading of pop singing. Otherwise, situation normal: a Copa humorist, a Copa ballet troupe of bewitched and bewildered young ladies. . . . ¶ It seems always to be larkiest just before dawn in the street-level lounge, though the night people and the night music begin as early as ten.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The people reputed to be in the cast of the twice-a-night great big showpiece here don't always make the scene ("Promises, Promises" might be the best name for the deal), but it is likely that Lili St. Cyr, quite the showpiece herself, is currently the headmistress of the folly.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Little girl singers keep leaving home and going on the stage, and here now is Lesley Gore, at the dinner and supper hours in the benign old Persian Room, where the orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte are still issuing their incessant invitations to the dance. Closed Sundays. . . . In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the Newport Jazz All-Stars (which is what the ancient and honorable artillery company of Red Norvo, George Wein, Ruby Braff, Jake Hanna, and Barney Kessel call themselves) are doing a lot more than just blowing pretty bubbles in the air. Dinner *si*, supper *no*, and dancing. Proceedings commence at eight. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room; this is mainly the fiddle plied by Sandu Marcu. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—The sky is the only limit on this rooftop, aside from the two-o'clock curfew. From seven until then, Joe Cabot's musicians provide serviceable rhythm, and Margaret Whiting, returned to town after a long leave of absence, sings at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—One more little girl singer, this time Doris Hines, is on view and on audio during dinner and supper in the Maisonette. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—On Thursday, Jan. 9, the Empire Room reopens to house Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, who may remind the customers of the two-a-day Palace vaudeville teams. They, though, are one-a-night, during dinner, except Fridays and Saturdays, when they reappear during supper. . . . ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one or one-thirty along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From dusk until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): How sweet it is to hear a voice grown so infinitely wise! That is, Mabel Mercer, narrating with artful simplicity the best songs we know, and resting lightly on just the equally wise piano of Buddy Barnes. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Sobriety that is nevertheless affectionate, society that is affluent. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening but Sunday. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): West India's coral strand. The comber of the beach speaks fluent calypso. His beat is dinner until after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Night after night you can see the stagecoach coming through Generation Gap on its way to Young City. Dan Ruskin's piano may sometimes be mildly rose-colored, but it has many ideas of its own. No music Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is so often Second Best, and so are its bars-and-grills, but this one will again (on Monday, Jan. 6) be offering Charles De Forest, whose tongue and piano keep in touch with the bittersweet ways of the lush life. He lays off Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): As Circe sat on a rock, so Rita Dimitri sits on a piano in the middle of the dinner hour, delivering to her family-circle audience her Bal Tabarin ditties. Polite dance music starts rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarians are an industrious race, fond of light wines, dancing, and music in perpetuity. Béla Babai's orchestra flavors the scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera bouffe and opera bœuf à la mode, with the waiters standing not upon ceremony but upon cacophony, bellowing Italianate arias in the course of their nightly rounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The time of night is always Greenwich Mean. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the jovial sound of late-evening Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

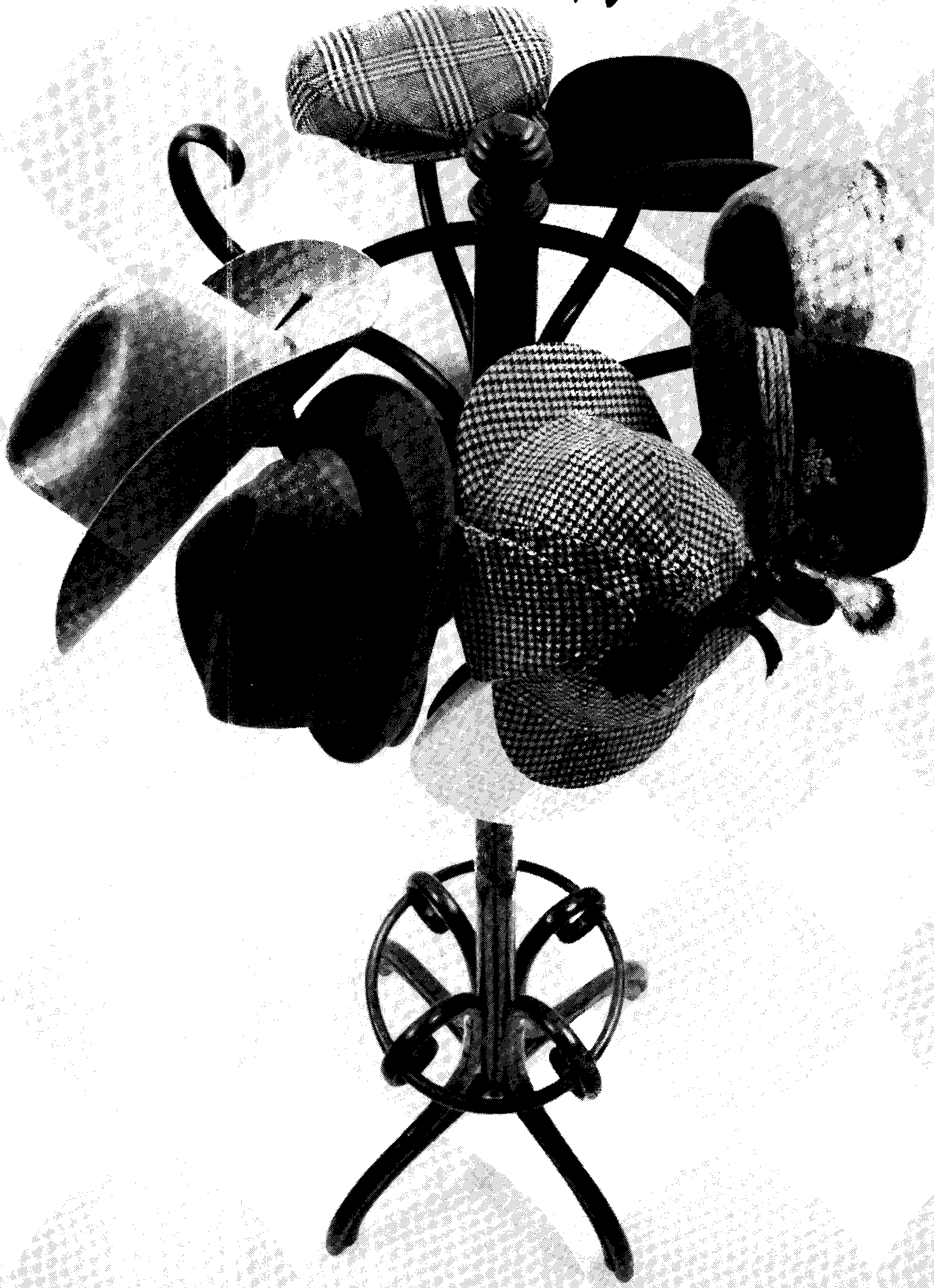
(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of after-dark violinists, who makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Tiber, Tiber, burning bright/Until very late at night—two, say. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): What was once an Edith Wharton town house has become a country place in the Alpi Marittime. In the bar, a folksy piano disports itself from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The upper half of the same town house, but worlds apart in every aspect. In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Pomp and circumstantial evidence thereof—these are the characteristics of the bar-restaurant, in which there is piano from five until a bit after midnight every evening. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The old Roman forum serves as a parade ground for Herman Honigsberg, who, diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, is followed by an entourage of fellow-musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **FOUR SEASONS,** 99 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-4300): The hall of the mountain kings and the grand panjandrums becomes a conservatory at ten, which is when Joel Shulman sits down, as though he had four hands, at his piano and electronic harpsichord. His effective music goes on until one, and he takes Saturdays and Sundays off. . . .

Here's your hat, what's your hobby?

Because if you think that a hat is merely headwork
you haven't looked at ours lately. Of course we have the comfortables
and the conventionals. But in our cast of thousands we have
dashing haberdashery too. And even if you aren't a deerstalker, a Chelsea Dandy,
an artist from the Left Bank or a wide-open-spaces-man,
it's the image that counts. Find your own ego now or anytime at Field's in Chicago.
On Two—Store for Men. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

UMBERTO, 13 E. 53rd St. (688-3344): This tribute, presumably, to Italy's final king, is architecturally a Royal Nonesuch, but an entertaining one. A troubadour known as Franco Pagani plies guitar and tenor from seven until midnight. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by one of Germany's outstanding twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Non-objective paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent drawings by the well-known West Coast figure painter; through Jan. 30. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACOB DRACHLER—Modular constructions and boxes containing geometric shapes by a sculptor who in the dim past was an Abstract Expressionist painter; through Friday, Jan. 3. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St.)

KYOHEI INUKAI—Simple designs in bright colors suggesting biological processes; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Spectrum, 1043 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM KING—Sculptures in wood, aluminum, and linen in a satirical and whimsical vein; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

WILLIAM KORTLANDER—Figure paintings; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

JUNE LEAF—Constructions and drawings representing life in New York, for an imaginary theatre; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

REGINALD NEAL—Plastic boxes with colored plastic enclosures producing optical effects; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

ISAMU NOGUCHI—One of America's leading artist-designers offers adaptations of Japanese lanterns as light sculptures; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

PICASSO—Graphics, mostly aquatints, executed in 1966; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOSEPH RAFFAEL—Paintings with a psychedelic cast; through Jan. 16. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE SEGAL—A prominent Pop sculptor's lifelike plaster figures in everyday situations, plus pastels; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

GENE VASS—Once an Abstract Expressionist, Mr. Vass has passed through wood sculptures to large canvases featuring circles, ovals, and squares; through Jan. 18. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—Ceramics, metal work, and textiles from Peru; through Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 63 E. 57th St.: Portraits of their wives by more than seventy artists, who encompass a wide range (from Avery through Bellows, Gropper, Rivers, and Pascin); through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Four prominent academics exhibit watercolors; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings on the theme of the theatre by such twentieth-century Americans as Gropper, Marsh, Sloan, Shinn, and Henri; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Closed Mondays.)

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Drawings by Picasso, Picabia, Kandinsky, Klee, de Chirico, and lesser figures, plus a group of drawings by William Copley; through Jan. 18. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Jan. 18. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Saturday, Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

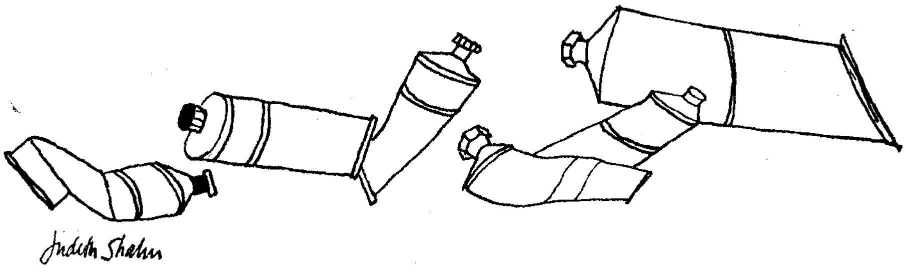
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

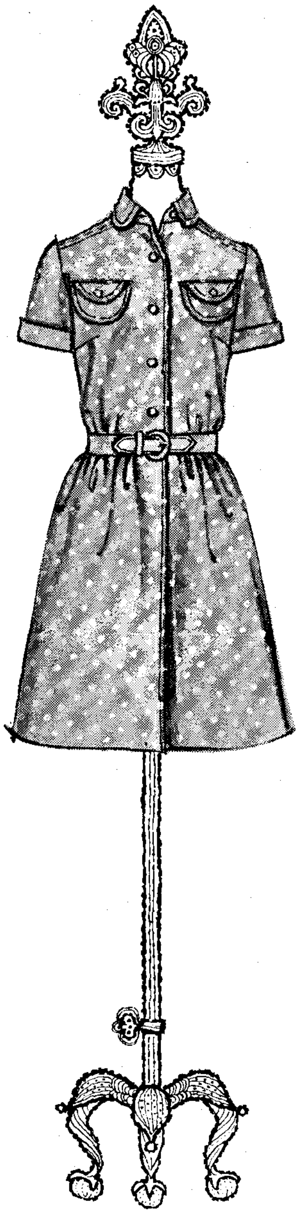
MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age." On Wednesdays, at noon, the exhibition is supplemented by the showing in the Auditorium of a number of experimental movies under the general heading "The Machine in Film." Through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot-deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Twenty-five posters made during the student revolt in Paris last May; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The annual survey of American art, this year devoted to sculpture, exhibits a hundred and thirty-seven works by as many artists, thirty-seven of whom are appearing at the Whitney for the first time; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Ten murals by Rufus Porter (1792-1884), a newly rediscovered nineteenth-century landscapist who was also an inventor and science editor; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty-seven works, many of them animated and "environmental," exemplifying current collaborations between artists and en-





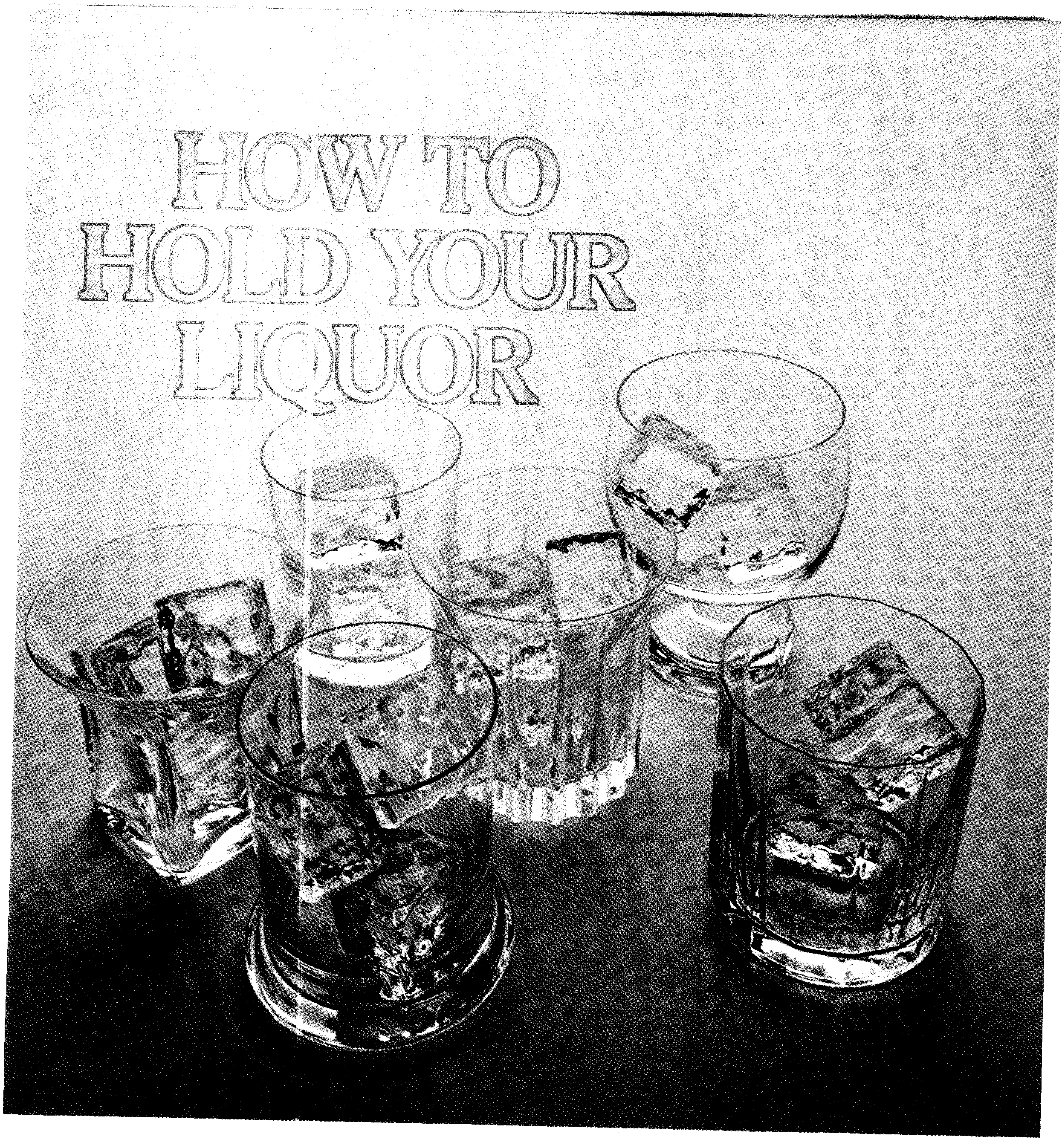
Open Hearted

We like to think that the women behind great men were somehow very dynamic, unusually forceful personalities. Maybe some were. But don't you think that lots of them probably just had a happy facility for making other people comfortable and at ease? Here's a dress to make you feel like that, Dacron polyester and cotton in pleasing Villager® colors with white polka dots. Misses sizes.

About $26 at good stores and college shops.

The Villager®

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.
© 1969 VILLAGER INDUSTRIES, INC MANNEQUIN DES. PAT. 194,253

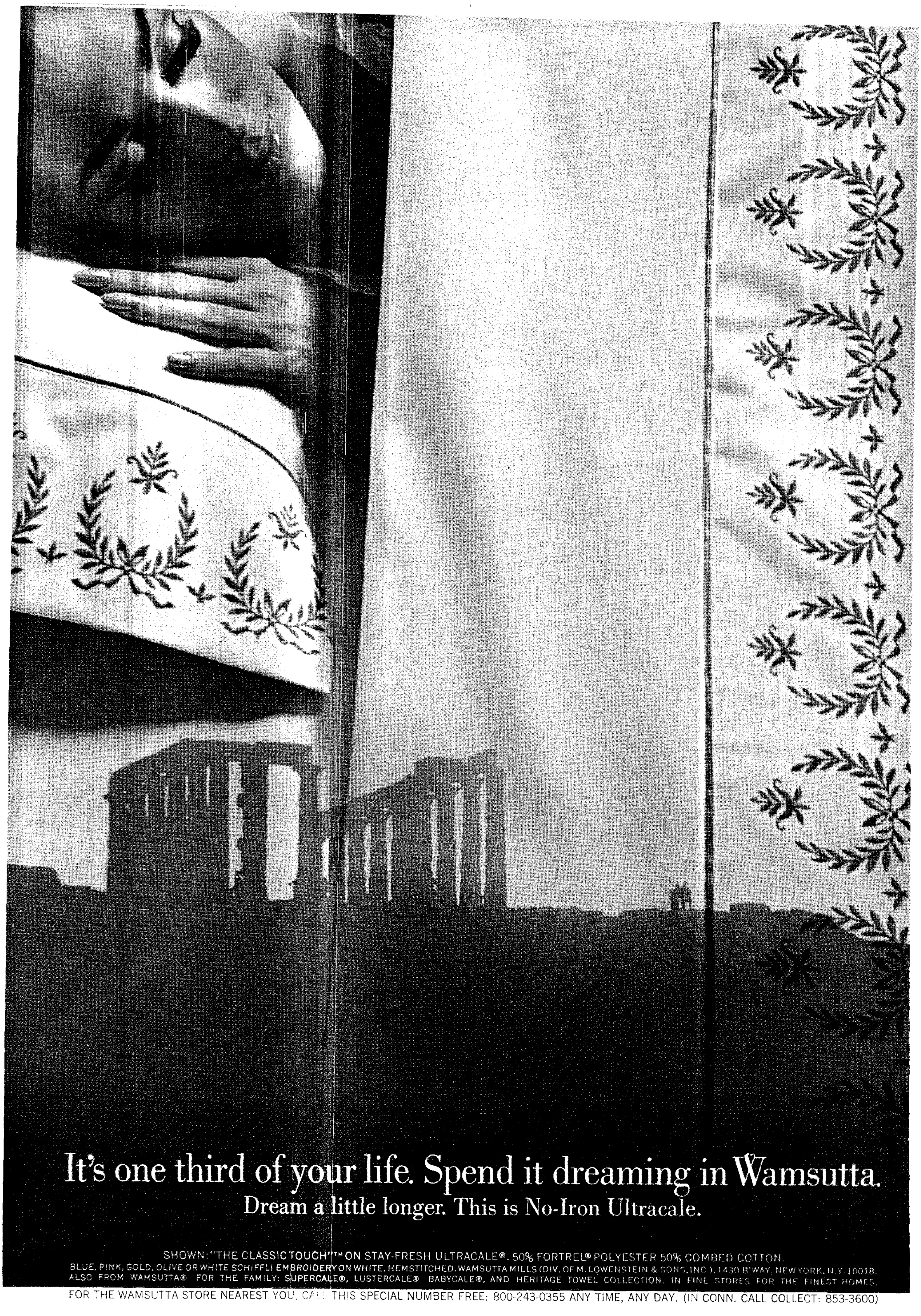


Hold it elegantly. In bar crystal by Dansk®.

Hold it appropriately. A glass for everything and everything in its glass. Dansk has highballs, lowballs, old-fashioneds, sours, cocktails, rocktails and all-purpose bar-beakers.

And we have them in six different smashing (oops) patterns. Never mind. They're all open stock. DANSK DESIGNS LTD

To see what goes best with Dansk bar crystal, get our newest brochure of 498 things for the tabletop. Send 10¢ to Dansk Designs Ltd., Dept. KB, Mt. Kisco, New York 10549.


It's one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta.
Dream a little longer. This is No-Iron Ultracale.

SHOWN: "THE CLASSIC TOUCH"™ ON STAY-FRESH ULTRACALE®. 50% FORTREL® POLYESTER 50% COMBED COTTON.
BLUE, PINK, GOLD, OLIVE OR WHITE SCHIFFLI EMBROIDERY ON WHITE. HEMSTITCHED. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIV. OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.), 1430 B'WAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018.
ALSO FROM WAMSUTTA® FOR THE FAMILY: SUPERCALE®, LUSTERCALE® BABYCALE®, AND HERITAGE TOWEL COLLECTION. IN FINE STORES FOR THE FINEST HOMES.
FOR THE WAMSUTTA STORE NEAREST YOU, CALL THIS SPECIAL NUMBER FREE: 800-243-0355 ANY TIME, ANY DAY. (IN CONN. CALL COLLECT: 853-3600)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gineers; through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Jan. 16. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings and sculptures of the female figure by contemporaries, known and less known; among the former are Marisol, Oldenburg, D'Arcangelo, de Kooning, Katz, and Thiebaud. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ Sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century drawings on the theme of "The Story of Christmas"; through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A selection of fifty-four paintings and three sculptures done since 1950 by Charles Alston, a black artist concerned with social problems; through Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Numerous bronzes and some stone carvings, drawings, and watercolors, and one oil painting by the late Jacob Epstein, celebrated for his portrait busts; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 8.)

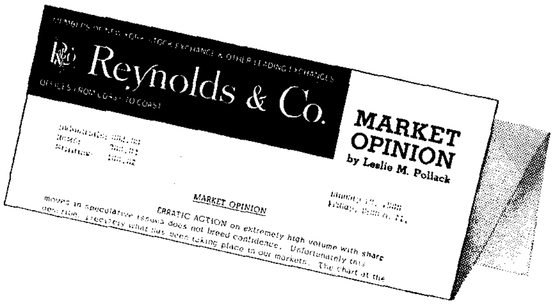
Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A "pond" contrived by Robert Whitman of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Friday, Jan. 10. . . . ¶ Posters created by students during the Paris demonstrations last spring and by Czechs during the Russian occupation in August; through Jan. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Books, handsome indeed, designed and hand set by the eminent Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig at his Officina Bodoni, in Verona, Italy; through Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Folk arts and crafts of the early Pennsylvania settlers, such as whirligigs and wood fantasies, butter molds, samplers, and a birdcage and a squirrel cage; through Feb. 9. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from



Reynolds is a weekly report called "Market Opinion"

It's time stamped every Friday at 9 AM when Leslie Pollack, our Partner in charge of Research, is satisfied that it says exactly what he wants it to say.

Because thousands of our customers make it must reading Monday morning . . . Because as Director of Research, he has earned a reputation and following he wouldn't jeopardize for the world.

The Report isn't too long—runs maybe fifteen hundred words.

But those fifteen hundred words are extremely readable, penetrating and provocative—Pollack's own ideas, his own unique blend of technical and fundamental analysis on just what happened last week in the market—and just what to look for now.

If you'd like to see a sample of the kind of help Reynolds' customers can count on, we'll be happy to mail the next two or three issues of Leslie Pollack's Weekly Report.

No charge, of course. Simply mail us the coupon below.

Please send me 2 or 3 complimentary copies of your MARKET OPINION.

NY

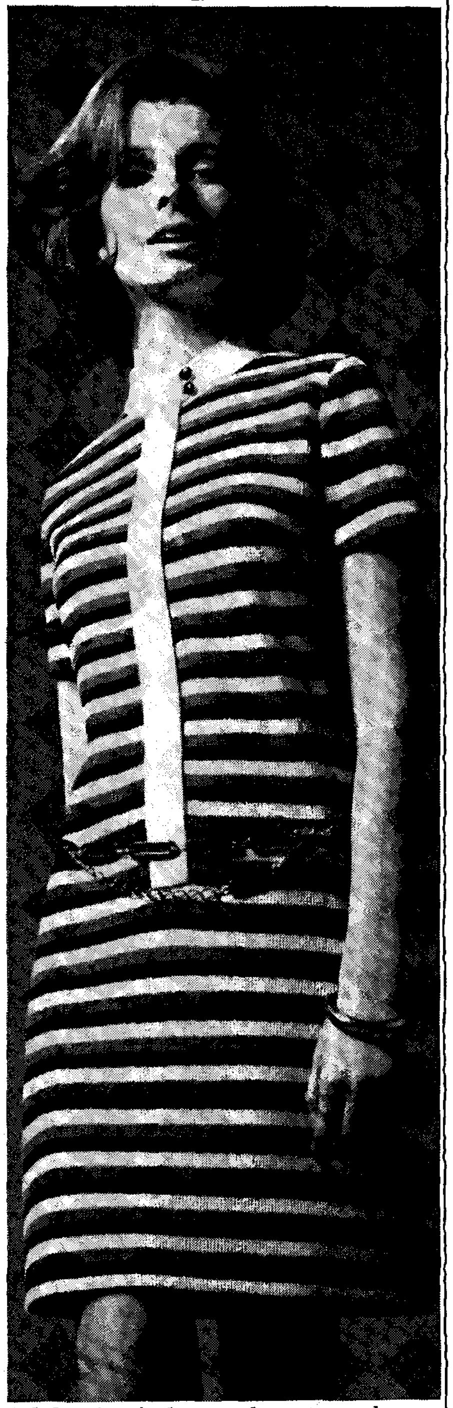
Name

Address

City State Zip

Telephone

Reynolds & Co.
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
AND OTHER LEADING EXCHANGES
120 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005
TEL: 558-6000 · 51 OFFICES COAST TO COAST



Hold it!
Your stripes are
showing in Arnel

Adele Martin knows how to make
a knit that's nifty to wear.
She uses Atlee's light, airy knit of
Arnel triacetate and linen.
Feels good. Stays that way.
Black/brown/white stripe. Sizes
8-18, about $40.00 at Best & Co.,
New York; Strawbridge & Clothier,
Philadelphia; Joseph Horne Co.,
Pittsburgh.

Celanese® Arnel®

CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Diverse items from the Museum's collection: costumes, paintings and prints, photographs, toys, and theatre memorabilia (the most memorable being Gypsy Rose Lee's garter belt and sets of false teeth [Mr. Hyde's] once used by Fredric March); through March 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—Forty-eight posters by well-known contemporaries, such as Motherwell, Chagall, Segal, Warhol, and Rivers, commissioned under a program to stimulate this medium; through Jan. 31. (Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 8; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The John Quinn Memorial Collection, composed of correspondence with members of the Irish Literary Revival, the artists of the Paris School, and English and American writers whose work he advanced. Books, manuscripts (one being T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), and photographs are also to be seen. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)... ¶ Prints from the fifteenth century to the present, having in common the subject of urban life, by Canaletto, Hogarth, Reginald Marsh, Will Barnet, and others; through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Feb. 2. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Nicolai Gedda, Ron Bottcher, and Justino Diaz.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Joy Clements, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Monday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Lucine Amara, Nedda Casei, Sándor Kónya, and Mario Sereni.... ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Jean Fenn, Mildred Miller, John Alexander, Giorgio Tozzi, John Macurdy, Karl Dönch, and Loren Driscoll.... ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Faust" with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, Barry Morell, William Walker, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Joy Clements, Luciano Pavarotti, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Martina Arroyo, Lucine Amara, Judith Raskin, Cesare Siepi, Peter Schreier, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Roberta Peters, Luigi Alva, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Giorgio Tozzi.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Faust," with Pilar Lorengar, Marcia Baldwin, John Alexander, William Walker, and Justino Diaz.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Carlo Maria Giulini conducting—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 3, at 2; Saturday Jan. 4, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 6, at 7:30 (all with the Camerata Singers); and Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Jan. 10, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30; and Monday, Jan. 13, at 7:30 (no soloists).

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Paul Doktor, viola. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 11-12, at 8:30.)

Bach Aria Group—Nicholas Harsanyi directing, with the Princeton Chamber Orchestra. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Christa Ludwig and Walter Berry—Mezzo-soprano and baritone. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

Sitson Ma—Violin, in a benefit recital. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Borodin Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.... ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Katherine Bacon—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2:30.)

Rodrigo Riera—Classic guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Salzburg String Quartet—A program of music by Russian composers of the twentieth century. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

Note—The Lenox Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Jan. 6, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

B.B. King, Johnny Winter, and Terry Reid—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8 and 11:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden Center. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8:35.)

Boxing—Felix Morales vs. Ulysses Jiminez, lightweights; Paul Johnson vs. Ray Anderson, light heavyweights; and David Melendez vs. Danny McAloon, welterweights, all 10 rounds. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston.... ¶ Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Minnesota.

Racing—At **laurel,** Md.: Daily at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4.... **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:05, from Monday, Jan. 6, through Thursday, March 6.

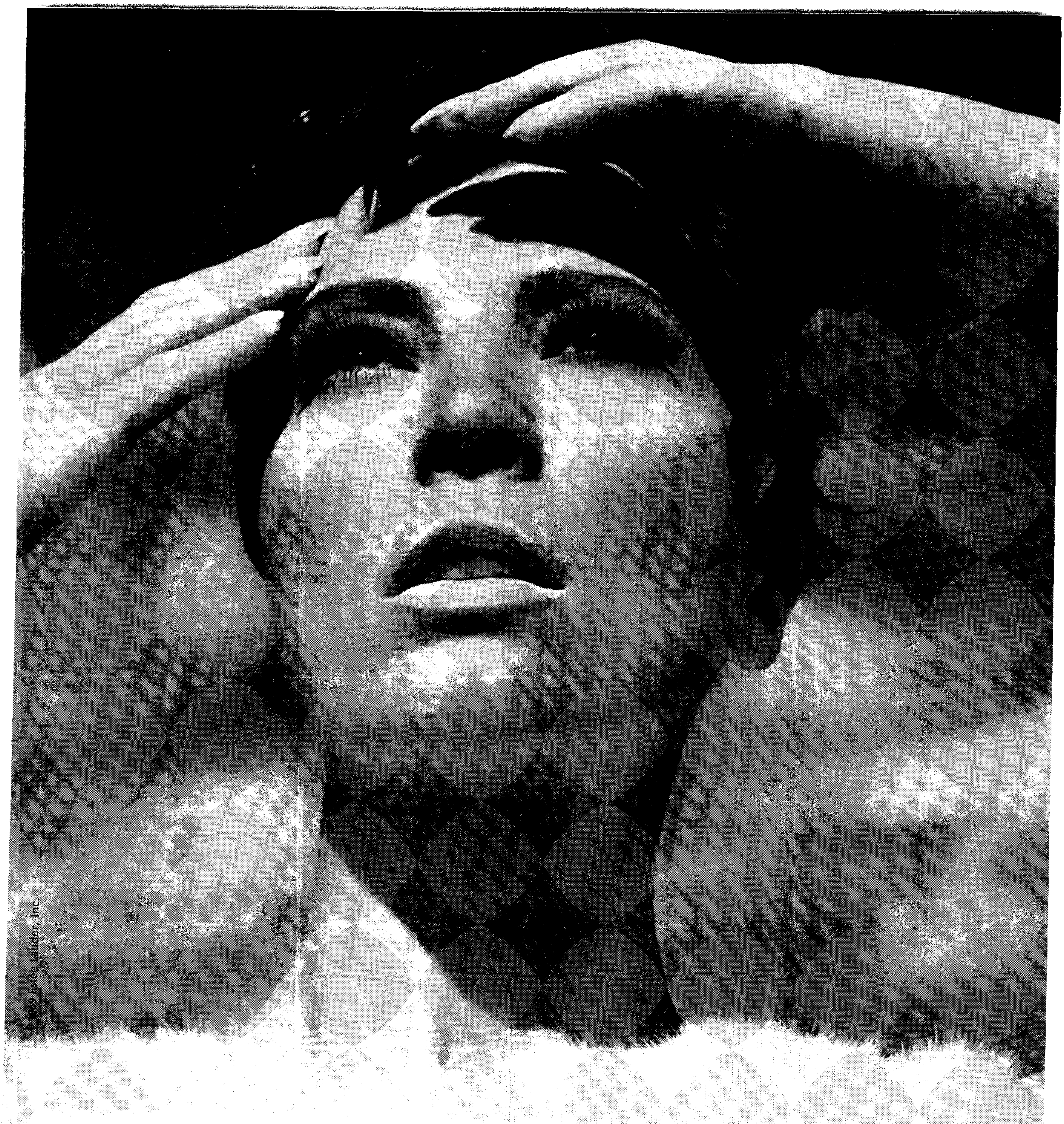
Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, Jan. 3, through Tuesday, March 4.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **little orchestra society:** Thomas Scherman conducting the opening children's concerts of the season, with the New York Percussion Trio. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 11 and 3.)... **new york philharmonic:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at noon and 2:30.)

Ballet—The Children's Ballet Theatre presenting "Little Women." (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. MU 5-7754. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By **bil and cora baird's marion-**

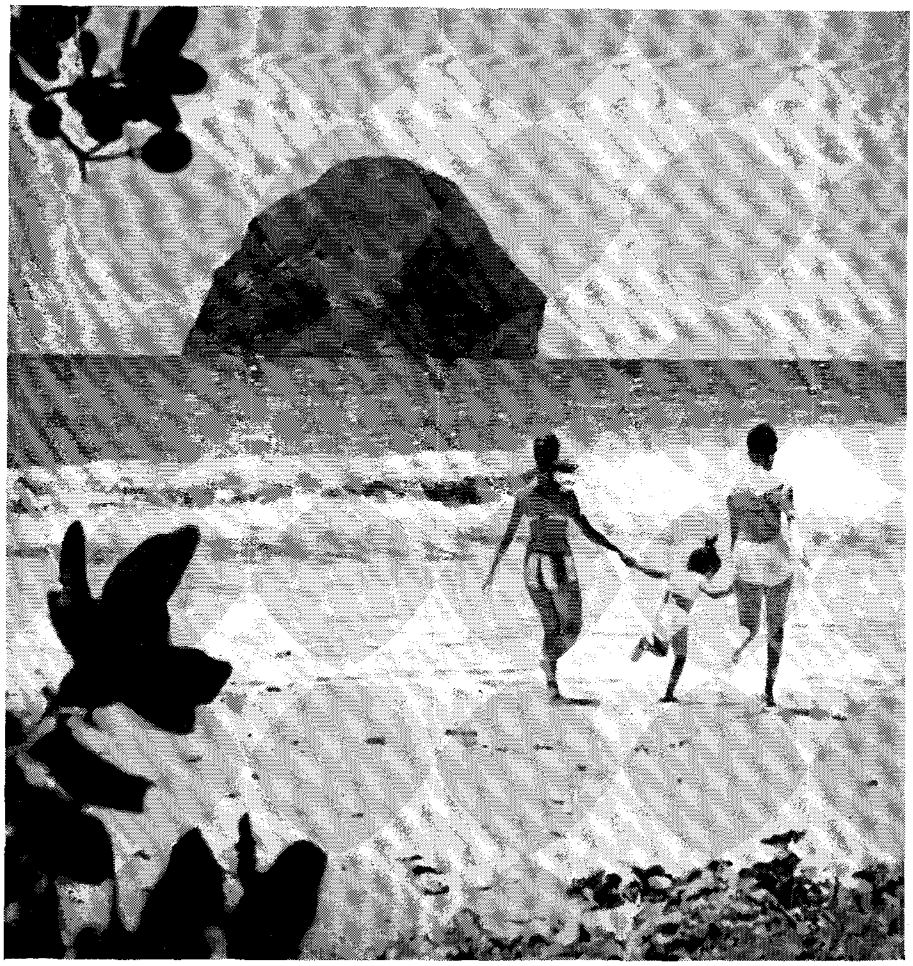


©[illegible]9 Estée Lauder, Inc.

Now you can have sun-warmed skin all winter long with Go-Bronze by Estée Lauder

Go-Bronze warms every skin tone, turning mid-winter pallor into an ingeniously natural mid-tropical sheen. This transparent greaseless gel smooths on under or over make-up and dries instantly; comes off with soap and water. Formulated in four shades to make a woman look younger, more vibrant: Early Sun, Golden Sun, Deep Sun and Bronze Glow. Each, $5.

Estée Lauder



This is the pebble on our beach.

Everything about Martinique has a difference. Especially the new Hotel Diamond Roc.

Be the real, different you at Martinique's devilishly different Diamond Roc. Take exhilirating possession of our private peninsula. Claim a secret sunbathing cove. Lose yourself with someone nice, on the lovely beaches beside gigantic Diamond Roc Island. Sail our boats, ski and snorkel with our gear. Join the midnight madness of our disco. Plunge into our mosaic pool. Taste the *piment* of Creole cuisine. Play our tropically blossoming 9-hole course—Martinique's only golf. Tennis, too. Survey the sapphire sea from the balcony of your luxurious air-conditioned room. Explore the island where the Beguine began and the exotic delights of Fort-de-France, via our air-conditioned bus. Diamond Roc is devilishly different.

HOTEL
diamond roc

MARTINIQUE FRENCH ANTILLES

Direct flights via Pan Am, Air France, BWIA. See Your Travel Agent or call Leonard Hicks Organization. Offices in New York, Atlanta, Chicago, Detroit, Miami, Toronto, Washington, D.C., London, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Honolulu.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ETTES: "The Wizard of Oz." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at 1 and 3:30.)... **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk," Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2:30....¶ "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1....¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gypsy Adventure." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Guffawhaw." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 4-5, at 1:30 and 3:30.)... **PICKWICK PUPPET THEATRE:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)... **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE:** "Pinocchio." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1 and 3 and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Stars of Christmas Past." Starting Friday, Jan. 3, there will be a new show, "On the Edge of the Universe." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday *from 10 to 12*.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Jan. 9, at 1:45: African and Oceanic art, from several owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 3....¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 1:45: Oriental art, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Jan. 3.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Jan. 2 at 2 and 5:30: "The Crimson Kimono" (1959), with Victoria Shaw and Glenn Corbett....¶ Jan. 2 at 8: "The Peach Thief" (1967), a Bulgarian film....¶ Jan. 3 at 2 and 5:30: "Ride Lonesome" (1959), with Randolph Scott and Pernell Roberts....¶ Jan. 4 at 11:30: "Our Daily Bread" (1934), directed by King Vidor....¶ Jan. 4 at 3 and 5:30: "Two Rode Together" (1961), with James Stewart and Richard Widmark....¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), with Alec Guinness and Anthony Quinn....¶ Jan. 6 at 2 and 5:30: "The Professionals" (1966), with Burt Lancaster and Lee Marvin....¶ Jan. 7 at 2: "Our Daily Bread" (1934), directed by King Vidor....¶ Jan. 7 at 5:30: A program of films directed by Stan VanDerBeek....¶ Jan. 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Ingmarsarvet" (1925), part one of "Jerusalem." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

What a catch!
Martini & Rossi Imported Vermouth
for cocktails that purr.
Sweet for captivating Manhattans.
Extra Dry for prize Martinis.
Try it in your own cage.

Happy afterthought: Martini & Rossi is great straight on the rocks.

RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI
MARTINI & RO

MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH

Now at White Sale prices, Palo Alto.

A pretty way to get back to dry.

Oils, colognes and scented soaps plus a tub filled to the brim with steaming water. That's just the potion for doing away with the tension and worries you've been building up all day.

And the towel to pat down with is Palo Alto. Softly trellised roses on downy cotton terry. A sumptuous towel from the Cannon Royal Family. One of the nice things.

CANNON

ROYAL FAMILY

Cannon® Palo Alto towel soothes in pink, blue, green or gold. At fine department stores. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York 10020.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great filmmaker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, CR 3-7014; and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through Jan. 7.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Jan. 7.)

Les Carabiniers (1963)—A Jean-Luc Godard film about two numbed soldiers who are pleased to go to war because of the chances it offers, in their Candide reckoning. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Victorian follies are satirized in Tony Richardson's vaudeville-epic on the horrors and idiocies of war. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; starting Jan. 8.)

La Chinoise (1967)—Godard's political comedy about the terrorist thinking of a group of young French Maoists. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-0180.)

Dutchman (1967)—Shirley Knight and Al Freeman, Jr., in a movie version of LeRoi Jones' play about a kooky white girl and her Negro victim. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 3.)

Faces—John Cassavetes' view of the meaninglessness of life for the well-heeled middle-aged. His semi-documentary method is controversial, and what some find agonizingly true and beautiful others may find merely embarrassingly clumsy. With John Marley, Gena Rowlands, Lynn Carlin, and Seymour Cassel. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

Finian's Rainbow—Some of the whimsey in this message operetta is hard to take, but Francis Ford Coppola has done his best to keep things moving in a carefree, relaxing way. He is helped by Petula Clark, Al Freeman, Jr., and Keenan Wynn; Fred Astaire is there, too, and Tommy Steele. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 10, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—Audiences in movie musicals always cheer; at this one, the audience in the theatre cheers, too. It's been a long time since the movies have had a big new star like Barbra Streisand. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Greetings—One of the least fastidious films ever to achieve theatrical distribution, this little comedy is part skin-flick and part college revue, and generally funny. Directed by Brian De Palma. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Peter Sellers gets another chance at an American impersonation—this one a Los Angeles Jewish lawyer who turns hippie—in this careless comedy, which turns out to be surprisingly pleasant and occasionally witty. With Joyce Van Patten. Directed by Hy Averback from a script by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

The Lion in Winter—Imitation wit and imitation poetry at the court of the Plantagenets, in a production that seems to be reaching out for Academy awards. Anthony Harvey directed James Goldman's adaptation of his own play. Peter O'Toole is in great voice and good spirits as Henry II; Katharine Hepburn is Eleanor of Aquitaine. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2:30 and 8; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Marat/Sade (1967)—A movie of a play inside a play, brought to life by the director, Peter Brook. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 3.)

Oliver!—What might have been just another big musical is transformed by love and skill. Carol Reed, his set designer (John Box) and cinematographer (Oswald Morris), and a fine cast of singing actors give a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (State I, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5060. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2:30 and 8:40; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 10:30, 2, and 8:40; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2, 5:30, and 8:40; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:40; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—The Sherwood play. Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 2.)

Red Beard (1965)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli's version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

The Sea Gull—There are some fine pieces of performance strewn amidst the wreckage of Chekhov's play, misdirected by Sidney Lumet. With Vanessa Redgrave (who has great moments), James Mason, David Warner, Denholm Elliott, Kathleen Widdoes, Eileen Herlie, Harry Andrews, and, regrettably, a miscast Simone Signoret. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Shame—Ingmar Bergman's extraordinarily clear, extroverted, and masterly account of what people will do to survive the war of the future. With Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—Prospecting for gold in Mexico. Walter Huston and Humphrey Bogart. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 2.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, 685-7652; and Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 8.)

Yellow Submarine—Pop heroes (cartoon versions of the Beatles) in a lighthearted, inventive Pop Art animated feature, with ten songs by the Beatles. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445; through Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Jan. 8.)

Linked to resort: wide-collar dress, belted in chains. No-care polyester knit in white, navy, Gauguin lime and Arctique blue. At the best stores. For store nearest you, write:

Hooper
ASSOCIATES LTD.
1451 Broadway, New York, N.Y.10036

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Jan. 7: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WEEKEND (in French).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
WEST SIDE STORY.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Jan. 7: "You Are What You Eat," a rock film; and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?" (1966), Tatsuya Mihashi.
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Jan. 7: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Jan. 8: **WEST SIDE STORY.**

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dr?? Coppelius!!," Walter Slezak.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
GREETINGS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Fixer," Alan Bates, Dirk Bogarde.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Sergeant," Rod Steiger, John Phillip Law.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
SHAME (in Swedish).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE SEA GULL.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Birthday Party," Robert Shaw.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Killing of Sister George," Beryl Reid, Susannah York.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Up Tight," Raymond St. Jacques, Ruby Dee.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Jan. 7: "Inga" (in Swedish).
From Jan. 8: "Pierrot le Fou" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Anna Karina.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Candy," Charles Aznavour, Marlon Brando.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Night They Raided Minsky's," Jason Robards, Britt Ekland.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				2	3	4
5	6	7	8			

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Jan. 7: **CAMILLE**; and "Meet Me in St. Louis" (1944), Judy Garland, Margaret O'Brien.
From Jan. 8: "Grand Hotel" (1932), Greta Garbo, John Barrymore; and "Min and Bill" (1930), Wallace Beery, Marie Dressler.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Jan. 7: "The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.
From Jan. 8: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento; and "I'll Never Forget What's 'Isname" (1968), Orson Welles, Oliver Reed.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Jan. 7: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Here's Your Life" (in Swedish).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THE GRADUATE.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

State 1, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5060)
OLIVER!

State 2, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," Dick Van Dyke, Sally Ann Howes. (Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 2 and 8:15; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1:30, 5, and 8:15; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:15; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2 and 8:15. Reserved seats only.)

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 11, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 2 and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
"Ice Station Zebra," Rock Hudson, Ernest Borgnine. (Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 10:30, 2:30, and 8:30; Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1:30, 5, and 8:30; Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 6-7, at 8:30; and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Star!," Julie Andrews. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Dolittle" (1967), Rex Harrison, Samantha Eggar.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Impossible Years," David Niven, Lola Albright.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
RED BEARD (in Japanese).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Magus," Anthony Quinn, Michael Caine.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Jan. 5: "The Horse in the Gray Flannel Suit," Dean Jones, Diane Baker.
Jan. 6-7: "A Journey to Jerusalem with Leonard Bernstein," a documentary about Jerusalem.
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FACES.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
Through Jan. 7: **YELLOW SUBMARINE.**
From Jan. 8: **THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.**

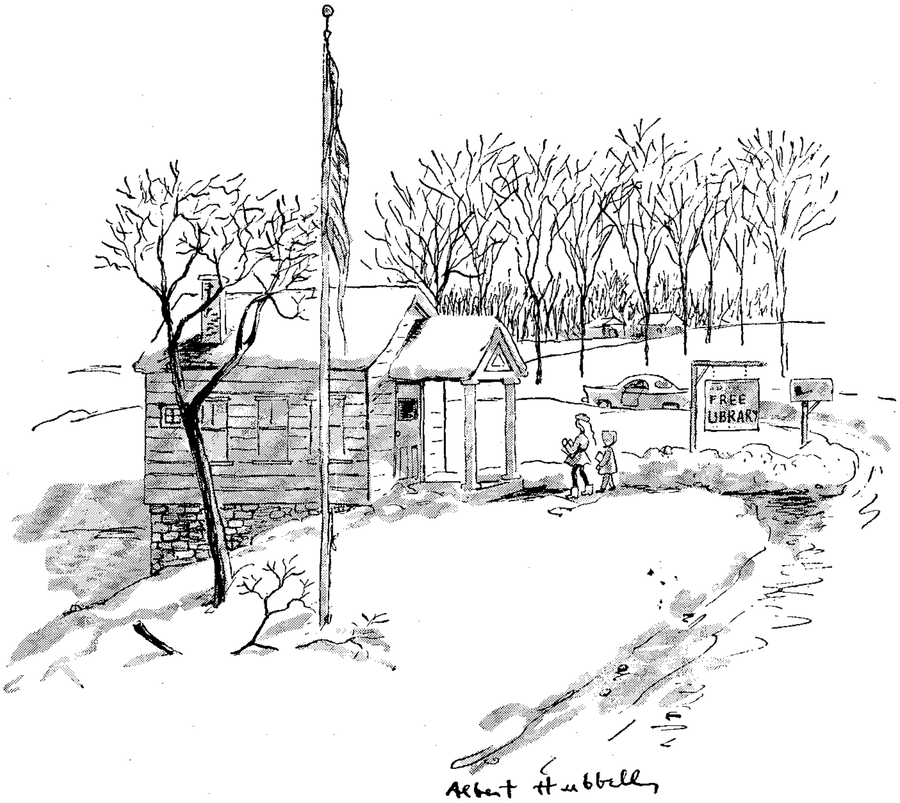
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 7: **BELLE DE JOUR** (in French).
From Jan. 8: To be announced.

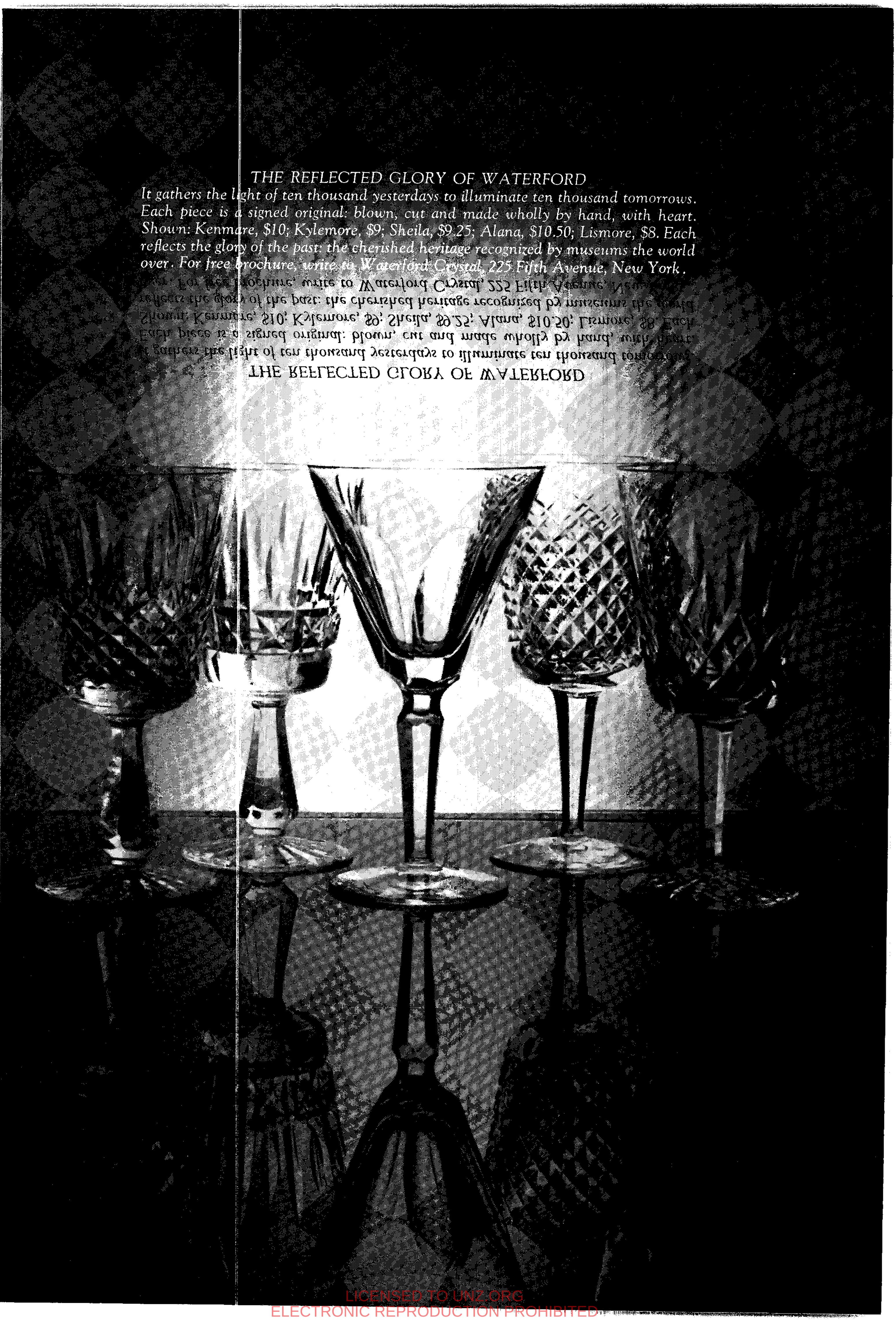
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
LES CARABINIERS and **LA CHINOISE** (both in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Jan. 7: "Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.
From Jan. 8: **YELLOW SUBMARINE**; and "Billion Dollar Brain" (1967), Michael Caine, Karl Malden.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Jan. 2: **TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE**; and **THE PETRIFIED FOREST.**
From Jan. 3: **MARAT/SADE**; and **DUTCHMAN.**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!





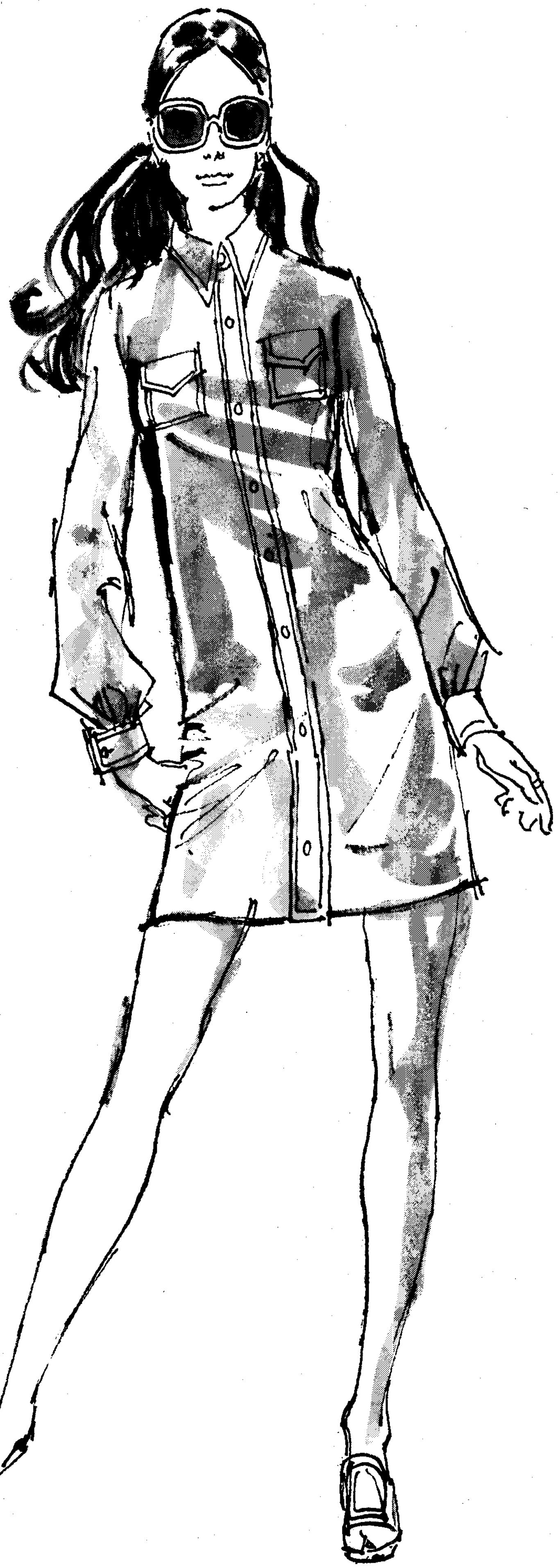
THE REFLECTED GLORY OF WATERFORD

It gathers the light of ten thousand yesterdays to illuminate ten thousand tomorrows. Each piece is a signed original: blown, cut and made wholly by hand, with heart. Shown: Kenmare, $10; Kylemore, $9; Sheila, $9.25; Alana, $10.50; Lismore, $8. Each reflects the glory of the past: the cherished heritage recognized by museums the world over. For free brochure, write to Waterford Crystal, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York.

THIS SLEEK NYLON KNIT . . . with its gentle slither of shape, is for an exciting trek to the Sun Country. Champagne, navy or light blue . . . 8 to 16. You'll find it in our Designer Shop III, third floor, Fifth Avenue, and in all our branch stores. 40.00

B Altman & Co

Please note how beautifully Fifth Avenue's great store anticipates the travel plans of New York's smartest women . . . and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us. B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue, and at White Plains, Manhasset, Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa., and Ridgewood/Paramus.



THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

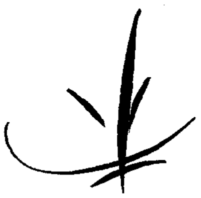
Notes and Comment

IN time, we suppose, we will discover what Apollo 8 means to us. Last week, we were disappointed in ourself. An extended sense of letdown, some failure of private response, persisted within us during that brilliant journey, stubbornly coexisting with our apprehension, elation, incredulity, awe, relief, and pride. Imagination, it turned out, was inadequate to this enormous and perfect adventure. The moon flight overlapped Christmas, and it was perhaps inevitable that its quick, draggy unfolding should have reminded us strongly of the Day itself. One by one, the exciting presents were opened and inspected—the shiny earthball and the ingenious (and slightly busted) little camera; the interesting globe; the enormous moonscape, executed in plaster of Paris and sort of after Vlaminck; the album of home snapshots—each present better than the last, and each, interiorly, marching through the emotions from is to was, from delight to gratitude, from absorption to possessiveness, and so on downhill to familiarity. Cries of surprise and joy came from us ("Wow! Look at that!"), but in time it grew difficult to outexclaim ourself, and we found we had begun to sustain the occasion with repeated silent reminders that the festival was still special and still happening. (We're at the moon. This is the day. We're actually there. It has come at last. It's here, and we're actually, truly at the moon. At the *moon.* Right now. Think of that. Actually . . . at . . . the . . .) The afternoon of the experience drew on and darkened. At dusk, knee-deep in wrapping paper and string, we began to wonder, ungratefully and rather sullenly, where we were going to find shelf space for such a treasure of discoveries and complications.

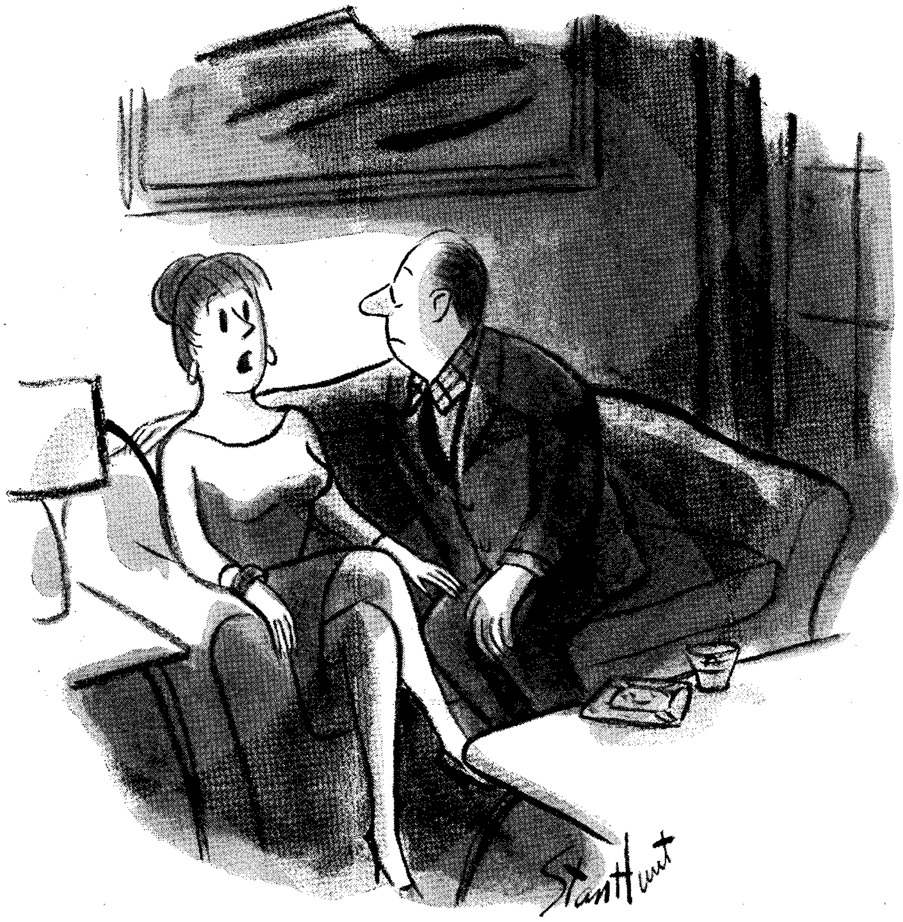
We have discovered some comfort for our little shame. Friends have told us of a similar secret sense of pettiness and failed imagination. Even the *Times*, in an editorial that began with a trumpet blast of three "never before"s, hailing a "superlative feat of human history . . . that will deservedly become the subject of song, story, and pictorial art in the decades and centuries ahead," had to confess by the third paragraph that everybody was too close to the event to get a good grab on it. Curiously, we sensed that the men who were closest of all, the brave men in the spacecraft, were going through something of the same process of ill-sustained elation. Earthshine, they reported while they were in moon orbit, was "about as expected," and the moon itself was, in Colonel Borman's words, "a vast, lonely, forbidding-type expanse of nothing." They were more at home and more cheerful, it seemed, during the interior telecasts from Apollo 8, and so were we. This was more like it—a compressed "Person to Person" show from out there, which invited us to browse around the place, opening closets and examining the slipcovers, and discover that the houses and habits of celebrities are almost exactly like our own. With them, we inspected the crowded living room, the picture window, and the den, or lower bay. Here is the toothbrush. Here is the new electronic display keyboard. Over there we keep our navigating instruments, for when we wish to navigate. (They will tell us exactly where we are and how fast we're going.) Here is Jim using the exerciser. (We like to keep in shape.) Here is how we prepare a meal of delicious orange juice, corn chowder, chicken and gravy, and sugar cookies. Watch us cut the plastic bag with our scissors, preparatory to adding hot water. Now we put the scissors away. Now we get rid of the plastic. Now we use the little napkin. Now we get rid of the napkin. Dinner is over now, and soon we may feel like taking a nap, over there on the Beta-cloth hammock. Here is a smile. Here is a Christmas wish for you. That is our day. That is how we pass the time here, waiting for whatever new things may happen tomorrow.

At Jasper Johns' Place

THE Provident Loan Society of New York has fifteen friendly offices around town.. The Society once maintained a particularly impressive branch at the corner of East Houston and Essex Streets, but a few years ago this branch was closed down, and in 1967—signs of the times—it was bought by Jasper Johns, one of our more provident artists, who has since turned it into combined studio and living quarters. When we heard that Mr. Johns was lending the premises one evening to the sponsors of a benefit to help pay off the accumulated debts of Merce Cunningham and Dance Company—like all dance companies, a somewhat improvident group of artists—the symbolism of the thing got to us and drew us irresistibly downtown.



Not surprisingly, Mr. Johns' purchase looks very much like a solid, medium-sized bank. It is a square, forthright two-story building, and by the time we arrived, at about nine-thirty, it was flanked by a line of black limousines backed up on East Houston as far as Katz's Delicatessen and extending along Essex past John's Bargain Store. Inside, over a hundred people, each of whom had paid a hundred dollars to be there, had gathered in a large, square sala, scene of former fiscal hopes and desolations. Its conversion from commerce to art seemed to have been accomplished mainly by the removal of the interior furnishings. All that remained of the *ancien régime* was five old-fashioned light globes hung on braided chains from the ceiling, fifty feet high, and a pattern of imitation Greek columns at intervals around the walls. A kitchen counter ran parallel to one wall. A large black-and-white painting by Cy Twombly



"I do love you, Arthur, but I never could marry a writer. That endless tap-tap-tapping would drive a girl nuts."

• •

and an even larger, jagged metal sculpture by John Chamberlain on top of a partition completed the décor. "The Chamberlain used to be on the floor," Mr. Johns said as he greeted us. "We had to get it out of the way, so the dancers wouldn't cut themselves on it. Take your coat in the other room and get some champagne."

We did as we were told, and found ourself in a somewhat smaller, equally bare room, with paintings on the walls by Johns, Frank Stella, Robert Rauschenberg, and other new masters. A champagne bar had been set up near a staircase leading to the second floor. Corks popped, wine flowed, and wraps were taken by a pretty Indian girl in a purple sari. Looking around, we noted an absence of miniskirts and a profusion of pants suits and frilled shirts, worn with dash by members of both sexes. At about nine-forty-five, Merce Cunningham and his company of seven filed quietly down the stairs in their bare feet and began to dance around and among us. Each dancer wore colored stretch tights and a stretch top of a different color. The dancers slipped past the guests and moved into the main room, and so, after an interval, did we.

Cunningham and his troupe were performing in the middle of the big room, surrounded on all sides by standing spectators. Simultaneously, films of the company performing some of the identical dance movements in a city square were being projected on two of the walls. A taped sound track of urban traffic noises, seagulls, foghorns, and various electronic effects filled the air. Jean Rigg, who works as an administrator for the Cunningham Dance Foundation, explained to us in a whisper that, thanks to the National Endowment for the Arts, which gave the Foundation thirty-five thousand dollars for the project, the film was made last fall in Ghirardelli Square, in San Francisco; that it will be shown eventually over San Francisco's television station KQED, and possibly over other noncommercial stations; and that what we were seeing was a new dance, tentatively entitled "Assemblage," which Cunningham had choreographed specially for KQED, using the dimensions and spaces of Ghirardelli Square as a guideline. The musical accompaniment, he said, was a taped collage of San Francisco sounds, with additional sounds that had nothing to do with San Francisco, such as snatches of a composition for player piano by the composer Conlon Nancarrow, and it had been put together by the musicians Gordon Mumma, David Tudor, and John Cage.

Midway through the performance, the dancers began to slip away, one by one, but they reappeared a few minutes later, in different costumes. The dance continued without a break, and eventually they were all back, wearing what looked like jogging suits, in pastel colors. The dancing became more athletic and playful. There was a good deal of racing about and comradely contact. At one point, the whole company formed an interlocking group and moved laboriously across the room, taking elaborate pains over the placement of their feet. Miss Rigg explained to us that in San Francisco this had been in the nature of a game, in which they were allowed to step on the pavement bricks but not on the lines in between.

The performance lasted about forty minutes, and the audience, though moderately perplexed at times, seemed in general to be well pleased. The modern-art collector Victor Ganz, who is a close friend of Jasper Johns, said that it had been nice to be so close to the dancers and yet not to have to participate in the performance. Barbara (Mrs. Eugene) Schwartz, who had helped to organize the benefit and had given a dinner party beforehand, said it was a pleasant surprise to see so many people on their feet, what with the flu epidemic.

As we were leaving, we asked Judith Blinken, the director of development for the Cunningham Dance Foundation, how the evening had worked out financially. She gave us a radiant smile. "We cleared twelve thousand dollars," she said. "This wipes out our overdraft at the bank and gives us a start on the debts from our South American tour last summer. We're planning another benefit, at the Electric Circus, and—who knows?—by spring we may even be free and clear."

St. Regis Spectacular

"PROFESSOR BAUER's going to show us a volcano," Dr. Shannon McCune, the director of the American Geographical Society, told us on another evening, during the cocktail hour that preceded the Society's annual dinner, on the St. Regis Roof, and he obligingly introduced us to the speaker of the evening—Paul S. Bauer, an enormous, owl-faced man in a white tie, whose boiled shirt was decorated with a ribboned blue-and-white cross. "Order of the Falcon of Iceland, commander rank," he said, following our gaze. "Given to me two years ago by the President of Iceland, who is head of the Order. I was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, and I inherited a newspaper-and-magazine-distributing business there from my father. I went to Andover, and then to Harvard, where I spent eight years without getting a Ph.D. I'm a retired captain in the Navy, and I used to be Adjunct Professor of Earth Sciences at the American University, in Washington, D.C. I'm six feet three and a half and sixty-four years of age. Tonight, I'm going to talk about Surtsey, the new volcanic island that was created, or began to be created, on November 14, 1963, off the southern coast of Iceland. A new hunk of territory that didn't exist six years ago! Since it came up out of the water, I've visited it twenty times, taking pictures from a boat, from a helicopter, and *in situ*. I'm an honorary founding member of the Surtsey Research Society. We've had a hundred and six scientists studying various things on Surtsey. What will the succession of life there be? We have a laboratory on it named Palsbaer, after me—'Paul's house,' in Icelandic."

We asked Professor Bauer if he had a copy of his speech, and he waved three or four small pieces of paper that seemed to have notes jotted on them. "I never write a speech," he said. "I'm going to show slides and a movie, and comment on them."

Dinner found us seated between Mrs. Russell Gurnee and Mr. Howard Van Zandt.

"My husband has an air-conditioning and heating business, and is active in the Explorers Club," Mrs. Gurnee said. "We're speleologists. We've explored caves in Puerto Rico for the National Geographic Society, and we've been to Ecuador, Venezuela, and El Salvador. We've probed Floyd Collins' Crystal Cave, in Kentucky, which is fifty-three miles long."

"I'm in my twenty-third year in Japan, where I represent the International Telephone & Telegraph Corporation," Mr. Van Zandt said. "I came here this week for some company conferences. I was born near Chicago and spent five years in my teens in Japan, where my father was chief engineer of the Japan Cement Company. I've written a book called 'Little Known Facts About Japanese and Americans.' I live in Tokyo, and I've visited all forty-six prefectures of Japan. Except for the city ones, they're all beautiful."

Distinguished guests at the dais table were presented by Dr. Serge A. Korff, the Society's president; five medals were awarded; and Professor Bauer launched into his filmed exposition of Surtsey. His pictures, in color, showed some of the submarine volcanic activity that spewed up lava, from a depth of four hundred and twenty-five feet, over a period of three and a half years, accompanied by lightning storms and explosions of lava bombs; the lava was turned into cinder by the sea, and then into black sand. When the last lava flow stopped, in June, 1967, the island was nearly two miles square.

"Iceland is nature's laboratory," Professor Bauer said when we congratulated him on his spectacular offering. "Its people are multilingual. All high-school graduates have learned English, Danish, and either French or German. I sell the film to schools and universities for three hundred dollars a copy. If I can average a hundred sales a year for the next ten years, I'll be on Easy Street."

Producer

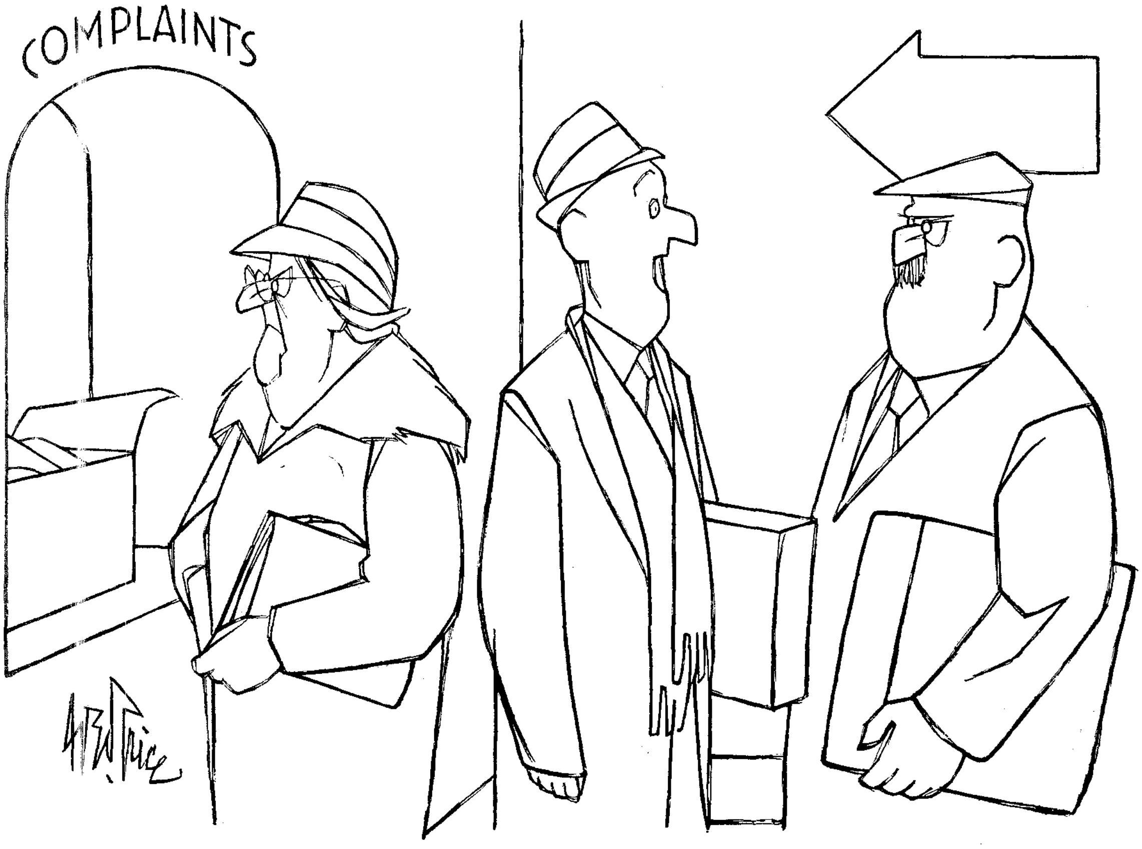
THE other day, we met Mag Bodard, the producer of "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg," "The Young Girls of Rochefort," "Le Bonheur," "La Chinoise," and "Benjamin," all of which have comforted us in recent years in the art houses around town. Mag Bodard is a woman—the only successful female producer of movies in France, or, probably, anywhere else. She doesn't look a bit like L. B. Mayer. She is a petite, wistful-appearing, red-haired woman of about fifty, and she has a small, thin face with wide eyes.

"Please outline for us, from the very beginning, how you managed to become a producer of movies," we said after shaking hands with Mme. Bodard at her digs, in the Hotel Regency.

"I am actually Italian," she began. "I was born in Turin, where my father had a vineyard."

"Red wine or white wine?" we asked.

"Red wine," Mme. Bodard said. "In the north of Italy, there is mostly red wine. I had no sugar as a child. I had meat and wine, and this is what I still like to eat—meat and wine. My name was Margherita Perato. When I



"Would you go ahead of me? I can't seem to get my dander up."

was five years old, my aunt, whose husband was French, and who had no children of her own, took me to live in Paris. I learned to read and write in French, and I took all my schooling in Paris, at the Institution Maintenon. I have a younger brother and sister, and they, too, went to France to school, because my parents thought we would find better educational opportunities in France. We went home to Turin during the summer months."

"Didn't your parents miss you when you were away?" we asked.

"Not really," Mme. Bodard said, and gave a kind of detached laugh.

"After school?" we asked.

"I began to paint. Portraits," she said.

"Do you still paint?" we asked.

"Never," she replied. "I painted for about a year, and then I stopped. Once I say goodbye to one part of my life, I do not like to go back. I go on to something new." She gave us that laugh again.

"After painting?" we asked.

"I attended a private atelier to study interior decorating," she said. "Then I met my husband—Lucien Bodard, the journalist. We were married for about twenty-five years, and then we became divorced, but we are still very good friends. When the Second World War started, my husband went to England. I stayed in Paris throughout the war. I designed fashions, mostly for small houses. The only big house I designed for was Lucien Lelong."

"Did you work for the underground during the Occupation?" we asked.

"I did what was normal in my circle," Mme. Bodard said.

"What was that?" we asked.

"Hid people who had to be hidden, passed letters that had to be passed," she said.

"And after the war?" we asked.

"My husband worked for the Agence France-Presse," she said. "He had been born in China, because his father was in the diplomatic service there, and he speaks Chinese as well as he speaks French. Eventually, he went to Indo-China for *France-Soir*, and I travelled with him. We had a small apartment in Saigon, in the center of the city. We were the only married journalistic couple in Saigon in those years—1948 to 1955—and so we received all the other journalists at home. Then I started writing articles for *France-Soir* and, later, for *Elle*. About everyday life in Saigon—how the women lived, how life went on. The articles were collected, and they made a book. The book was published in France at the time of Dien Bien Phu, the final battle. So the book was very successful."

"What was the title of the book?" we asked.

" 'C'est Aussi Comme Ça,' " Mme. Bodard replied.

"After Saigon?" we asked.

"We lived for one year in Hong Kong," she said. "Then I became sick, as a result of Indo-China. With malaria. With amoebic infections. With everything that was normal for people who lived in Indo-China. I returned to Paris. I wanted to do something new. Something that would be closest to my sensibility."

"Why didn't you go back to decorating or designing?"

"I don't know why. My life changes continuously. I finish with one thing, I go on to another. I don't know how to go back."

"Well, what was the something new?" we asked.

"Television," Mme. Bodard said, and she gave us another of her laughs. "I felt we were in a new world now, and I felt that it would be easier to reach the new world through pictures than through words. In Hong Kong, all the foreign newspapers had what *France-Soir* had and still has: the *bandes dessinées*—stories, mostly historical stories, told in long captions under cartoons. The stories were told in such a way that anybody could follow them. So I had the idea of bringing a kind of *bandes dessinées* to television, in the form of a special movie."

"What happened to the idea?" we asked.

"Nothing," Mme. Bodard said. "I didn't do it, because it was impossible. In France, we had only one channel, and it was government-owned. There were very few hours of programs."

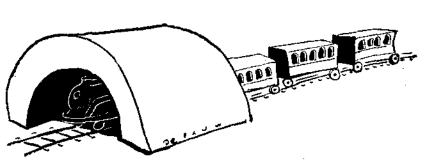
"Well, what did you *try* to do with the idea?" we asked.

"As always, when I have an idea, I start telling it to everybody. To everybody. *À tout le monde*. And I don't abandon it until everybody says no."

"And everybody said no?"

"Correct. So I have never made anything for television. *Now*, perhaps, *now* I may finally do something for television."

"But what did you do when you were turned down by television?"



"I decided to make movies," Mme. Bodard replied. "I formed my own company—Parc Film. Because I live near the Parc Monceau." Again, that laugh. "I had a very good script, which had been written by two friends. I felt it would make a very good, a very strong movie."

"What made you think that you could simply go right out and be a producer of movies with just a script?" we asked.

"Because if somebody wants to do something it is always possible to do it," Mme. Bodard answered.

"Well," we said, "what happened?"

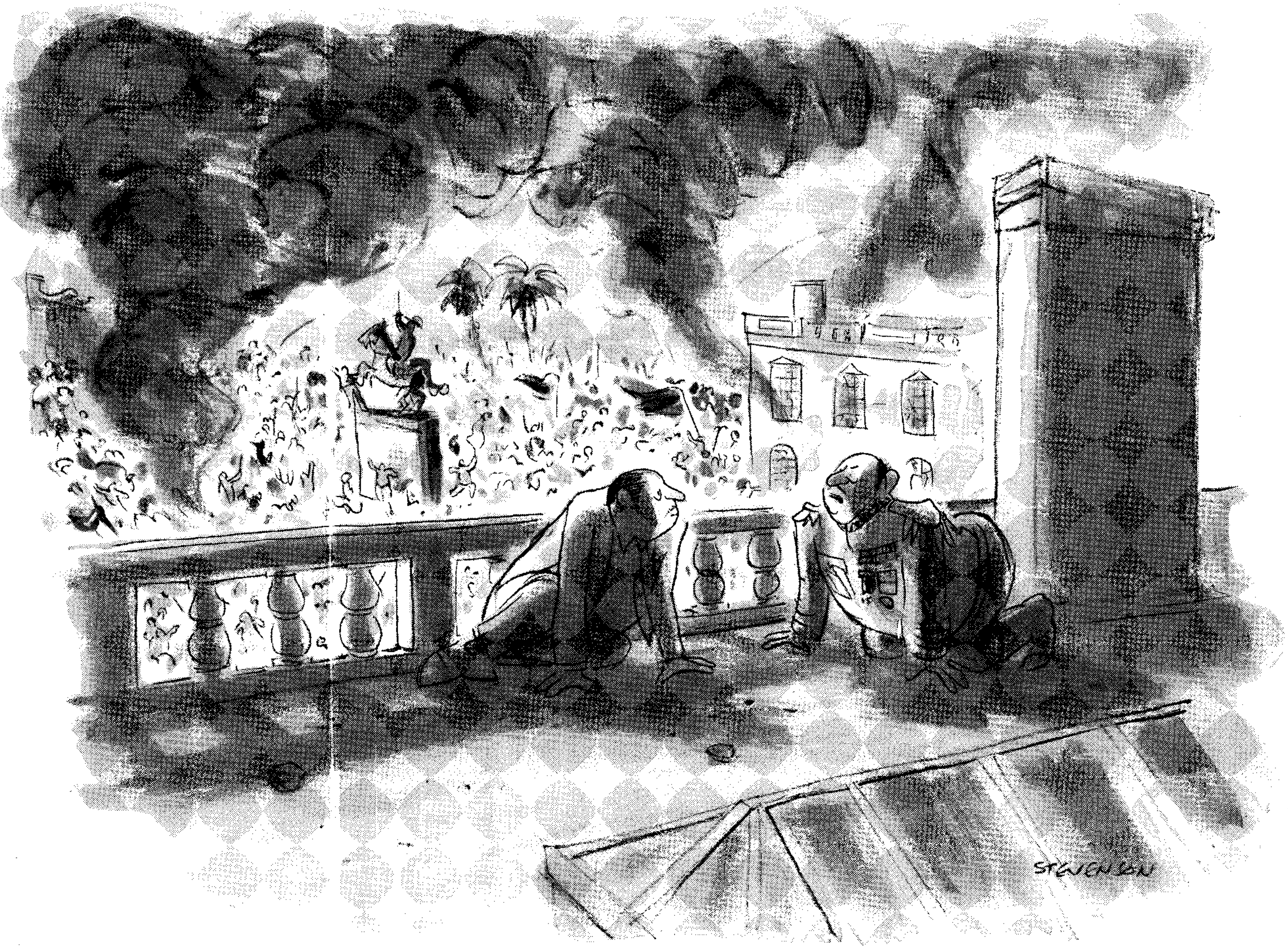
"I brought the script to all the major French companies, and they all said no," Mme. Bodard continued. "I brought it to Pathé, and they told me my idea was an excellent idea, and that I must find a good director. So I found a good young director, Jacques Deray, who had made two movies. But Pathé said he was not well known enough, and they told me I must take a director of their choosing—one who had just had a commercial success. I was inexperienced, and so I did what they said. And it was horrible. The director they chose changed everything in the script. I was so ashamed of this film. It was so far from what I had wanted. From then on, I decided to do only what I liked and only what I wanted, and to do it alone."

"And how in the world did you get financing for a movie, with an attitude like that?" we asked.

"The work of a producer is the work of a promoter," Mme. Bodard said. "It is very hard work. And you have to believe in what you are doing. My attitude is: I want to do this film. I will guarantee the budget. I do not ask to be paid anything, because I want to keep the budget low. I ask only for my royalties. I choose what I want to do without thinking of whether it will make money. I think only of whether it is of interest to me."

"Yes, but how did you *do* it?" we asked.

"In 1962, Jacques Demy, the director, showed me the script he had written for 'Les Parapluies de Cherbourg,' " she replied. "I liked it so much! I went to all the companies and tried to find the money. My faith grew stronger as I worked and as I heard Michel Legrand sing and play his music for the film. But everybody said 'Mag Bodard is very crazy.' Everybody in the business told me I could not win with this film. Finally,



"But I didn't say we had won the hearts and minds of the people. I said we were well on our way to winning them."

• •

André Hakim, at Twentieth Century-Fox, said he would help me. He agreed to put up one-fourth of the money—thirty million francs, or about sixty thousand dollars. In Germany, from Beta, distributors of films, I got another sixty thousand. From the Cinema Center, I obtained still another sixty thousand. The Cinema Center is something we have only in France. Everybody who makes films belongs to it, and producers give the Center a prorated percentage of the profits from their films. The Cinema Center then gives advances to filmmakers who meet their requirements."

"And the last sixty thousand?" we asked.

"From me," Mme. Bodard replied. "I put my own money in, and money borrowed from friends. Then I decided if I did not win, I would go to the U.S.A. and become a governess for children. I found out all about how to place an advertisement for a position of governess and how to come to the United States to do such work."

"Why a governess?" we asked.

"Because it seemed to be the simplest kind of job for which you need no special training," she said.

"But you didn't have to take such a job," we said.

"No. 'Les Parapluies de Cherbourg' won. It was a very big success in France, in the United States, in Spain, in Japan, in South Africa—all over the world. Even the Soviet Union paid about twenty thousand dollars for this film to show it. Only in Italy, in Germany, and in the Scandinavian countries it was not a success."

"What was your second film?"

"The next year, 1964, it was 'Le Bonheur,' by Agnès Varda, who is the wife of Jacques Demy. For me, this film was very, very important. It was a film made by a woman, and it is exactly what goes on inside the head of every woman, except that she doesn't realize it."

"How many movies have you made altogether?"

"Eighteen—in the past six years. I know everybody now. And I have many of the good young new directors. I like working with the artistic directors—Robert Bresson, Jean-Luc Godard, Alain Resnais, Christian-Paul Arrighi. I have just finished three films for Paramount. It was very difficult to produce three films at once, but I wanted to do it, so that I would have greater freedom now to do exactly what I want. For me, producing movies is something I will not say goodbye to. I like it because the work is artistic. I like finding new talent and encouraging young people. Also, the work permits me to be independent. Also, I like it because it is dangerous. Now I have confidence in myself, but each time I start a new film, it is like taking an examination at school."

"Any other reason you like being a producer of movies?" we asked.

"It allows me to have a lot of people around me. Parc Film employs about thirty people. I like to give those people the certainty that they will always have work."

"Do you have that certainty now?"

"Yes, but to have it and to do it you must be strong. Strong."

THE CAPTIVE NIECE

WITHOUT the slightest regard for her feelings or the importance of this day, he had said, "Bring back a sandwich or some bread and pâté, will you, anything you see—oh, and the English papers." He spoke as if she were going out on a common errand or an ordinary walk—to look at the Eiffel Tower, for instance. A telephone dangled on the wall just above his head; all he had to do was reach. It was true that her hotel gave no meals except breakfast, but he might have made a show of trying. He lay on the bed and watched her preparing for the interview. Her face in the bathroom mirror seemed frightened and small. She gave herself eyes and a mouth, and with them an air of decision. Knowing he was looking on made her jumpy; she kicked the bathroom door shut, but then, as though fearing a reprimand, opened it gently.

He took no notice, no more than her aunt had ever taken of her tantrums, and when she came, repentant, tearful almost, to kiss him goodbye, he simply held out the three postcards he had been writing—identical views of the Seine for his children in England. How could he? There was only one reason—he was evil and jealous and trying to call thunderbolts down on her head. An old notion of economy prevented her from throwing the cards out the window—they were stamped, and stamps seemed for some reason more precious than coins. "I don't *want* them," she said. Her hand struck nervously on the bottle of wine beside the bed.

"No, that's dangerous," he said quickly, thinking he saw what she was up to. She was something of a thrower, not at him, but away from him, and always with the same intention—to make him see he had, in some way, slighted her. As he might have done with a frantic puppy, he diverted her with a pack of cigarettes and the corkscrew.

"I don't want them, leave me alone!" she cried, and flung them out the open window into the court. "This is your fault," she said, "and now you've got nothing to smoke." But he had a whole carton of cigarettes, bought on the plane, the day before.

He had to console her. "I know," he said, "I know. But do bring another corkscrew, will you? I really can't use my teeth."

Oh, she would pay him out! For this, and for the past, and for failing to see her as she was.

HOURS later he was exactly as she had left him—reading, under a torn red lampshade, on the ashy bed. The room smelled of smoke and hot iron radiators. You would not have known that a woman had ever lived in it. The first thing she did was open the window, but the air was cold and the rain too noisy, and she had to close it again. He did not say, "Oh, it's you," or "There you are," or anything that might infuriate her and set her off again. He said, as if he remembered what her day had been about, "How did it go?"

She had no desire except to win his praise. "Leget wants me," she said. "I don't mean for this film, but another next summer. He's getting me a teacher for French and a teacher only for French diction. What do you think of *that*? He said it was a pity I had spoken English all my life, because it's so bad for the teeth. Funny that Aunt Freda never thought of it—she was so careful about most things."

"You could hardly have expected her to bring you up in a foreign language," he said. "She was English. Millions of people speak English."

"Yes, and look at them!" She had never heard about the effects of English until today, but it was as if she had known it forever. She could see millions and millions of English-speaking people—black, Asian, and white—each with a misshapen upper jaw. Like her Aunt Freda, he had never been concerned. She gave him a look of slight pity. "Well, it's happened," she went on. "I shall be working in Paris, really working, and with *him*." She untied her damp head scarf and unbuttoned her coat. "When I am R and F that coat will be lined with mink," she said. "Coat sixteen guineas, lining six thousand." R and F meant rich and famous. His response was usually "When I am old and ill and poor . . ." She remembered that he was ill, and she had not brought him his sandwich. She dropped on her knees beside the bed. "Are you all right? Feeling better?" The poor man lay there with an attack of lumbago—at least she supposed that was what it was. He had never been unwell before, not for a second. Perhaps he had put something out of joint carrying his things at the airport, but that seemed unlikely. He had come with just one small case and a typewriter, as if he were meeting her for the weekend instead of for life.

"I'm all right," he said. "Tell me about Leget."

She stammered, "He thinks I've got . . . something. A presence. He said that the minute he saw me, when I walked in. . . . He said he had been hoping to talk to me, alone—to talk about me."

"Clever man," he said. "I don't blame him. I know what he means—I saw it when you were seventeen. It's more than a face, more than drive. I thought then that I'd never been close to it before."

The child in her, told it was singular, felt a rush of love. She said with new urgency, "Are you better? Oh, I forgot to say . . . he asked who had brought me up. I told him I had no parents. He asked who was, well, *responsible* for me."

"Did you tell him?"

"Of course. I said, my aunt."

SUGGESTED FOR MATURE OWNERS
Richter

• •

"Your aunt! Did you happen to mention she was dead?"

"I told him she'd died reaching for a drink, and how she was born pickled, and how her mind had never been original or sharp, but I loved her and owed her so much. She taught me how to sit and walk and move. Leget said, 'Yes, but your general culture'—don't make a face, darling, it's not the same in French. I told him it was just old detective stories and that the time before I was born seemed a lovely summer day full of detectives rushing to save pretty girls. I never thought about love. I used to just think, When I meet the nice detective . . ."

He had heard this many times. "Let me know when you do meet him," he said.

"Perhaps you won't like me when I'm R and F," she said. "So it won't matter what I tell you. Perhaps you'd rather I just stayed what you called me once, Aunt Freda's captive niece. You're sick of hearing about her. You're already sick of Leget, and I'm absolutely certain you're sick of me."

He got up by rolling on his side and gripping the edge of the mattress. He was dressed except for his trousers, and in the abjection of pain did not mind looking foolish. He took his jacket off and as he did so heard the lining tear. He stood looking at the bookshelf nailed beside the bed, giving his attention to the tattered Penguins, and *Sélections du Reader's Digest*, out of which Gitta proposed to improve her French. He looked at the Beaujolais he could not open, and the empty bottle of Haig. He said, and meant it now, "I am old and ill and poor." He was thirty-nine. What seems to the traveller ten or twenty years, he remembered, may in real time be ten thousand. In the nineteen years Gitta will have to travel before she overtakes me—but she never will, not unless the lumbago turns out to be fatal. He was old and ill, and he would be poor because he would give everything from now on to his wife and children. He would never buy drink again except in duty-free airport shops. "I'll have to do a hell of a lot of travelling," he remarked.

"What? Oh, you're being silly. Please sit down. Or lie down. Or take something."

"It's the same if I stand." He began to explain that the aspirin he had swallowed earlier would not dissolve because he had nothing to wash it down with; and that pain was lodged like fishhooks beneath the skin. "But I'll take one more aspirin," he said, to appease Gitta rather than the pain.

She was barely listening, looking intently now at the dark rain, or at her face on the window. She must have been recalling her triumph—her conquest. Turning to him slowly she said, "Why do you have your shirt tucked in that way? It looks funny." She added, "I've never seen anyone else do that."

"You've been knocking around with a lot of damn foreigners in Paris," he said. "Don't even know how to keep their clothes on."

She came to him, awkwardly for a girl who had been taught how to move, and touched his head for fever. "It's nothing. You aren't sick at all." Pain stuck to fragrance like glue; the scent of her hand became a source of uneasiness. Had he really expected to keep her to himself? He knew of one anguish, and that was the separation from his children; but Gitta had been a child, and more—they had been lovers since she was seventeen. He found the aspirin in an open suitcase and hobbled to the bathroom. Clutching the basin, he stood on one foot and flexed his knee.

"Is it that bad?" she said, without sympathy because his forehead was cool. "You're making a horrible face." He looked, as if he had only one minute left, at the walls, which seemed newly papered, and the white ceiling.

"I'm trying out the nerve," he said, as though that meant anything. He reached up to the light over the mirror and he thought the nerve had frayed and split. He imagined a ragged sort of string tied round his spine. "It's more like needles and pins now," he presently said.

"I thought men never had pains," she said. "Only neurotic women." He could not guess the direction of her thoughts, for their knowledge of each other was intimate, not general. "Who gave you the electric toothbrush?" she asked.

"No one. I bought it."

"What did you want a thing like that for?" He realized that she thought she had caught him out and that his wife had given it to him—probably for Father's Day, with a ribbon around it. She was still thin-skinned about his family, even now, after he had proven there was nothing but her. His children were altogether taboo; their very names carried misfortune. Giving her the cards to post—his attempt to bring about a casual order—must have seemed such a violation of safety that she was probably amazed at finding them both here, intact.

He started to answer but the habit of clandestine holidays cut him short, for they heard a high-pitched exchange in English outside the door: ". . . sent in an unsealed envelope to save sixpence." "I should have torn it up." "So I did."

She smiled at him. The day was still safe; the complicity between them had from the beginning been as important as love.

OF course she needed him, she said to herself. Without him, she would never have known about love, only about gratitude, affection, claustrophobia. She sat on the bed and spread the torn coat on her knee. The lining was rent under the arm; with difficulty she joined the ragged seams. The material seemed stiff and old, and it was unpleasant to handle. Intellectual sweat, she said deep within her mind.

"The first time you saw me with Aunt Freda you said, 'She is using you as a *femme de charme*,' remember? But she had been kind, as always, and she'd bought me a sumptuous velvet skirt and a leather jacket, and I didn't see why I couldn't wear them together. I must have been a sight. I thought all *you* could see were my bitten nails."

"You and your aunt were too tied up," he said. "Too dependent on each other." He sounded as if the aunt were to blame for a flaw in Gitta; at least that was the meaning she selected. She could have straightened out the right and wrong of it, but what would their lives become, with so many explanations? She imagined them, a worn-out old couple in a traveller's climate, not speaking much—explanations having devoured conversation long ago—pretending to be all right when anyone looked at them. "Women are bad for each other," he said. She thought he was describing her life without him, but perhaps it was another woman's—he'd had nothing but daughters. She felt, obscurely, that a searing discussion had taken place.

Settling into an armchair he groaned sincerely. He said, "Well, you liked old Leget. That's a good thing."

She looked up and said simply, "I told you. I worship him. I would do anything he asked."

"Don't ever tell him that."

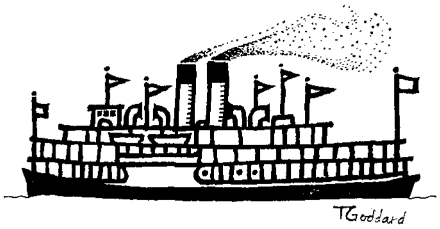
"I mean it. I worshipped his films before I ever knew you knew him. It's talent I love. I'd do anything."

"So you said. What *has* he asked you to do?"

"It's just one scene, to tell you the truth. I . . . I sort of sleepwalk through American Express. Don't laugh. *Stop* it! I don't mean walking in my sleep. You know how sometimes you feel no one can see you, because you are so intent—looking for a friend, let's say—and suddenly you wake up and notice everybody staring? I can't explain it the way he does. Actually, I don't need to say anything. I just am. I exist. I'm me, Gitta."

"You aren't you if you don't open your mouth. Also, if you don't talk, it means he pays you a good deal less."

"Don't be so small. You know very well I am paid and how much. It doesn't come out of his pocket. I'm not some little tart he picked up in the Café Select."



"I'm going to be sorry I introduced you to Leget," he said. "You're doting."

"He doesn't care for women," she said primly, and, as if one statement completed the other, "He has his wife."

SHE wondered if he was trying to tell her she owed him the interview. But she remembered all that she owed him, particularly now, when he had given up everything for her—his children, and the room he was used to working in, and his wife answering the telephone (she could imagine no other use for her), and perhaps his job. He might go into a news agency here, but it was a comedown. That might be the greatest loss of all; it was the only one he mentioned. But she was astute enough at times to guess he might not speak of what bothered him most. How could she match his sacrifice? She had rid herself of everything that might divert a scrap of her love; she had thrown away a small rabbit with nylon fur, a bracelet made of painted wooden links, both highly charged with the powers of fortune. It was not enough; she was frightened without her talismans, and they were still not on an equal footing. She often said to him now, "Never leave me."

She cut off the thread and went on,

STOIC

I, a slave, chained to an oar of poem,
Inhabiting this faraway province where
Nothing happens. I wouldn't want it to.
I have expressly deprived myself of much:
Conversation, sweets of friendship, love. . . .
The public women of the town don't appeal.
I wouldn't want them to. There are no others,
At least for an old, smelly, covetous bookman.
So many things might have fed this avocation,
But what's the point? It's too late.

About the matter of death I am convinced,
Also that peace is unattainable and destiny
Impermeable to reason. I am lucky to have
No grave illness, I suppose, no wounds
To ache all winter. I do not drink or smoke.
From all these factors I select one, the silence
Which is that jewel of divine futility,
Refusal to bow, the unvarnished grain
Of the mind's impudence: you see it so well
On the faces of the self-reliant dead.

—Lawrence Durrell

• •

Cecil's Rum Shop

"Tom, please come back to the Barbados Hilton. The children need you."

• •

"Leget is young to be married. I mean, so definitely married."

"There's no age limit." He was not yet divorced. He had jumped without a net—at his time of life! When he had talked gently to her in the old days, at the beginning, it had been about herself. Now, as he composed a new message in which he figured, she heard the word "compulsive" or perhaps it was "impulsive"—she could not take it in. She felt utterly an impostor, sewing for a grown person who ought to look after his own clothes, as if sewing were a translation of devotion. He was unwell, of course, and out of his element. Inactive, he seemed to disappear. We are all selfish, she decided. She had been devoted to her aunt, but selfishness was a green fly, unobserved, the color of the leaf. She murmured, as she had many times in the past two days, "Don't leave me," but it was only a new exorcism. She had shed her talisman—oh, mistake! If he made love to her, that might be a way out of their predicament; it seemed, in fact, the only way. But when he crept onto the bed, behind her back, it was only because he'd had enough of sitting in the chair.

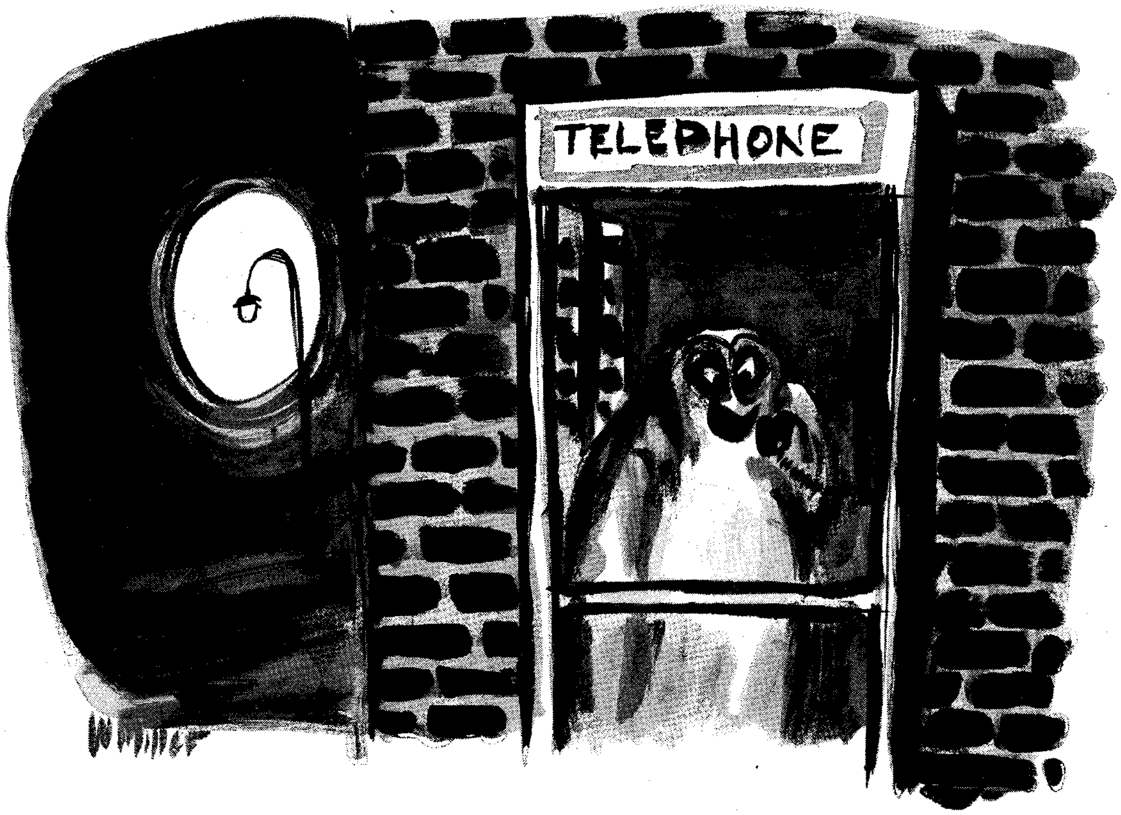
"I'm not going out," she said suddenly. "Ring downstairs and see if they can send someone out to the café for you."

She turned and saw that he was watching her closely. Just as his hand went to the telephone she said, "Darling, a hideous thing happened today. I didn't tell you. When I was coming home after seeing Leget, the rain started pelting, so I stopped in a doorway, and some man, a sort of workingman, was there, in the dark. I had the feeling if I said '*Partez!*' he would go, and I was ashamed to think it—to think he was inferior, I mean. All at once he moved between me and the street, and when I looked back I saw the building was empty—it was being torn down from the inside. The outside walls were all that was left. I got my back against the wall, and as he walked toward me I pushed him away with both hands, with all my might. He opened his mouth—it was full of blood. He sort of fell against me; some of it got on my coat. He staggered back and fell in a heap, and I left him. I walked away very slowly to show I wasn't frightened, but I was so upset that I went in a café and had a drink and watched their television for about an hour. I was afraid if I came straight back to you I might be hysterical and it might bother you."

"You probably aren't hungry then, are you?" he said.

"Of course I'm hungry. I'm as hungry as you are. You know perfectly well I haven't eaten the whole day."

He seemed to take it for granted she was making this up—she could tell. He had known her to do it before, when she was anxious to change the meaning of a situation, but in those days she had been living with her aunt,



"Good evening, Harry Chadwick. This is your id."

• •

and trying to make her life seem vivid and interesting to him.

"Why didn't you shout, or call someone?"

"Because I wanted to show him I wasn't afraid of him."

"Weren't you?"

"I wanted to kill him. I was murderous."

"That's understandable," he said. "You'll realize tomorrow, or when you wake up in the night, that you were frightened. What shall I ask them to fetch you from the café? A ham sandwich? Two sandwiches?"

"I don't care." She was bitterly offended, alone, astray, for he was making little of the danger she had been in. All he seemed to have on his mind was food. He spoke into the telephone, explained that he was very ill. Sandwiches, he said, and he knew the French for "corkscrew."

She said, "What if it isn't real? What if I made it up?"

"Even if you have, it's frightened you. You've frightened yourself."

"Aren't you?"

"I wasn't in on it."

"Aren't you frightened that I wanted to kill someone?"

"I haven't got round to that," he said. "If you invented it *only* to frighten me, I'll try to respond."

"All right. I made it up to worry you, let's say. But there's blood on the sleeve of my coat. As for you, you only got this lumbago because you don't want us to be happy. Now that your wife knows, you don't enjoy making love to me."

"Be an angel," he said. "Don't say too much more now."

"As long as Aunt Freda had me," she said, "you had me and all the rest. She kept me for you. And she didn't mind your being married, because it meant I'd never leave her. There, that's what I think. Do you want to go back? Aunt Freda said men never leave home unless their wives are hell."

"My wife wasn't hell."

"Then there's no explanation, is there?"

"There bloody well is, and you know what it is."

"We're like children, aren't we?" she said. "In a way?"

Knowing more than she did about children, he said, sadly, "No, not at all."

She started to answer, "If anything goes wrong now, I suppose I have no one to blame but myself," which came out, without her meaning it that way, "no one to love but myself."

SHE was frightened, as he had predicted, in the night. She supposed that the man who had come out of the shadows of the courtyard and was now blocking her way to the street intended to kill her. "I don't need to die," she said, meaning that she did not want to be transformed; that life was manageable. He stood with his arms spread, hands dangling, as though imitating a clumsy bird. "Oh, look," she cried. "It isn't fair!," for the bus she wanted slipped away from the curb. No one could see her in here, and there was nothing left of the queue she had abandoned so as to shelter from the rain. "I'm late as it is," she said. It seemed her only grievance.

She supposed he knew no English. "If only I'd said 'Get out' the instant I saw you," she raged at him. "You'd have gone. You'd have respected the tone. All you deserve from me is commands. 'Get out,' I ought to have said. 'Get out!'"

The steps of his curious bird dance brought him near. He stretched his mouth so that she saw the bloody gums. He had been in a fight. She smelled the breath of someone frightened; she saw his eyes. She understood that he had no plans for her: he was drunk and vacant, like her aunt. She remembered the subdual of drinks, the easy victories. "I'm going out that door," she said. Her triumphs over her aunt had been of this order. Feelings about other people she had never specifically understood sent her toward him—into his arms, he might have thought. He was afflicted with the worst of curses—obscurity, a life without meaning—while she would never be forgotten, unless she let some fool destroy her. When they were almost as close as lovers she pushed him away, one hand on the other and both on his throat. He should have fallen back and cracked his head and made an end to it, but instead he knelt, sagged; his face, in passing, knocked against the sleeve of her coat. "Oh, you'll be all right," she said. She spoke in the *jeune Anglaise* voice she had only that day been advised to lose.

"*Partez*," she said softly in the dark, and again, a little louder, "*Partez!*" and then, as he began to come awake, "Would you be very unhappy? Would you miss me? Is it true you don't believe a word I say?"

—Mavis Gallant

THE CORPORAL

THE afternoon before polling-day eve was cool, the air heavy with the smell of rain and orchids. The Orator, the conscientious young government administrator of Tofua—a minor, reef-girded island in the southern Pacific—stood baking bread in his kitchen. This was one of his favorite wet-day occupations, and when the clouds came down over the hills he liked to close his office, or adjourn the court if it happened to be sitting, and start splitting teak and sandalwood for his stove. In rainy, bread-baking weather, all business on Tofua came to a halt, but the islanders didn't mind that; decisions were habitually kept till the new morning anyway, when, like dreams, they assumed a foggy, retrospective quality. Tofuans lived long, and they understood the delight of bread pulled hot from the oven and eaten, butterless, with sweet, black tea. The Orator was whistling softly and measuring Lapsang souchong into a pot when he heard footsteps on the veranda. A voice called him; frowning and wiping his hands on his shirt, he strode through to the front of the house.

Corporal Stormalong Tanea, the island constable, stood on the doorstep, arms akimbo, a sugar sack protecting his long hair and his shoulders from the rain, one hand resting, hot-shot style, on the butt of an elderly Luger. The Orator noted the Luger with regret. It had not been fired since 1936, when the ammunition had been lost, but its presence was usually a sign of impending chaos.

"Orator," said the Corporal, applauding softly as a sign of respect.

"I'm baking bread," said the Orator a little severely.

The Corporal nodded and sniffed. "Smells good," he said.

"Crust's rising nicely," said the Orator. "Want some? With a spot of tea?"

"Thank you," said Stormalong. He threw down the sugar sack and entered the house with an alert, eye-swivelling attitude, hand hovering at the Luger. The Corporal, to his own eternal amazement, was an unusually small man, but he regarded the exercising of authority as a sort of Divine Right; though the son of a cattle owner, he claimed descent from one of Adam's ribs, and when high on palm toddy he would entertain his listeners with awesome tales of life in the prototype thorax. Stormalong loved the grand gesture and had won fleeting fame during the war when, one moonless night, he had flashed obscene battle orders in Morse to the Imperial Japanese Fleet steaming stealthily by.

"Now put that weapon away," said the Orator, "and tell me what's on your mind."

Stormalong said, "I'm afraid they're at it again."

"Who?" said the Orator, giving him a Players and lighting one himself.

"The women," said Stormalong in a troubled voice. "I just saw the girl Rachel at the village well. She was wearing new tattoos."

The Orator shrugged. Tofuan women assumed new markings just as other women bought bangles.

"They consisted," said Stormalong, "of the words 'Liberty' and 'Equality' and were arranged one on each, uh, bosom. Quite openly."

"Go on," said the Orator, staring at him.

"I approached her in a casual manner and said, 'I note you are using the well.' She said, 'The one in my garden is salty.' We stood a moment, watching each other guardedly. Then I asked sternly why she was exhibiting herself in this manner."

"Oh, Lord," said the Orator suddenly. "The by-election the day after tomorrow. For the vacant place on the Island Council."

"Precisely," said the Corporal. "They are agitating again for the vote. I said, 'You haven't much chance. Things haven't changed around here.' She said, 'We'll see about that, boy. Why should the males have all the glory?' They were bold, entwined with ribbons and roses."

"What?"

"The tattoos. Can I have my bread and tea now?"

The Orator sighed and climbed to his feet. "Later. We'd better get down there. The history of the suffragette movement contains some ugly incidents, Stormalong, and the ladies of Tofua may be contemplating something nasty. They've been suspiciously quiet these last few months."

The rain had lifted, and as they walked through the rough, wet grass Stormalong aimed his empty gun at a phalarope, which had swung down from the cloud forest and was dipping and heeling above them. They reached the village and entered the house of Rachel the feminist. A dozen silent women, holding their tattooed chests out proudly, crowded forward. Stormalong growled and drew an arbitrary line on the earthen floor with his foot. "Do not come beyond that," he said.

"All right," said the women.

The Orator nodded at them. "You ladies agitating again?" he said.

"We are," said Rachel, a stout, belligerent girl with long arms. "These words inscribed on our busts are the war cry of the Tofuan Rights for

NEWS FROM THE HOUSE

Love, I have warmed the car,
the snow between us lies

shaking at the sound of my wheels
pawing the ground, my radio

snorting through its shimmering
nostrils.
I

have command of the seats,
the trunk has been blessed

by Eskimos, and the hood
(or British Bonnet) anointed
with a stern steam.
There

is no time like the present,
send for me.

Love, over
what dark miles do I come, shall I,
dark

as the wind round the house
I lie in,

the great bed, the long
night draining me,
Love,
in what season may it, tell me
the green date mice may

swear by, and the vast
branches spread dizzy those
distances my eyes too well

see through this winter. What
I have done that you

weep, what you have
worked that I
pace continually

this most sad house, meals
of its emptiness in every
corner, that the wind
sounds,

the house refusing to be musical,

in the sheerest dark. Tell me
the previous times, hear my

greed for you. Under it all
and the cold ground
we
sleeping you said, and ending,
the April waking, that trap
sprung.
Love, in my
solitude my hands
garrisoned, hear them

nightly beside me muttering
of freedoms they were

warm in. How
on these nights the house
refusing to be musical
I

lie stone, seed-
cold, kernel of this

husked house, the white
miles between us

coiled soft as roads inside
me, my walls the blood
of rabbits, the bathroom
a lodge for hunters,
the bath

of fur and stained.
Love,

in what season, tell
me, I may unwrap this house
from me, these walls

remove, from my pockets
these stairs, drink

such dark no more
nor wear ever

this most sad hat of shadows. Tell

me, make me instructions,
send them like news
from a dairy.
I will feed

no more on this print and milk,
wait, crouch, mad in the sad house

refusing to be musical,
though I sing it each night the notes
my longest body is learning.

—Michael Dennis Browne

• •

Women Movement. The inks came in on the copra boat yesterday."

"Give us the vote!" shouted the widow Itupi.

"By all means," said the Orator. "You know perfectly well I support you, but I don't understand why you've chosen this particular by-election to make your demand. It's going to be very straightforward; the Progressive man is bound to win."

"Of course he will," said Rachel. "We shall vote for him ourselves."

There were only two other candidates: an Independent named Frisby Omaha, whose manifesto was vague but seemed to advocate, among other things, a return to the ritual devouring of Caucasian flesh, and a Communist who had embraced Marxism because he liked the idea of communal property sharing, having none himself.

The Orator nodded. "It's the principle of the thing, eh?"

"Exactly," said Rachel.

"O.K.," said the Orator. "I'll talk to the Island Council again and try and rush it through. We'll need their approval, of course, but we can get it with a show of hands. I hope. I make no promises."

"You do your best," said Rachel. "Or else."

The Orator walked out into the evening air, moist and tangy with candlenut. He hadn't liked that threat. "Call the Council together," he said to Stormalong. "I have to speak to them right away."

Corporal Stormalong gave a little skip. "Did you see the widow Itupi?" he said.

"What about her?"

"She *winked* at me," said the Corporal, breathing hard. "Did you note it? My God, what shoulders she has—strong and deep, like some big golden sea wave. My God, though small, I must admit I am attractive and very lithe."

"I said call the Council together," repeated the Orator sternly. "Those women are up to no good. I can feel it."

By focussing all his attention on the bridge of his nose—an aid to concentration he had learned from a Hindu fakir who worked the islands in the dry season—Stormalong put the gilded Itupi lady from his mind. "Orator," he said, "the men will not like it. You know how things are on Tofua. If you assist the women's cause too much, you may damage your good name." He spoke earnestly, for he liked this young man who had come home to Tofua from Cambridge speaking a curiously complex tongue and who now worried incessantly about invisible principles. Stormalong felt the Or-

"Say, Dad, aren't you taking this recent swing to the right too much for granted?"

• •

ator had lost touch with his heritage and was about to commit a major bloomer. He said stubbornly, "Anyway, how *can* I summon the Council? They will be scattered all over the place."

"The old air-raid siren in the police station," said the Orator. "It still works?"

"I suppose so," said Stormalong. "But we never—"

"We'll give it a try," announced the Orator.

As the banshee summons sounded, the villagers stumbled from their huts and sprinted, cursing, for cover with a ducking run. The venerable Sam Fa'analo, who had been waiting to die for years, appeared clutching his mat, eating utensils, wooden comb, and a bottle of cheap perfume—everything necessary for a long and comfortable sojourn in paradise. He lay on the grass with his hands folded, smiling expectantly into the sky.

"Over here!" shouted Stormalong. "I want all the Councillors over here! At the double, now."

Cautiously, they emerged from the shelter of nearby trees and ditches and gathered, muttering, around the front of the police station, a small, yellowing bungalow with broken shutters and a flagpole flying the ensign of the British merchant navy, sent from the Government Stores on the mainland by mistake. The Orator climbed onto the veranda and faced them. "Doubtless you have seen the women with their new tattoos," he said.

The men nodded.

"Well," said the Orator, "they are sporting them because they want the vote the day after tomorrow."

The ten Council members shrugged impatiently; there was a ripple of wry laughter. They were conservative men—plantation workers, fishermen, yam growers—who met weekly to discuss the island's affairs. Williame, their Chairman, a shark hunter and maker of death masks, knelt on the grass and watched the Orator thoughtfully.

"Frankly," said the Orator, "it seems to me that the time has come for you to give it to them. You must realize that the twentieth century has been a period of almost universal enfranchisement. It has been a great movement, with women chaining themselves to railings and throwing themselves before royal horses, and Tofua should have learned the lesson by now. After all, our women work hard, some of them own property, and they have been demanding recognition for some time." He paused. "I was intending to raise this question with you again at our next general meeting, but they seem to have taken the initiative. But no matter. They deserve the vote, and we must show how wise and progressive we are by giving it to them." He examined their faces thoughtfully, then called for the ayes to raise their hands.

Not a hand went up. The Council members, seated in a semicircle, exchanged veiled glances and then smiled amiably at the Orator. They thought of him as a fair and clever administrator, and as a splendid cricketer who wielded an awesome bat and possessed a deadly googly ball, but he seemed to have forgotten that women had minds of kapok.

Stormalong joined the Orator as he walked back up the hill to his house. "Damn," said the Orator. "They're *hopeless.*"

"They are bushmen," murmured Stormalong sympathetically.

The Orator shook his head. It seemed to him that what the men perhaps lacked was any concept of Western love, of gallantry. In some of the remote parts of the island, the kiss was still thought to be an angry act, in which one partner attempted to bite off the tongue of the other—an idea that made for considerable audience confusion during the showing of the monthly movie. At the big mango tree, he bade Stormalong good night. The Corporal waved and turned back toward the village, dreaming happily of engaging the widow Itupi in a prolonged bout of Greco-Roman wrestling.

EARLY on the morning of polling day, the Orator was awakened with the news that the three candidates were missing. It had been an airless night, and as he lay sleepily in the veranda hammock and looked up at the pale explosion of the dawn sky, he heard Stormalong, empty Luger cocked, report grimly that the candidates had last been seen an hour before, scrubbing their teeth and ritually bathing themselves in the shallows of Mozart Bay.

The Orator swore and got up. “You mounted a search party?”

“Of course,” said Stormalong. “And I have called the Council. They are waiting now to talk. Down at the police station.”

The Orator dressed, ran a comb through his hair, grabbed a breakfast guava, and led off down the path. “I want you to call the women,” he said. “Chop-chop. Frog-march them, if necessary. You understand?”

“Yes,” said the Corporal vacantly, and the Orator noted that he looked shrunken and distracted.

“What’s up?” he said.

Stormalong hesitated. “Last night, I asked about the widow Itupi,” he said. “About her father, mother, love life, and so on. You know? I asked her friends and neighbors, and I found out a bad thing. Orator, I found that bitch got political ambitions.”

“Good Lord,” said the Orator, startled.

“The widow Itupi,” said Stormalong softly. “With them big warm shoulders. Would you believe it? I ask you, what does she want? To be chatty with the mighty? To review the fleet from her royal steamboat while some flunky blows on her tea? Oh, it’s a shame. I tell you, them top politics people are wicked. I’ve read about their goings on in magazines. Millie Itupi shouldn’t get mixed up with that crowd.”

When they reached the station, Stormalong doubled off to summon the women. The Orator stood on the station stoop and greeted the Council members, who squatted silently on the green. The sun was climbing fast, throwing deep shadows and turning the sea into a plain of hot silver. From the hills came the distant calls of the parties searching for the women. His anxiety had left him now. It always did in this part of the world; fatalism seemed to wash across the island like a monsoon tide. When he saw the women approaching, he threw away his cigarette and greeted them. A hundred fat village ladies in floral pup tents advanced on the station with sombre faces—the centenarians riding a pink jeep, and Itupi the widow walking before.

Stormalong, breathless, joined the Orator. “They chased me,” he said, panting. “I called them bloody revolutionaries, and they all rushed me.”

S FARGO & CO.
SMITH & CO

“Ah’ll tell you what Ah object to about you, Bat Willcox! Ah object to your whole life style, that’s what!”

“Everyone here?” said the Orator.

“I think so. The girl Rachel, Itupi—all of them. Even Mrs. Ma’afe, the Secretary of their Movement, who is heavily pregnant. She chased me, too.”

“Good morning,” said Rachel. “We have come to bargain with the Council.”

“Where are the candidates?” said the Orator sternly.

“Give us the vote,” said the girl, “and we’ll tell you.”

“Are they safe?” said the Orator.

She shrugged, and the Orator, staring at her intractable face, felt a sharp stirring of alarm. One did not, in a democratic and well-ordered society, lose election candidates like old purses. Fleetingly, he pictured the bemused addenda written into political textbooks. “What you must realize,” he said to the girl, “is that a change like this cannot take place overnight. The idea must be sown in the minds of these gentlemen here, and then allowed to germinate.”

“*We* prefer to do it overnight,” announced the widow Itupi, looking faintly bored.

“I see,” said the Orator. He considered her and then said, “I hear you have political ambitions.”

She bit her lip and began to reply when, from the ranks of the women, came a deep, animal groan. The ladies stared, horrified, and then turned their backs, converging on their center. A moment later, the widow Itupi reemerged and said, “It is Mrs. Ma’afe, the Movement’s Secretary. She is going to have a baby.”

“When?” asked the Orator.

“Now.”

The men, overjoyed at this evidence of female vulnerability, rose to return home, where they would oil themselves and thread flowers in their hair in readiness for the poll. Suddenly Stormalong shouted, “Wait!”

They stopped and looked at him.

“Orator,” said Stormalong. “This baby can settle our differences for us.” He paused, and continued slowly. “Let us bet on its sex. If it is a boy baby, the women do not vote. But if it is a girl they do. That is my idea. That is what I say.”

“You said it well,” said the Orator, impressed. He had never credited Stormalong with executive ability before, but this decision was red hot, a snorter if ever he saw one. “Right,” he said. “Straight evens each way, winner take all. Are you agreed?”

“Yes!” cried the Council and the women together, glowing with excitement. The gaming instinct was as natural to Tofuans as the fear of heights; even the toddlers threw dice to determine which of them would be cops, which robbers. As Mrs. Ma'afe was lifted into the police station, grimacing sternly, the crowd settled themselves on the grass, lit up cigarettes, and blew smoke rings at the pale morning moon. A full half hour later, amidst a silence so profound that they could hear a bull grampus blowing in the channel, the widow Itupi appeared on the stoop and, staring grimly at her hands, announced, "It is a boy."

The men gave a ribald cheer, called their congratulations to the mother, and scrambled to their feet. As they sauntered away, arm in arm, Sarah, the old midwife, suddenly rushed out, a Progressive Party rosette stuck in her belt, and yelled, "Hey! It is not over yet. There is something else there."

"Where?" demanded the Orator.

"Inside Mrs. Ma'afe, man," said the midwife, and disappeared back into the station.

In the midst of the startled hiatus, the Orator got up and went into the station. The midwife was bending over Mrs. Ma'afe, shouting encouragement and whacking her buttocks.

"Twins?" said the Orator, smiling.

"Uh-huh," said the midwife. A moment later she whooped "A girl, by Christ!" and, out on the green the women exuberantly took up the cry.

When the Orator returned to the stoop and faced the men and women, the widow Itupi pulled his sleeve. "I would like to talk to them," she said. "A few words."

"By all means," said the Orator.

She climbed up beside him, glancing at Stormalong, who blinked as though he had just looked into the sun. Then, in the trumpet tones of a veteran campaigner, she said, "You men, you just made a wager with us. You said if a girl is born the ladies of Tofua they will get the vote. Well, can you deny that this has happened?"

"There is a male child there, too," one of the Councillors reminded her crisply.

The widow Itupi shrugged. "Oh, yes. I know. Another mouth to feed. But don't you bush lawyers get tricky with me. That yelling you hear, that is the little girl reminding you of your promise! And now we will all wait here while you do something about it."

She stood before the Council, implacable as a big ship. They, recalling the ancient island dictum which states that the quickest way to end an argument is to keep your mouth shut, shrugged and said nothing. But Williame, the Chairman, raised his flyswat for attention and said, "She is right to say this. It is as she says. Now I will tell you what I think. I say the women have half won their bet and half lost it. Therefore we must half honor our agreement."

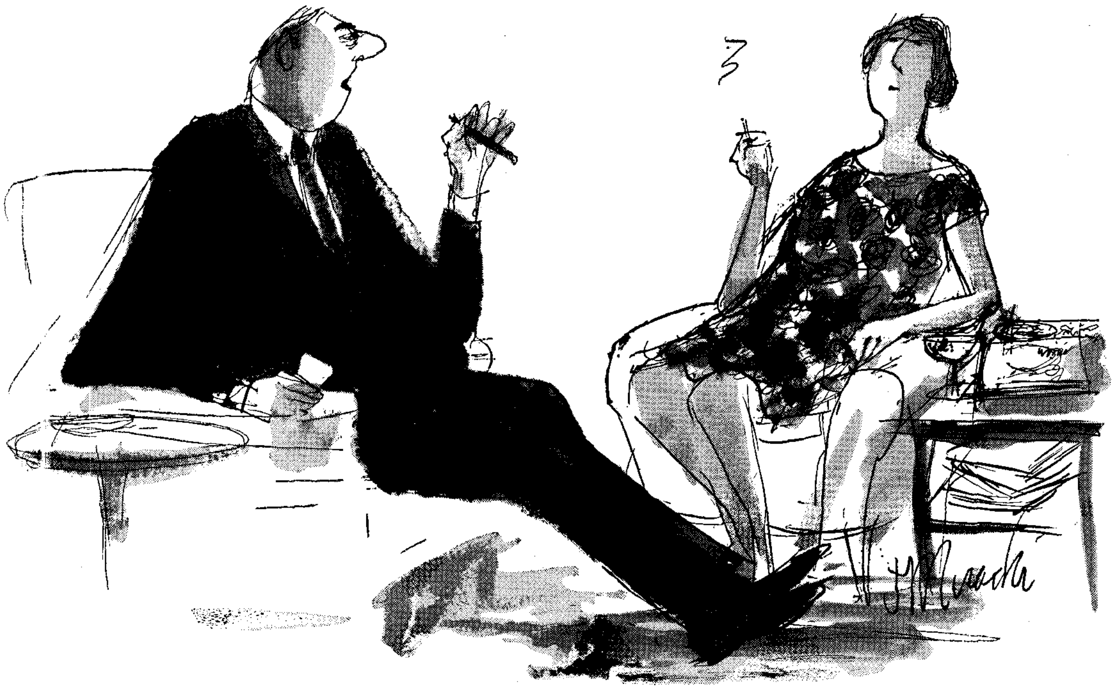
Stormalong, in the grip of a sudden idea, rose agitatedly. "Yes," he said. "Williame is right. Do you remember what King Solomon did? He took this child and said he would give half to this woman and half to that one. So let us give half a vote to all the women here and see how they behave themselves. That is what King Solomon would have said to you ladies—to you, Mrs. Manino, and to you, Mrs. Itupi, and to Miss Rachel and Mrs. Uili and Mrs. Fa'amoemoe and old Mrs. Auivi sitting down there in the jeep. You vote wisely today and perhaps next time the Council will give you the full vote. But if you disgrace yourselves, I say the hell with you and that is the end of the matter."

This was the longest public statement of the Corporal's life, and he sat down abruptly, a trifle stunned at his boldness. The Council discussed the matter while Stormalong savored the winks and smiles the women were directing at him. He noted a few angry, reactionary voices as the argument proceeded, but these were stilled when the midwife appeared at the station door with the twins wrapped in a sail and held them aloft like royal heirs. The men looked up blandly, but this sign, together with the chorus of maternal clucking from the women, was too much for them, and they passed Stormalong's motion with a series of sad and silent nods. Stormalong, in the act of lighting a cigarette, caught the widow Itupi's eye again, and turned as pale as chalk.

"Can we have our candidates back now?" the Orator asked the widow.

"They are in my sister's house," she said. "Loosely fettered and drinking tea."

The election took place that afternoon, beneath a high copper sky. The Progressive won hands down; the cannibal lost his deposit. That night, the widow Itupi invited Stormalong down to the tide-rip beach for dinner. She gave him wild boar and oranges, and then sat the little fellow on a log and spent the hours before sleep quietly combing his hair. —ALEXANDER FRATER



"Forty years ago you didn't think I was Nowheresville. You thought I was the cat's pajamas!"

• •

•

If you have a choice between being hit by an automobile, pick the automobile (all other things being equal, if that's possible).—*Mobile Register.*

And do it soon.

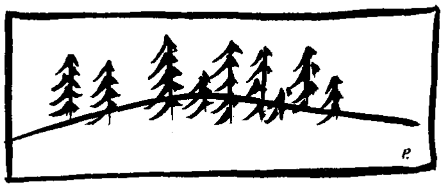
REFLECTIONS

SOURCES OF THE PUBLIC UNHAPPINESS

ALL political movements are efforts to redistribute power. That's all politics can do. It can't create wealth or bestow happiness. It can, however, grant to people and institutions the power to decide public issues that can affect our economic welfare, the physical setting of our lives, and even our personal contentment. The character of men chosen to hold office, the nature of the office, and the limits placed on the range of the officeholders' public actions often determine the substance of those decisions. That's why politics is important. The United States government has been unusually stable partly because political issues have rarely been discussed in terms of power. Candidates promise to help the poor or suppress them, to end wars or escalate them, to reduce spending or rebuild cities, and sometimes to do all these things at once. Rarely do they challenge the distribution of power directly, even though their policies may compel large shifts. (For example, in the course of fighting a depression the Roosevelt Administration took much of the power of economic decision away from scattered private centers.) This observation yields at least one useful dividing line between the blending concepts of evolution and revolution. Evolution occurs when power shifts in the course of an attack on particular problems. A revolution is a direct and explicit assault on those people or institutions that hold power in favor of those that want it. (Of course, particular grievances help trigger revolutions, as, in our own, opposition to British taxation became opposition to British rule.)

The temperament we brought from Britain, combined with extraordinary resources taken from nature and the Indians, has made us a rational and pragmatic people—the creators of an evolutionary nation. (That is not the whole story, of course, since it is possible to be rational and pragmatic in pursuit of foolish or monstrous goals, but one source of values is an acute sense of possibility.) Generally, we become aware of a problem, decide to solve it, and, in doing so, find that reason or expediency requires some change in the structure of power. We may set up a new government bureau or pass a law. Today, however, we are in one of those rare periods in our history marked by a large and serious revolutionary movement. There is serious discontent not only with what we as a nation are doing but with who is doing it. There is a challenge to the "power structure" itself, which means simply the methods, institutions, and people by which decisions affecting the public are made. We see this explicitly in the recent pronouncements by George Wallace, the manifestos of the New Left, and the demands of black militants. However, it is also a principal focus for the new politics of the middle class, as the response to Eugene McCarthy and Robert Kennedy revealed. Although this "movement" takes its tone and its issues from the nature of modern life, it returns us to the seminal debate between the forces of Alexander Hamilton and those of Thomas Jefferson. That, too, was a debate about power. Putting aside the relative merits of Jefferson's agrarianism and Hamilton's capitalism—both largely irrelevant—one side of the argument called for the centralization of power, in the interests of order and the economy, and the other, Jefferson's side, demanded the diffusion of power and the right of the citizen to participate in decisions, even at the price of economic efficiency. (Today's conservatives are trapped in the insoluble dilemma of demanding more order, even on a world scale, and less power for government, but when a choice is forced, they invariably prefer order; this is why the new conservatives, like Goldwater, are rejected by the old conservatives, like George Aiken, of Vermont—one lives by fear and the other by trust.) For years, textbooks have routinely praised Jefferson's idealism while asserting that Hamilton's view was the wave of the future, bound to dominate American development for all time to come; Jefferson was a wonderful romantic, and Hamilton was the realist, and in proof of this historians invoke Jefferson's own conduct in the Presidency, which aggrandized the nation.

Whatever modern revisionists do to this traditional analysis, it appears that Jefferson's day may yet come. Much that he said, if it were stripped of eighteenth-century stateliness and equipped with one or two four-letter words, could be incorporated into an S.D.S. manifesto or shouted at a Yippie rally. For example, he warned, "Were we directed from Washington when to sow, and when to reap, we should soon want bread," and "When all government . . . shall be drawn to Washington as the centre of all power, it . . . will become as venal and oppressive as the government from which we separated," and "If ever this vast country is brought under a single government, it will be one of the most extensive corruption, indifferent and incapable of a wholesome care." And he stated his general principle of government by asserting, "It is not by the consolidation, or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected." (Almost a century later, Emerson added the advice to "do your thing" to this political theory, which also contained warnings against a military establishment, foreign involvements, and any use of coercive power.) Today, these Jeffersonian ideas have a greater vitality than at any other time since they were written. If anything, their relevance has been increased by modern technology, for it has stripped us of the protections of distance and time, which once compelled a certain diffusion of power.



The issue of power—who shall have it and how it shall be exercised—is the overwhelming political issue of modern times. In fact, it is far more than a political issue; it penetrates our social, economic, and personal life. Nor is it simply an American problem; it plagues the entire affluent West. And if it is different in the developing countries, that is only because they are preoccupied with urgent difficulties of poverty and oppression which we have largely overcome. Thus, their politics reflect more traditional clashes between economic and social groups. This issue, more than any other, explains the appeal and the ascendancy of Senator McCarthy and, more ominously, the attraction of George Wallace. It is now a source of enormous turbulence, but it can become the cement of a new style of national unity. The year 1968, with its monstrous dislocations, has forced this issue to awareness. The campaign against President Johnson was one of the currents that helped bare the roots of public unrest. At the beginning of 1968, the country, although far from quiet, seemed set in a relatively conventional political pattern. The President would run for reëlection, stressing his domestic accomplishments and defending the war in Vietnam. To those then in power and to expert outside observers, Senator McCarthy's campaign seemed a trivial and somewhat puzzling annoyance. The Senator himself said at first that his purpose was only to give people a chance to make a "reasoned judgment" about the war, to conduct a sort of "referendum" on Vietnam—and ultimately his campaign illuminated and reinforced an overwhelming public discontent with our policies in Vietnam. As he campaigned, however, it became apparent that the public unhappiness far transcended the war. If Senator McCarthy had campaigned on that issue alone, it is doubtful if he would have received more than twenty per cent of the vote. But other issues began to emerge. People were unhappy about our leadership, about the direction of our society, and about President Johnson personally. They gradually became engaged and then excited by the possibility, however remote at the time of the New Hampshire primary, that it was within their power to bring about change. McCarthy's campaign rapidly shifted to embrace these larger issues, placing less and less emphasis on the war itself. In the final two days before the vote in New Hampshire, his campaign repeated a single radio spot every half hour on every station: a voice simply urged, "Think how you would feel to wake up Wednesday morning to find out that Gene McCarthy had won the New Hampshire primary—to find that New Hampshire had changed the course of American politics." By then, there was little doubt that many of those who stopped to think would quickly realize that such an outcome would delight them. For the campaigners had uncovered the "gut" issue of 1968 in its most generalized and explicit form: the desire for change, and its mirror image of discontent with the present. Equally unanticipated, but inevitable in retrospect, was the arrival of students, first by the hundred and then in numbers so large that busloads were intercepted on the roads to New Hampshire because the campaign organization could not handle them all. They came because they opposed the war and the President, but they also came because they had an opportunity to share in the political process, to personally affect important issues. They participated for the sake of their convictions, but they also participated for the sake of participating.

Whitney Darrow, Jr

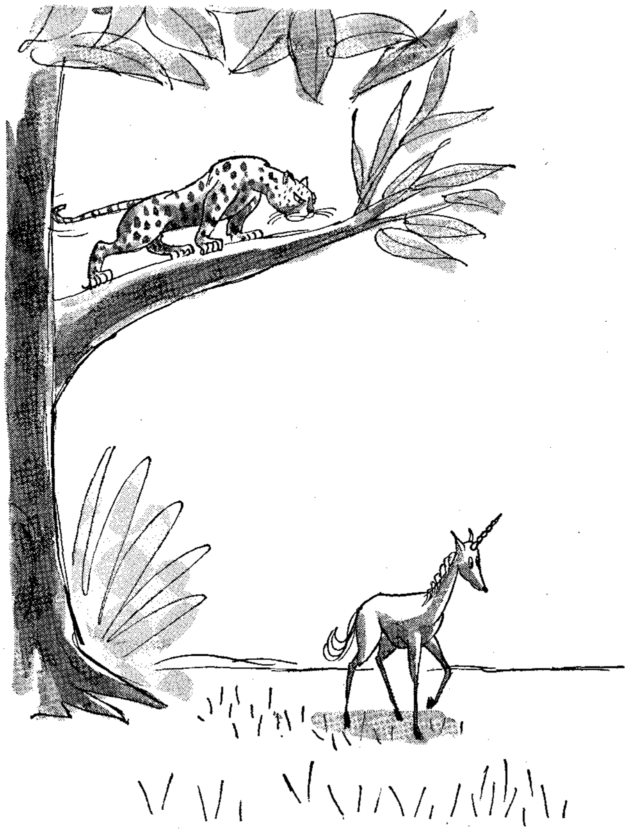
"I'm rich, yes, but not rich beyond my wildest dreams."

• •

As his campaign progressed, McCarthy introduced a new kind of discourse. He talked about the war and the cities and many of the classic political staples, such as taxes and inflation, but, in addition, he said that the role of government was to liberate people, and not to organize them, that the Presidency had assumed too great power, and that we were threatened by an arrogant and powerful military establishment. These were very abstract ideas for politics, and perhaps it was as much the manner and style of the man as anything else that conveyed the message. He did not use the traditional rhetoric of the politician, and he did not feel compelled to present a program or an answer for every ill. But he seemed to be saying that our welfare and our lives did not have to be at the mercy of forces we did not understand and institutions and men we could not control. In so doing, he touched the most sensitive nerve in the American consciousness: the individual's desire for mastery over his own life and environment.

At first, people talked almost exclusively about McCarthy's appeal to the young, and today it seems we have come back to that misunderstanding by focussing on youthful protesters. However, much of McCarthy's support and most of his votes did not come from the young, or the intellectuals, or the liberals. His strength was among the members of the great middle class, the inhabitants of suburban America, who are—more than any other group—our rebels without a cause. The students and the urban poor do have a cause, or a multiplicity of causes: war and injustice and poverty. It is the middle class whose discontent and uneasiness lack aim, and some of whose members found through McCarthy a hope that purpose and value could be restored. How different this is from the usual political dogmas. For these supporters were not asking to be promised better schools or lower taxes, although they want them. They were looking for some way in which they could regain control of and play a real part in the enterprises of society. It was this same nerve that Robert Kennedy touched in two other groups—the blacks and the poor whites—when he talked of the need for community control and local power. No one was more surprised than Kennedy himself when he found that, next to peace in Vietnam, the words that brought the loudest response were a call for decentralizing the government—a term so ponderous that a skilled speechwriter would use it only when he was too tired to think of anything else.

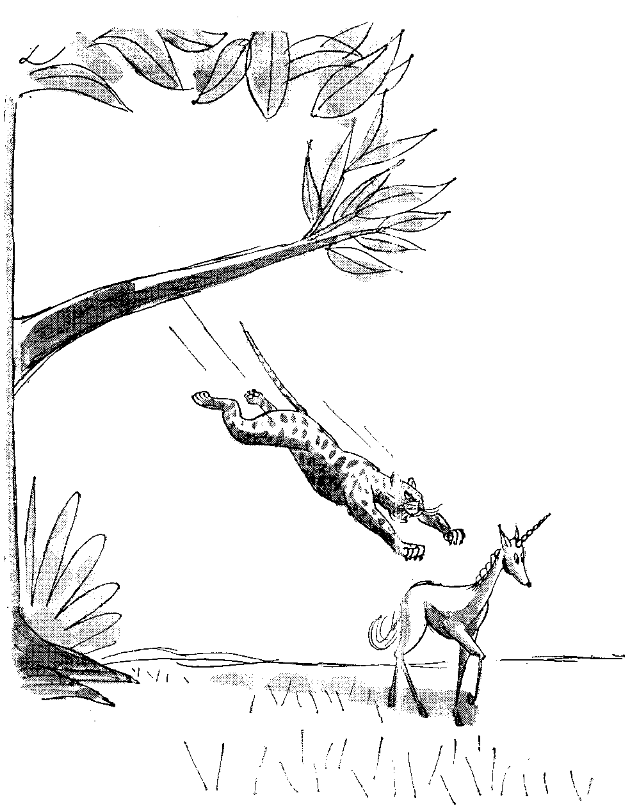
It would be hard to overstate the extent to which the malaise of powerlessness has eaten its way into our society, evoking an aimless unease, frustration, and fury. It is probably least pervasive among the poor urban blacks, around whom so much of the surface debate about local control and Black Power now revolves. Their grievances are, for the most part, closer to the classic ills that the New Deal was designed to solve. They want jobs and decent homes, a higher standard of living, and freedom from the welfare bureaucracy. If a beneficent government were to provide these rudimentary components of the just life, it would meet most of the present demands of the black community. Of course, even among America's poor, questions of power are more important than they were thirty years ago. For the poor of today are inevitably caught up in the main currents of our society and partake of the general atmosphere of helplessness and drift, and the resistant nature of racial feelings is forcing black Americans toward a kind of separatism as an alternative to the assimilation that was their initial goal. However, these questions can be seen most acutely among those who are neither poor nor black—the American middle class, or the American majority. Their psychological plight is both worse and more dangerous than that of the black militant leading a slum riot. For he at least has a cause and a purpose, an enemy, and comrades in the struggle. No such outlets and no human connections so satisfying are available to the man who lives in a middle-class suburb or a lower-income city apartment. And his discontents, unlike those of the poor, have real political weight.



It is impossible to provide an accurate and uniform description of a group of people as large and varied as non-poor Americans. For the most part, such an American commutes to a job that he may like or hate but is most probably indifferent to—indifferent not to the income or status it provides but to the products of his labor. It is the job that counts, not the refrigerators or vacuum tubes he produces. He would be among a minority if he felt that his work made an improving difference to the life of his country or his neighbors. At home, he can either sit amid his many purchases or get back into his car and drive to visit friends. There is probably no place for him to talk, and, almost certainly, no neighborhood gathering place where he can meet with friends, discuss the day's events, and share in the satisfactions and concerns of community. If he stays home, he probably watches television, wishing both that he had something better to do and that he could buy the goods that float alluringly across the screen. It is this increasingly atomized and insulated existence that we have created with our wealth. And if this is the suburban man's life, how much less exciting is that of his wife. Perhaps she has gone to college. Yet she does not have a job, nor are there many outlets for her intelligence or her energies. She is expected to stay home, care for children, and shop and clean house, even though hospitals and schools and many other vital services are deteriorating for want of the skills she could provide. What an incredible monster women's education has become. We spend decades instilling the same values of competition and achievement in girls as in boys, even though we can clearly foresee an ultimate collision with the socially imposed responsibilities of housewife and mother and with the mythic compulsions of lover and servant-helpmate. Some of the most ambitious women in the world hasten to confide that they have an "Oriental" streak, as well they may have. The society that sets up this clash of desires provides neither day-care centers for children nor opportunities for the use and development by women of their wasted skills. The frustrations thus generated are aggravated by the absence, especially in our better suburbs, of any communal park or neighborhood center where women can naturally meet and share experiences.

The life of the lower-income urban white shares many characteristics with that of the suburban citizen. However, the urban white is also trapped in a no man's land between black poverty and what he sees or imagines of middle-class affluence. He has the advantage of being able to express many of his wants in traditional economic terms. However, his discontent is fed both by envy of the more prosperous and by anger at the blacks—not just because he fears the blacks but also because their problems, and not his, seem to be the focus of national concern. That is why it was possible for many members of this group to support Wallace after having supported Robert Kennedy: both men, in very different ways, could be identified with their wants, and both conveyed a deeply emotional sympathy with the importance of their fears and their plight.

The unexciting and envy-producing tone of the non-poor citizen's private



life is heightened by the growing remoteness of public life. The air around him is poisoned, parkland disappears under relentless bulldozers, traffic stalls and jams, airplanes cannot land, and even his own streets are unsafe and, increasingly, streaked with terror. Yet he cannot remember having decided that these things should happen, or even having wished them. He has no sense that there is anything he can do to arrest the tide. He does not know whom to blame. Somehow, the crucial aspects of his environment seem in the grip of forces that are too huge and impersonal to attack. You cannot vote them out of office or shout them down. Even the speeches of mayors and governors are filled with exculpatory claims that the problems are too big, that there is not enough power or enough money to cope with them, and our commentators sympathize, readily agreeing that this city or that state is really ungovernable. Even when a source of authority can be identified, it seems hopelessly detached from the desires or actions of individual citizens. Thus, the citizens of Boston woke up one day not very long ago to read that two hundred million dollars' worth of antimissile missiles were scheduled to replace hundreds of acres of nearby woodland. And who could say no? And who was asked? More grotesque and more shattering, we find ourselves in a major war, and our young people shipped off to battle, without any formal expression of consent or support, even by the members of Congress. And we are also aware, in some dim psychic recess, that our President, along with a few people whose names we can't remember, can blow us all up.

This powerlessness, in large measure a product of the complexity and the sheer size of modern society, is a problem in itself. It is a problem in the same way that lack of money or of useful work is a problem. For individuals have a fundamental, instinctive need for a degree of personal mastery over their lives and their environment. The sense of powerlessness is, moreover, greatly aggravated by the failure of our institutions and our social processes to respond to more specific ills. If we were providing good schools, inspiring cities, and safe streets, the degree of public discontent would be far less. If the quality of individual life were being steadily raised, we would be less concerned that we had little share in the process. But that is not the case. The desire to increase our national wealth and distribute it more broadly—a desire that was idealistic in origin and welcome in its consequences—led us to create machinery for both stimulating and regulating the economy. It is not simply that power was withdrawn from private centers and brought to Washington. It is that the use of that power was judged in terms of economic growth, which meant that construction, technology, and expansion were made into self-sufficient virtues. Build a better mousetrap or a bigger housing development and you not only made money, you were a hero of the Republic. Added to this were the exigencies of the Cold War, which persuaded us of the necessity of a large standing army. This was a historic decision, constituting the first irrevocable departure from almost two centuries of compliance with the warning of the founding fathers that such a military force would be a danger to democracy. The military-budget cutting of President Truman marked the last effort to return to the earlier tradition, and the farewell speech of President Eisenhower was an echo of those early warnings. The half peace of the past twenty years has made military forces essential, yet we are victims of some of the consequences against which we were warned. The military establishment has assumed a life of its own, developing more weapons and new ones, often unrelated to rational considerations of security, and, more subtly, leading policymakers to look at diplomatic problems in terms of force. After all, if you are the strongest kid on the block, any passionate argument is bound to evoke at least the passing thought that you could end it with a couple of blows.

Unfortunately, the policies and the institutions we evolved to make ourselves wealthy are not appropriate to the needs of a society in which lack of wealth is not the problem either for the country as a whole or for most of the people. It is not simply that we need new values but that our institutions are facing demands they were never shaped to meet. A classic example is the federal housing programs, which were designed to stimulate construction and avoid a postwar depression, and which have failed miserably under the pressure of social demands for slum clearance and the creation of livable neighborhoods. These programs can do a job, but it is not the job we now need done. Moreover, many of our institutions, including our political parties themselves, are led by men who developed their ideas in response to earlier demands, and are therefore unable to understand or cope with a newer set of problems. The worst of these men no longer care for anything except the power and influence they have won, and the best of them are angry because their beneficent and humane intentions are not appreciated. The occasional violence of their response to opposition shows their unawareness that time and change, not particular individuals, have been their remorseless critics.

Asking many of today's institutions to respond to new needs is a little like putting a man on a windowsill and asking him to fly. Not only was he not built for flight but if you keep insisting he's likely to turn around and punch you in the nose. When institutions and leaders are faced with demands they barely understand, their reaction is often to become rigid and defensive, and even angry. Perhaps the ultimate symbol of this reaction was the contorted fury of Mayor Daley at the Chicago Democratic Convention, lashing out at a group whose values and aims were totally alien to his experience. It is precisely this phenomenon that led Thomas Jefferson to assert the necessity of periodic rebellion. It seems almost inevitable that the repositories of power and control will react to changing circumstances and a changing environment by hardening their attitudes, narrowing the avenues of access for new ideas and men, and losing the flexibility that gave them their initial glow and effectiveness. What is even more ominous, beliefs that were once tentative and responsive to changes in circumstance tend to stiffen into dogma when confronted by conceptual challenge. When this happened in the nineteen-thirties, we were fortunate enough to get Franklin Roosevelt and a peaceful revolution. When it happened in the eighteen-fifties—a period like our own in many ways—the system collapsed in civil war. Unfortunately, the profound nature of modern change resembles the eighteen-fifties more than it does the nineteen-thirties, and there is no Roosevelt in sight.

The same stiffening of established patterns invades the relationship between private institutions and the public interest. The basic pattern of government regulation of business has hardly changed for decades, although much of it is irrelevant, some is oppressive, and many new abuses are unrestrained. The Internal Revenue Code of 1954, despite its grotesque inequities—some of which are actually harmful to wealth and business—appears to be engraved in marble. We cannot stop incredibly wasteful subsidies to groups like the shipbuilders and large-scale farmers, even though their political power has almost evaporated, while at the same time it is extraordinarily difficult to supplement the income of more needy and numerous groups. No demonology of power and wealth can explain a rigidity that is part of a general resistance to new assertions of what is desirable and good. When we understand the fact that what now seems wrong may once have been right, then we can understand the fierceness of the defense. Another example of this process in action is the Democratic Party itself. It has clung to the ideas and attitudes that made it the country's leading party, and its leaders, once ensconced, have clung to positions of control, often closing the door behind them. The result is that the governors of eight out of the ten largest states are Republican, and much of the vigorous new talent in the Congress is Republican. Increasingly, "new Democrats" are coming from underpopulated states like Idaho, South Dakota, and Iowa, where they do not run up against rigidified Party structures. More harmful in the long run is the shift in the locus of intellectual debate. It seems that almost all the ideological ferment and the passionate clash of new ideas come either from the alienated left or from the alienated right. The once fertile soil of liberal and Democratic thought finds it difficult to produce new concepts or institutions, and its Presidential candidate could only—and with the best of intentions—

"Now, if they turn on 'College Bowl,' for Pete's sake don't start showing off."

SUPER-3
LIQUID
CLEANSER
SUPER-TONE
SKIN
CONDITIONER
SUPER
MOIST
SUPER ROYAL
Germaine Monteil

Super Steps to Beauty...Boxed

Here, in a chic, flat travel-geared case are the four absolute essentials for an intelligently cared for skin: ne plus ultra Super-3 Liquid Cleanser; cool, tingling Super-Tone Skin Conditioner; Super-Moist under-make-up moisturizing emulsion and that unequalled, vitamin-loaded Super-Royal Cream. For the beauty-beginner or the experienced beauty, what more is needed? Absolutely nothing, if they are all by

Germaine Monteil

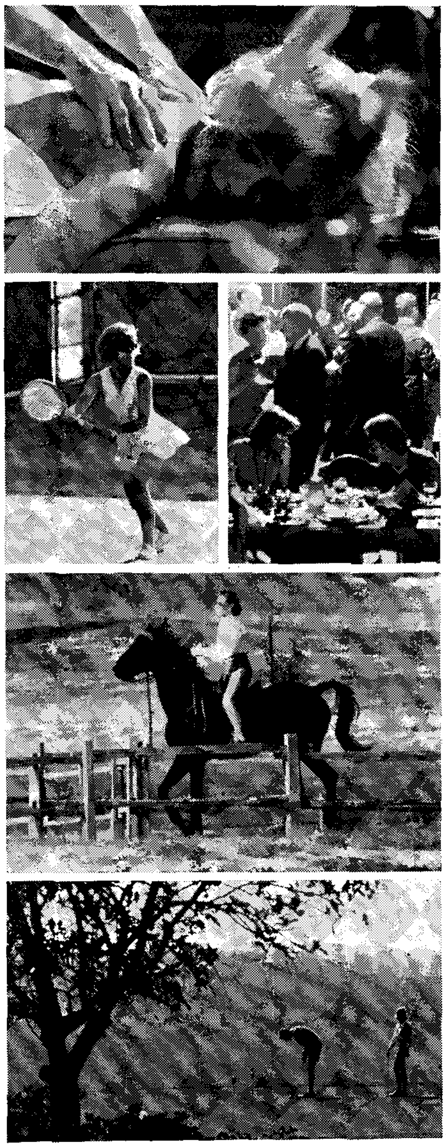
At La Costa, we believe it's not how long you stay. But how fully you enjoy.

So we surround you with enjoyments. Our own championship golf course. Tennis. Swimming. Horseback riding. Entertainment and dancing nightly. A trip to romantic Old Mexico. Or to San Diego for sports.

Not to mention our own magnificent Spa, with facilities to invigorate the body and renew the spirit.

Come to La Costa in Southern California. Let us show you how to live.

Come to La Costa. We'll show you how to live.



LA COSTA
Resort-Hotel and Spa
Rancho La Costa, Calif. 92008 (714) 729-7111
For reservations or our brochure, call your travel agent. Or our nearest reservation office.

New York	(212) 757-6805
Dallas	(214) 747-6912
Beverly Hills	(213) 271-2279
Chicago	(312) 922-1979
San Francisco	(415) 989-6239
Washington, D. C.	(202) 293-1329
Las Vegas	(702) 734-8371

point to the liberal past and promise more and better of the same.

This phenomenon is not just political. In almost every aspect of life, men are confronted by institutions and processes that seem unresponsive to their needs. There is, for example, no way in which the citizen can even begin to create a community—a place where he can both work and play in some kind of shared fellowship with neighbors. Our society is simply not equipped to deal with such a demand, and our political leaders are not even able to articulate it, since it transcends their own professional assumptions.

Powerlessness is made more acute by the seeming opposite of rigidity—by the swirling inconstancies of modern life. We are like boats tied to a riverbank with the rapid waters constantly seething beneath us while rope after rope breaks away. It is now commonplace to observe the weakening of the ties of family and community. However, it is not merely that we are being deprived of important values. These institutions, and others, gave us a resting spot, an association within which we could have some secure sense of our own value and place regardless of our fate in the world outside. In a more subtle and profound way, the increasing incredibility of religious doctrines and the complexities of science, which have made it impossible to understand the natural world, have deprived us of anchors against the storm of events. Even our physical environment has betrayed our memories. The other day, I drove through Harvard Square, where I had gone to school ten years before. There were new buildings, shops, and roads. The familiar place of law-school days had changed beyond recognition. In fact, it did not exist. There was no place for the past, and the present, one knew, would also fade. Yet man has nearly always anchored his sense of reality, his sense of himself, to a fixed place, amid familiar landmarks. Our world has become nomadic as the scenery of our life is constantly shifted. It is small wonder if we sometimes feel as unreal as actors moving from part to part.

To all this is added the torrent of events: wars and riots, inventions and spaceships. One day we are informed that we must fear a man called Castro, on the next day that our security requires the end of strife in the Congo, and on the next that de Gaulle menaces the grandeur of our nation. And we pass through all this tumult, great and small, seated before the inexorable shadows of a television set—certainly the greatest psychic disturber ever created by man. Only it is capable of producing unrest, fear, and unbridled envy, and, at the same time, of numbing us to the human reality of that which disturbs us.

A people suffering from institutions that can't respond, problems that are virtually left untouched, and the myriad uncertainties of their own private and public existence must inevitably rise in protest. That is just what is happening in America. Frustration breeds anger, and anger has increasingly become a feature of our national life. Even people on the streets and in stores seem more easily provoked and more sullen. The most widespread reaction is a demand for change, coupled with an increasing dislike and contempt for those responsible for the present. Few people can be expected to have any clear idea of the direction that change should take. The problems are too far-reaching and profound. So they look for leadership. And precisely at this point in our history we lack the necessary leadership.

For a while, in the early nineteen-sixties, it seemed as if President Kennedy were moving toward new responses as the old dogmas of the Cold War and of New Deal economics gradually lost ground. Oswald prevented us from ever knowing how far and in what direction that movement would have continued. The assassin's bullet unlocked chaos, and thus his act became the most important historical event of our time. In the beginning of the Johnson Administration, it seemed as if this barely articulated movement would continue, but then the poison of Vietnam paralyzed act and attitude. Of course, the war cannot bear the responsibility for all our other ills. It has contributed to them by draining off resources and energies, and, most of all, by blunting our sense of moral purpose. But to a large extent it has only catalyzed an awareness of more profound problems and intensified a protest that reaches far beyond Vietnam. We can almost say of ourselves what Lord Radcliffe said of the Athens of Plato: "Failure abroad had led to failure of spirit at home and a democracy, so recently united, self-confident, and proud of its leaders, had turned to a rout of little men more anxious to blame others than to take responsibility upon themselves."

THERE is no more foreboding fact than the absence of leadership that combines insight and forcefulness. A

Ignore 1969

You don't *have* to keep up with the news. But ignorance is hardly bliss when every life is touched by war and inflation, school conflicts and racial tension.

In a year that will be crowded with news—with new people and new policies—television will keep you informed—fully, fairly, objectively. Networks will bring you news of the world and the nation; stations will keep you alert to the significance of events in your own area.

The news, of course, is unpredictable. But in January television will cover the Inauguration, the new senators, the problems of cities, the pressures on rural America, and the role of Japan. Television is the unique, multi-faceted way of paying attention to 1969.

For openers, here's a partial listing of what's scheduled for January.

Correspondents Report—Part II. Year-end review. Wednesday, Jan. 1 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Mark Twain Tonight. Hal Holbrook's portrayal of the American humorist. Thursday, Jan. 2 (7:30-9 pm).

Male Of The Species: Prudential's On Stage. Sir Laurence Olivier, Sean Connery, Michael Caine, Paul Scofield in an original comedy. Friday, Jan. 3 (8:30-10 pm).

Meet The New Senators: CBS News Special. Freshmen Senators discuss their objectives. Sunday, Jan. 5 (5:30-6:30 pm).

First Tuesday: NBC News. Once-a-month presentation of special news stories. Sander Vanocur is anchorman. Tuesday, Jan. 7 (9-11 pm).

The Unexpected Voyage of Pepito and Cristobal: The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Story of two sea lions. Monday, Jan. 13 (7:30-8:30 pm).

To Love A Child. A study of child adoption and its problems. Monday, Jan. 13 (8:30-9 pm).

Le Champion: Jean-Claude Killy. Profile of the international ski star. Monday, Jan. 13 (9-10 pm).

Cosmopolis. The future of all cities and the problems they face, with reports from London, Rome, Helsinki, Los Angeles, Tokyo, New York, Stockholm. Monday, Jan. 13 (10-11 pm).

Bob Hope Christmas Show. Highlights of Hope's tour to entertain GIs. Thursday, Jan. 16 (8:30-10 pm).

The Inauguration. The networks cover the Washington ceremonies, including the Inaugural Ball. Monday, Jan. 20.

Voyage To The Enchanted Isles. Prince Philip narrates essay on the Galapagos Islands and their fascinating animal life. Wednesday, Jan. 22 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Lions Are Free. Sequel to *Born Free* traces the life of the lions let loose in the 1966 film. Thursday, Jan. 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

French—American Challenge Cup. French and U.S. ski teams compete at Aspen. Friday, Jan. 24 (10-11 pm).

Down On The Farm. The rapidly disappearing world of rural America. Saturday, Jan. 25 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Children's Film Festival. Award-winning films from all over the world. Start of nine-week series. Sunday, Jan. 26 (1:30-2:30 pm).

Arctic Odyssey: The David Humphreys Polar Expedition. Close-up of Arctic expert's attempt to reach the Pole. Tuesday, Jan. 28 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Japan: CBS News Special. Edwin Reischauer, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, tours Japan, discusses its history and current role. Tuesday, Jan. 28 (10-11 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why)

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Storybook Squares/Untamed World/Shell's Wonderful World of Golf/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Discovery/Directions/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Issues and Answers/The Catholic Hour/Animal World/The Killy Style/Frank McGee Sunday Report/G-E College Bowl/The 21st Century (Jan. 26)/Wild Kingdom (starts new series this month)/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

Television Information Office
745 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022

A SPECIAL INVESTMENT MANAGEMENT SERVICE

Creative, vital management, oriented to asset growth for a limited number of individuals, trusts, estates, pension funds and other holders of substantial portfolios.

Loeb, Rhoades stresses performance by marshaling its full investment resources for the use of the portfolio manager, a highly motivated professional who translates the firm's capabilities into a dynamic program directed toward the clients' objectives. Charges are on an agreed fee basis.

You are invited to write for a complete description of our Investment Management Service. Address Department IM-NY.

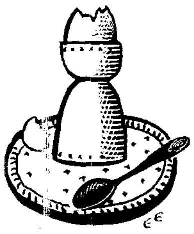
LOEB, RHOADES & CO.
Members New York Stock Exchange
and other leading Stock Exchanges
42 WALL STREET, N.Y. 10005

people increasingly beset by restless discontent and uncertainty need leaders who can point out to them some exit from their malaise. Much of our present uneasiness has specific causes: the war in Vietnam and racial strife. However, much of it flows from the deeper causes I have discussed, and even the widespread discontent with the war and with Negroes and hippies is enormously magnified by broader dislocations. These objects of passion serve as a necessary focus for the general unhappiness, just as a man troubled by the general failure of his ambitions might turn on his family or his coworkers or his neighbor. The aimless and chaotic nature of the present unrest has profound political consequences, for it is basically non-ideological; it does not respond to traditional notions of right and left. It is often oblivious of the shibboleths and dogmas that encrust politicians who came to maturity in an earlier era. Thus, Eugene McCarthy called for the recognition of Red China, attacked the military establishment, and promised to fire J. Edgar Hoover without causing a discernible ripple of adverse reaction in his moderate, suburban constituency. Still, many who favored him voted for Richard Nixon, or even for George Wallace. Even more dramatically, many of the lower-income whites who voted for Robert Kennedy in the Indiana primary and would have supported him for President voted for George Wallace. Yet one was the black man's champion and the other is his enemy, and race is supposed to be the most important issue in Lake County. The fact is that the search for leadership is not motivated by a desire to move to the right or the left, to the extent that those terms are relevant at all. It is manifesting itself as a demand for men who offer a sense of direction and purpose, who appear to possess guiding values and a philosophical insight into the nature of our problems. The majority of people have little interest in the customary catalogue of programs and promises. Indeed, they no longer believe in them. They do want someone who seems to know why we are in trouble and where we should go. This explains a large part of George Wallace's appeal. He analyzed issues with a simple clarity and proposed answers that were certain. In this respect, he was a leader. The one overwhelming consensus is in rejection of the present, and that was the decisive asset of Mr. Nixon's candidacy. In fact, many people are prepared to rebel against the entire system that has brought us to our present state of affairs. Part of McCarthy's appeal and much of Wallace's lay in the fact that these men appeared to stand outside the system. They did not talk in the increasingly hollow and banal rhetoric of most politicians. They spoke with candor, discussed new issues, offered fresh approaches. In different ways, each of them defied the traditional party structure, ignored the customary political rites, and incurred the hostility of party regulars. In McCarthy's case, his manner and language, although often abstract, conveyed a hope of beneficial change. Robert Kennedy's strength also derived not from his specific programs but from his manner, which radiated a passionate commitment to change. For the United States is prepared to move, and rather rapidly, either to the right or to the left. Or, in terms better suited to our time, it is prepared to move either toward repression or toward liberation. Tragically, both the leaders who promised most forcefully to take us toward liberation were removed—one by a bullet and the other by the Democratic Party. Now the President-elect, unless he is to prove only a transitional figure, will be compelled to initiate a process of serious change.

This is because you cannot simply soothe the discontent of today with traditional remedies. It is not only that many problems—the black ghettos, for example—will require immense efforts toward solution but that the forces that disrupt the mental peace of the more affluent have deep roots in our institutional structure and our historical circumstances. Race and Vietnam contribute, but we see a similar unrest all across the affluent West, in countries neither at war nor in the midst of racial conflict. In outlining some of the more subtle causes, I compared our present condition to that of the eighteen-fifties. The United States was then turning away from expansionist goals and responsibilities; the conquest of the continent was complete, and, for almost the first time in our history, we had no significant external ambitions or threats. In our time, we are similarly turning away from Cold War globalism, and, if we are lucky, Vietnam may prove the last, convulsive gasp of that policy. In any event, we are now looking to ourselves more intently than before. Far more important in the eighteen-fifties was that, underlying all the crises and the violent turmoil, a new industrial age was making its glacial advance on the values of an earlier period, uprooting fixed ways of life, traditional institutions, and customary expectations. America was never to be the same again—a change that was not caused by the Civil War but, rather, was undoubtedly productive of the rigidity of leadership and the human uncertainty that led to that war. In our time, also, a new type of society is tearing into the now settled patterns of the industrial age. It has not been given a name, for that is the historian's job. However, economic and population growth and changing technology and beliefs are creating a different kind of world, whether it is called the computer age, the atomic age, the media age, or simply the post-industrial age. This is a dislocation of a kind that is common to all periods of history but that happens only at long intervals in the life of a particular society.

It is a rhetorical cliché to point out that our world has grown small. That is obviously true in a technical sense. We can travel rapidly and communicate instantly. It is also true in terms of the concerns of foreign policy, although much of our feeling that we must necessarily be affected by events in every corner of every continent is surely a product of the simple fact that we know what is happening there, rather than of any ideological preconception or any concrete national interest. Yet for the individual the opposite is true. Our world is too big—too crowded, too abstract, too remote. Everywhere we go, the crowd of strangers goes with us, clogging our streets and our parks. Cities spread, computers perform their mysteries, world leaders cast their shadows and disappear. The comforting walls that set off a host of little worlds have been broken open, exposing to us a limitless and kaleidoscopic vista—one that is reflected in our fragmentary and borderless art and in the world of drugs. How many of us in turning inward to escape or make sense of a turbulent environment simply recreate external disorder, almost as if our time were now beyond intellectual grasp? That feeling in itself contributes to powerlessness. For understanding is a form of control, if often illusory, and when we cannot understand how things work or why they happen—whether laws of nature or the television pictures that are corrupting us—we feel helpless. Perhaps one can no longer understand the world—only experience it. If that is true, politics can offer no real answer. And we must also face the possibility that there are too many people—that only through organization, and its counterpart, coercion, can we maintain civilized order among so vast a throng.

Such philosophical reflections, however, are irrelevant to politics, which must assume that problems can be dealt with, and also, in our own national context, that individual liberty can be maintained. If the forces feeding discontent are as profound and powerful as I have suggested, then political thinking and, ultimately, national policy must move toward an entirely new dimension. The last time the American establishment thought seriously about national goals was during the late Eisenhower and early Kennedy years. The formulations from this period of the more enlightened and liberal politicians are already out of date. A strong domestic defense establishment, economic growth, NATO, and so on, though they are still with us, barely touch the principal sources of our dissatisfaction. Other goals of that very recent time—such as the frantic desire to measure every national program, from education to overseas propaganda, in terms of competition with the Russians—are now irrelevant, and some are forgotten. Yet almost all our political leaders seem rooted in the old rhetoric, even if it is clothed in new facts and circumstances, and thus have lost their hold on the popular sensibilities.



The material out of which relevant national objectives can be shaped is at hand in the work of some social critics and a few economists, and even in the insights of a few of the more sensitive politicians. In the process, we must focus not only on solving "problems" as defined in the usual sense—education, pollution, and the rest—but also on the *ways* in which we solve them. This is a familiar idea within a democratic tradition that has, for example, valued many individual liberties above the alluring, if often illusory, efficiency of coercive techniques.

WE have always placed certain abstract values—those which cannot be measured or weighed—above economic, logical, or physically tangible goals. Confronted with the overwhelming and uncertain complex-

For knits there is a certain kind of store

Two-piece with a three-piece look.

Cognac or blue with white

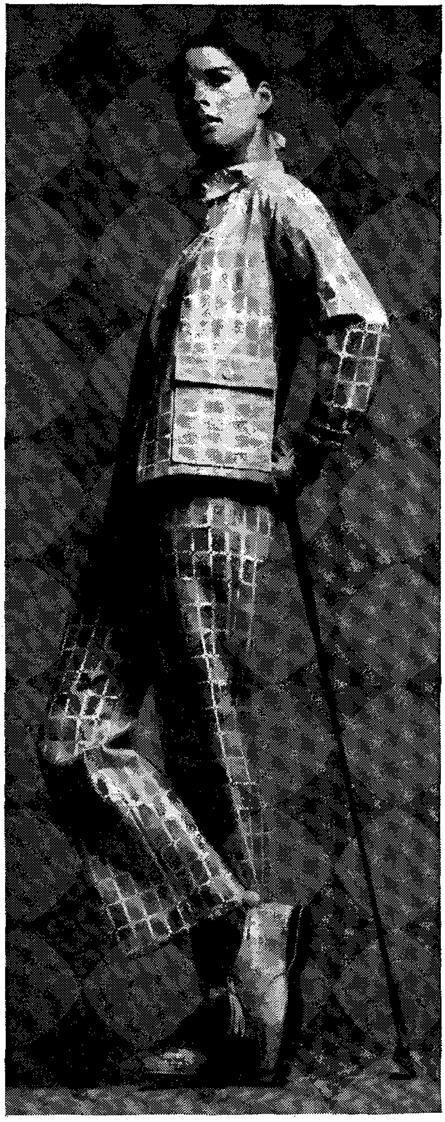
Dacron® polyester

8 to 16, 55.00

Peck & Peck
For that certain kind of woman

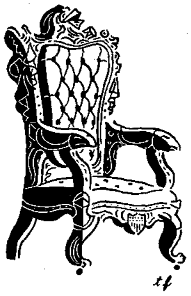
Fifth Avenue, New York/Boston
St. Louis/Pittsburgh/Akron
Cleveland/Rochester/Baltimore
Chicago/Providence/Philadelphia
Buffalo/Kansas City/Hartford
Detroit/Washington, D. C./Atlanta
Twin Cities/Indianapolis

Shoot a better game in Arnel?



David Smith says, why not?
After all, you'll certainly look and feel better and you'll stay fresh and un-bothered by wrinkles.
In Blends Inc. woven check of Arnel triacetate and cotton. Action back jacket, about $24.00; pants, about $20.00. Both 8-18, in yellow or blue. Sleeveless shirt of Fortrel polyester and cotton in white, 8-18, about $11.00. Improve your game at Doope's, East Orange & Short Hills, New Jersey; Montaldo's: Charlotte, Winston-Salem, Greensboro, Durham, North Carolina; Richmond, Virginia; St. Louis; Denver; Colorado Springs; Bartlesville, Oklahoma; Columbus, Ohio.
Celanese® Arnel® Fortrel®
CELANESE ARNEL
Add a fiber from Celanese and good things get better

ities of modern life, and informed by a greatly increased awareness of our limited ability to predict or control the forces loosed by our obsessive industry and invention, we must add to the list of such values. They have traditionally included not only the rights mentioned in the Bill of Rights and allied civil liberties but equality of opportunity, the freedom to develop individual talent, and, more recently, freedom from starvation and destitution. And all these, imperfectly realized though they may be, still exert a powerful hold on our national thinking and shape our political rhetoric and policy. I have no wish to coin a new set of slogans, but certainly the individual must also have the freedom to share in those public decisions which affect his private life beyond merely casting a vote in periodic elections. This does not mean a plebiscite on every problem but, rather, a distinct prejudice in favor of community and neighborhood control. We should also be guided by a desire to preserve freedom from isolation, which means, at least, that environmental decisions should be shaped to re-create the possibilities of community and neighborhood life. It is equally important that the individual be given freedom to participate in the important enterprises of our society, from working in the underdeveloped world to improving the life of the ghettos. If citizens are to find a purpose beyond their daily lives, it will come from having a personal share in important public causes, and the causes must be large and worthy enough to tap moral will and energy. Only in this way can we combat the increasing isolation and remoteness that are eroding the moral drive of our society.



Much of this resolves itself into a widening of one of the oldest staples of political language: freedom of choice. For all the talk about our permissive society, that freedom has steadily narrowed. In fact, much of the release of inhibitions on private behavior is surely a reaction to the confinements imposed by our ideology and social structure. (Successful revolutions tend to be puritanical.) When a young man sees no alternative to spending his youth in a classroom and his manhood in a modern suburb, he may want to assert himself by growing a beard. Conversely, the students who turned out to work for McCarthy cut their hair and shaved not because of adult dictates but through self-organization and self-discipline. They were involved in something more important than this kind of assertion. These are trivial things, but they are tokens of the fact that much frantic liberation of private behavior is a futile effort to alter or escape the hardening mold that envelops social man. We virtually demand, for example, that a young man go to college, and beyond, if he is to have a job that uses his abilities. At one time, a boy could go to sea or go West or start working in a factory and still aspire to success in a wide range of demanding tasks. The fact is that a lot of young men would develop more fully outside the regular educational system. The answer is not simply providing more and better schools but making alternative institutions, training, and experience available, and making them acceptable to those who guard the gates to achievement. Similarly, by huddling industry, commerce, and even intellectual life together in great urban areas we have seriously limited the kinds of places in which a man can live. Much of this is a product of the obsessive urge toward system and order, and of the fact that as systems grow larger they swiftly outpace the individual imagination or intelligence and assume a conforming life of their own. It is almost as if our society were afflicted with some kind of compulsive neatness, which it equated with efficiency or high purpose.

The fact is that organizational neatness and central control not only limit human scope but are often inefficient. Government programs break down or prove inadequate not merely because they are badly conceived but because the problems they seek to deal with are far too large for the limited abilities of a few administrators. Even a genius philosopher-king equipped by I.B.M. could not hope to deal with the varied complexities of dozens of American cities. Central direction is inefficient in a more profound way, too. Given human nature in the context of our society, such oppressive structures are bound to breed discontent. This discontent necessarily impairs our ability to solve problems and maintain traditional values. Restless and unhappy people cannot easily be persuaded to join in enterprises of high purpose, especially those involving sacrifice.

Unless we are to move toward repression, the political platform of the future must contain words still alien to serious public dialogue—words such as "community," "power," and "purpose." This does not mean we will no longer worry about matters like economic policy and defense. For large elements of our population, economic questions are still critical, although they are increasingly fused with other desires. However, since poverty or a low standard of living is not the root of much of our unhappiness, wealth and its distribution do not point the way toward a solution. Words like "community," "power," and "purpose" seem rather abstract and vague, but then so do more traditional goals, such as "liberty" and "opportunity." And, like these more familiar terms, they can be given concrete content, yielding specific and tangible programs. Effective government action toward these ends will respond to the demands of the subject matter, and not to any master plan for their attainment, just as devotion to liberty does not tell you what kind of speech can be restricted or whether the State Department can limit travel to Cuba. Without trying to anticipate a report by a future Presidential task force, I would like to discuss some specific examples, simply to show that they do exist.

Many of the programs designed to re-create community will concern the physical environment, although the power to act as a community and the consequent sense of shared purpose are also critical. This will require that we concentrate not on the quantity of construction but on assembling the components of daily living within an area that a man can comprehend and easily traverse. Along with housing should go hospitals and government services, recreation and meeting centers, parks, and, to the extent that this is possible, places of work. This does not mean breaking up our cities but restoring the concept of neighborhood under modern conditions—a place where a man can live with other men. Some of this is happening by itself under pressures of growth, as shopping centers move to the suburbs and industry seeks sites outside the city. This beginning can proliferate and expand through programs ranging from tax incentives for businesses resettling in residential areas to the construction of new satellite cities. Much can be done, for example, simply by changing and enforcing zoning ordinances, building codes, and tax laws, without a cent of public expenditure. There is a lot more to community than this. Its roots go into the powerful cementing emotions of pride, belonging, friendship, and shared concern, yet these, in turn, depend on the physical possibilities. Not

In Tahiti, hospitality is a way of life.

One taste of Tahitian hospitality and you're spoiled forever. First, there's the manner of the people themselves—warm, exuberant, engaging. To this, add the richly romantic French influence—artfully cooked foods and fine wines. For comfort, enjoy first-rate accommodations in a modern hotel. For fun, go to Polynesian feasts and wild discotheques. For relaxation, discover the sunny beaches and serene lagoons of Tahiti and her sister islands—Moorea, Bora Bora, Raiatea. You see, to Tahitians hospitality is a way of life. And they're happy to share it. With you.

Service d'Etat du Tourisme, Dept. NY-4
323 Geary St., San Francisco, California 94102

Please send me your Tahiti travel kit.

Name ______________________
(please print)

Address ______________________

City ____________ State / Zip ____________

____
My travel agent is

tahiti

only is it within our power to create those possibilities but it is probably a more practical course than our present unthinking and hopelessly scattered mixture of government programs and private enterprise.

Increasing the individual's power over the conditions of his life involves the blended methods of transferring authority, creating it where it does not exist, and lessening the coercive weight of the state. At other times, I have discussed the need for decentralizing the operations of government—allowing communities, private groups, cities, and states to make public decisions that are now vested in the central government. Although the Constitution contains a prescriptive mandate for a federal system, the actual distribution of authority and responsibility has been worked out over two centuries and is constantly changing. Today, for example, the federal government exerts a power over the economy that would have been inconceivable only a few decades ago. Decentralization is another remodelling of the federal system, and to achieve it will require a patient pragmatism. The state may be the logical unit for dealing with river pollution, the metropolitan area for transportation programs, the neighborhood for schools and even post offices. *The general guide should be to transfer power to the smallest unit consistent with the scale of the problem.* Many conservatives have welcomed the idea of decentralization, hearing in it comforting echoes of old battle cries about states' rights. They are mistaken, for decentralization, if it is to work, will require even larger public programs and even more money for public needs. Otherwise, the momentum on which local interest and involvement depend will be lost. Nor does decentralization mean the absence of rigorous national standards for the use of national revenues. For example, money given for education must in fact be used for education open to all. Such standards are necessary to protect citizens against unresponsive government, and local government against the pressures of private interests. Of course, even with decentralization, most people will not actually make decisions. Still, those who do make them will be within reach of their fellow-residents of the community, and thus will be far more familiar and readily accessible than federal officials. This, in itself, will yield at least the potential of influence and effective protest, which may be as close as we can come to the ideal of the town meeting.

Power is conferred in other ways: by a government that feels compelled to explain its policies and intentions with candor, that seeks the counsel of informed private groups and citizens, and that adheres to an honorable observance of the separation of powers. It will also be yielded by increased citizen control over the private institutions and processes that often determine the quality of our private lives. It is incredible, for example, that private builders, acting out of purely economic considerations, should be allowed to determine the shape of our urban environment—that individuals unresponsive to the public will should decide how the public will live. In addition, the expanding machinery of secret police, investigation, bugging, and wiretapping must be halted and dismantled. Fear and suspicion are the most paralyzing agents of all, and the most likely to provoke unrest.

The use of power is also an expression of purpose. All acts have their intention. But you can share in purpose without sharing in power. As a member of a society, the individual's pride and sense of well-being are inevitably enhanced or diminished by the purpose of his nation—what it stands for and where it is going. If money and power, self-indulgence and self-protection are the goals of our society, they will become the goals of its citizens, with damaging consequences. Nothing would do more for our national health than a feeling that we were engaged in enterprises touched with some kind of nobility and grandeur. It is this feeling that enriches the life of social man. Even the most pessimistic and critical literature written in other countries during their periods of greatness is infused with a sense of pride in the nation, despite doubts about, or even fierce opposition to, its contemporary acts. This sense of a noble destiny infused our country from the beginning, and in terms of our potential not only as a home for freedom and opportunity but as a guiding force in world affairs. Jefferson looked upon the United States as an example that would undermine despotism and monarchy; some of our other early leaders took a more direct hand by helping South American revolutionaries. This does not mean we must succumb to the naïve belief that it is possible to create a Great Society or a New Deal-style democracy among

MORE AND MORE PEOPLE GET A LIFT FROM "New York's Biggest Little Hotel"

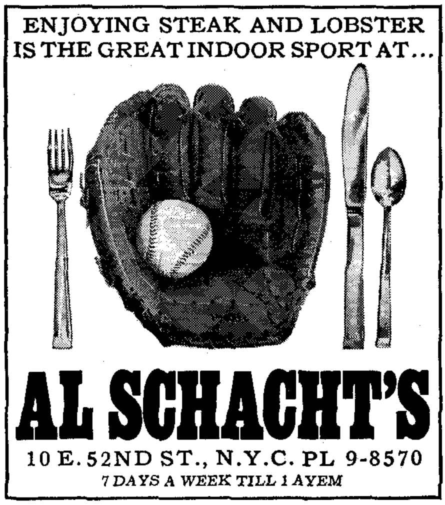
THE TUSCANY . . . ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM.

Other Tuscany Innovations: Every room has Air-Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central Heliport, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

the Tuscany
39th Street, Just East of Park Avenue
NEW YORK 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
Tel.: (212) 686-1600



ENJOYING STEAK AND LOBSTER IS THE GREAT INDOOR SPORT AT . . .

AL SCHACHT'S
10 E. 52ND ST., N.Y.C. PL 9-8570
7 DAYS A WEEK TILL 1 AYEM

the varied cultures of the world, or that we should actively intervene to impose values bred of the American experience. However, our wealth and military power give us an unavoidable weight in world affairs. Therefore, it is unnecessary to decide the critical questions surrounding the wisdom of intervention in order to recognize that our acts are important to others. For example, when a military dictatorship takes over in an allied country, we can recognize it or not, suspend aid or continue it, continue preferential trading or interrupt it. There is no way to avoid decision, since failure to act will have its own meaning. The issue is whether we base our policies on unthinking reflex and an immediate mixture of attitudes and interests or whether our acts are consistent with a long-range purpose. We may decide to adopt a less active and ambitious foreign policy, but we cannot do without any policy at all. And a foreign policy actively devoted to social justice, increased liberty, and the institutionalization of peace on a worldwide scale can enlist the best impulses of the American people. Such a policy often collides with the thinking of global "realists," who led us into Santo Domingo and Vietnam; who failed to maintain a constructive common purpose among the Atlantic nations while contriving such monstrosities as the Multilateral Force; who allowed the United Nations to become trivialized; who supported Batista and ended up with Castro; and who have been unable to bring about the control of nuclear arms, which is clearly in the interests of both great powers. In fact, "realistic" policy now seems to have become no policy at all, aside from maintaining the territorial status quo with the Soviet Union and China, and hoping that Israel will survive. It is a policy virtually without long-range goals or any clear perception of the social and political forces at work on other continents, and—what is more dangerous—without any guiding concept of the kind of world community in which we will be safest and most comfortable. This is the ultimate romanticism of the ostrich.

Without elaborating particular issues, and while recognizing the need for protection against force, we can assert that the most powerful global social force is the drive for recognition and fulfillment of popular needs and desires. This is a force fully consistent with our national values, and, therefore, one that we should support. This is what President Kennedy was

Kodak CAROUSEL 850
AUTO-FOCUS

Kodak

No Hocus Focus.

This *Kodak Carousel* 850 Projector keeps your slides in focus automatically! No more focusing during the show. No "focus drift." Just one perfectly focused slide after another.

It has the round *Carousel* Slide Tray that sits on top and holds 80 slides. This spillproof tray lets gravity gently lower each slide into place for jamproof, trouble-free shows. No pushing. No pulling. No problems.

The *Kodak Carousel* 850 Projector, with both remote and automatic slide changing, new long-life tungsten-halogen lamp and new high-power f/2.8 lens, less than $180. Other *Kodak Carousel* Projectors start at less than $80.

See the "easy ones" at your Kodak dealer's... and sharpen up your slide shows all around.

Prices subject to change without notice.

the easy ones

Kodak Carousel 850 Projector.

The world is wider than a window

The quarter of a million of our children born each year with birth defects deserve more than mere existence on the fringes of a fast-moving world.

At more than 100 March of Dimes Birth Defects Centers across the nation, teams of medical experts strive to correct or moderate nature's mistakes to give these children their chance for useful, satisfying lives.

You can help birth defect children open their window to the world by supporting March of Dimes programs of research, medical care and education.

fight birth defects
Give
MARCH
OF
DIMES

trying to accomplish when, for example, he refused recognition to military takeovers in Peru and Honduras. It was believed not that our disapproval would change governments but that it would strengthen forces that, in the long run, might build a stronger and more congenial hemispheric community. This policy was later dropped in favor of dealing with the "fact" of military rule, which meant ignoring the first principle of good politics: Don't spend yourself on those who have nowhere else to go. We elected to play it safe even though we were already safe. This change in policy helps illuminate the truth that the basic obstacle to a foreign policy shaped by long-range purposes and resting on national values is not malevolence or a hidden imperialism but timidity or lack of confidence. It is far easier to move from crisis to crisis than to act when events do not demand action. For decision and action create responsibility, and only men with some confidence in their own perception and judgment are willing to take such responsibility. Because our professional foreign-policy structure has been designed to discourage, and even to punish, those who disrupt the illusion of tranquillity, only a President can compel a different course. Yet such inaction is fraught with danger. Many of our recent crises can be traced to a failure of consistent purpose during periods of relative calm. By allowing our relations with Arab leaders to deteriorate, we forfeited whatever influence we might have had to prevent war in the Middle East. In Santo Domingo, we failed in our responsibility to help improve the economic and social welfare of a people whose dictator we had helped remove. And if the siren announcing Armageddon ever sounds, it will probably interrupt some official as he explains to a crowded room why an arms-control agreement is too risky this year.

A foreign policy founded on traditional American values not only is wise but is essential to our domestic well-being, since shared purpose is the only enduring cement of national unity. In it lies our only hope of finding a moral equivalent of war—or, in this case, a partial alternative to domestic unrest and division. Of course, there is much within our own borders to capture the imagination and inspire worthy effort, but only for some, and, even then, probably not on a sufficiently large or lasting scale. We are so significant a nation that the nature of our role in world affairs must pervade every man's sense of himself as a citizen. John Kennedy's appeals to greatness and sacrifice evoked so strong a response not because they were expressions of a self-deceptive idealism but because they led toward the only realistic path for maintaining individual pride.

There are, of course, grave problems that do not fit easily into the rubric of power and purpose. One can add little to the interminable discussion of the race problem except to observe that politically there is no black problem at all—only a white problem. We can easily command the resources to meet the immediate needs and demands of black Americans. But we cannot do this until white Americans are persuaded of their responsibility to act. That will require more than public education and Presidential speeches. Unless we move to remedy the afflictions and grievances of white Americans, they will never consent to a concentrated effort in the ghettos. This is particularly true of the lower-income whites, who feel trapped in a relatively shabby material existence and a scorned social position. (A Chicago policeman said, pointing to the hippies in Grant Park, "I had to work for a living, and so did my mother, and look at those kids. They do nothing and they got an education." Then he joined the charge.) It is little wonder that this group turns its wrath impartially on Negroes and college students—a perfect combination for the Wallace appeal. Its members feel scorned by the upper middle class, and, at the same time, they are deeply envious. Meanwhile, the Negro is a constant object of national discussion and attention, and a recipient of special programs. Racial feelings are very resistant, but many obstacles would fall before a national policy directed at enriching the life of *all* our citizens. Without it, the barriers will continue to rise.

Another problem specific to our age is the incursion of a large military establishment into public life. This is not because generals are especially power-hungry or malevolent but because size and importance, especially when they are touched with permanence, necessarily bring power. Public men from Jefferson to Eisenhower have warned us about the perils of a large standing military. And now we have one. Nothing better illuminates the hazards of the systematic and efficient mind than the experience of the last several years. Robert McNamara not only enlarged our armed forces but rationalized them. Over the resistance of officers with little imagination, he unified the operations of the services, eliminated many old rivalries, and instituted the deceptive techniques of modern computer management. As a result, the military has more influence on public policy than ever before in our history. The power that was once held in check by rivalries and folk wisdom is now exerted as a single, fused force on the civilian economy and its decision-makers. Independent-minded and free-wheeling officers were moved into the background, lest they publicly challenge civilian leaders. The result was a group of limited and conforming men at the top who could envisage no solution to any problem other than the accretion and use of military strength. The trouble with yes-men is that they are likely to say yes to anything. The trouble with limited men is that they are likely to lack the imagination to see their limitations, or even to disbelieve their computers. And this is the first group of generals to come to leadership during our reign as a great military power. The Eisenhowers and MacArthurs and Ridgeways, in their early days, always had to contend with severely limited resources, and therefore had to consider what they could do only with allies and what they could not do at all. The new group is accustomed to ever-increasing largesse and to having the power to bring about unlimited destruction at the touch of a button. The monstrous system created during the McNamara regime now has a life of its own. Civilians will make the ultimate policy judgments, but the sheer size and momentum of our military structure, the enormous investment it represents, and the needs of the industries dependent on it inevitably affect national decisions. Thus, we continue to build new weapons and new systems constructed on the basis of the most rational considerations of cost efficiency but without any rational relationship to national security. Even McNamara himself was finally trapped when he was compelled, against his own judgment, to go ahead with an anti-ballistic-missile system. Yet the "Whiz Kids" laid the groundwork. Moreover, the very importance of our military machine means that generals no longer sit outside the door of our highest council ready to respond to technical questions. Rather, they share in policy discussions for which they have no qualification or experience. In doing so, they breach the oldest and most rigorous ethic of the

Spend a winter vacation in gaol.

A winter vacation in Williamsburg begins in 1969 and ends in 1769.

You'll arrive with all the problems that seem to be a part of our world.

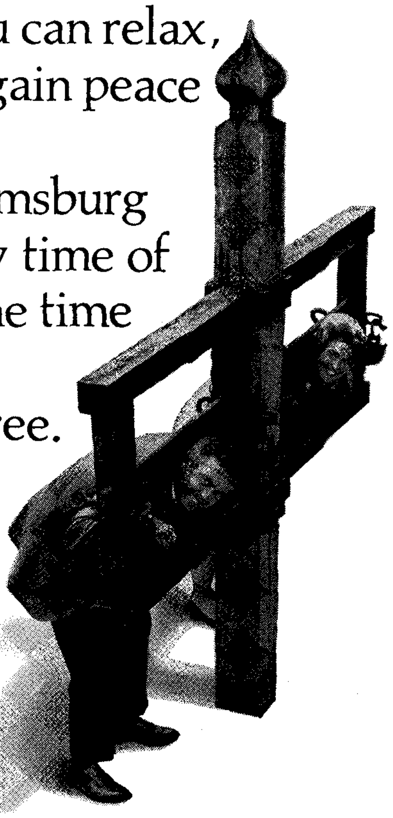
Then Williamsburg will work a subtle magic.

The architecture, the arts and crafts -even the public gaol (jail) with stocks and pillory-will work together to take you back to the eighteenth century.

Back where you can relax, reflect and quietly gain peace of mind.

Come to Williamsburg during this leisurely time of year and spend some time in gaol.

It will set you free.



COLONIAL
Williamsburg
VIRGINIA

Where to stay: Williamsburg Inn, from $24 double; its Colonial Houses, from $15 double. The Lodge, from $15 double. The Motor House, $19-$21 double. For information, color folder or reservations, write T. N. McCaskey, Box C, Williamsburg, Va. 23185. Or call Reservation Offices: New York, CIrcle 6-6800; Washington, FEderal 8-8828; ask operator in Baltimore for Enterprise 9-8855; Philadelphia, Enterprise 6805; Westchester County, Enterprise 7301; Essex County, WX 6805.

everything under the sun...

Come, Relax. Refresh. Or send us a postcard and we'll send you everything under the sun to do and see.
Free folders tell all.

PHOENIX
AND ARIZONA'S VALLEY OF THE SUN

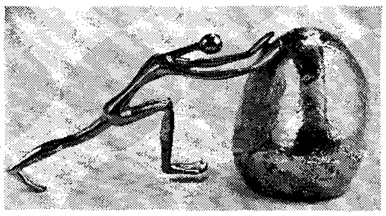
Phoenix Chamber of Commerce, Dept. 250
805 N. 2nd Street
Phoenix, Arizona 85004
Please send me my Phoenix Fun Kit
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
CITY ________ STATE ________ ZIP ______

A GREAT DANISH RESTAURANT FOR THE WORLD IN ATLANTA.

It's The Midnight Sun. At Peachtree Center. With Danish chefs, captains, konditors, and sandwich maidens. There's nothing like The Midnight Sun anywhere. Even in Denmark. Morgan Jul, Proprietor.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Holiday House



that's life

The whole message — complete in this fellow and his boulder! All gold plated, 9"x3½".
$7.95.

Send for catalog
Holiday House 2 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.,
Upper Montclair, N. J. 07043

American soldier. The Joint Chiefs of Staff advised that the Bay of Pigs might work, even though any hope of success obviously depended on the degree of political unrest within Cuba. More disastrously, we depended heavily on military men to tell us what it might take to "win" in Vietnam, though such calculations should have been based on cultural, political, and human factors as well. Of course, civilian officials should not have listened. Yet it is very hard to avoid attributing some wisdom to those who control the enormous power that has occupied such a large part of the American consciousness in recent years, and who, moreover, can speak with precision of their capacities in so uncertain and chaotic a world. The temptation to heed those with answers is strong, and can subtly infect the most skeptical of minds.

The hazards of a large standing military ramify into many areas. It represents a constituency against arms control, not because generals want war or oppose disarmament on principle but because their necessary professional caution demands that they overestimate every advantage of a potential opponent and underestimate their own capacities. In narrowly professional terms, it is inevitable to estimate that any agreement is risky, even if the only reason for doing so is an assumption that the other parties to it would not agree unless agreeing gave them an edge. Also, the availability of force is a constant temptation to use it. Part of the reason we sent the Marines into the Dominican Republic was that we had the capacity for moving large numbers of combat troops with great speed. The buildup of our conventional forces and their increased mobility—which came into being for reasons involving the Soviet Union, many of which are now irrelevant—have made it more likely that we will use force. In view of our nuclear deterrent and our capacity for rapid mobilization, recent history lends strength to the belief that it may be riskier to have such forces than to go without. Here again, however, we have a conclusion that depends on admitting the human weaknesses of policymakers—a calculation that, because of its vagueness, cannot be used by rational-system builders. Thus, we can consider discarding the wisdom of our history because it can't be fed into the computers.

MUSEUM TOURS

We cannot yet escape the need for military forces, but it will require leadership and authority of the most determined and enlightened kind to keep those forces in rational relationship to our need while we work toward arms control, spurred by the urgent awareness that men cannot be trusted with the power to destroy themselves. And that effort is obstructed not simply by cautious policy-makers but also by a deeply troubling, elusive, and ambiguous phenomenon—the fear of nuclear weapons. Any observer must be struck by the difficulty of stimulating public support for arms control, or even of provoking widespread public discussion of nuclear weapons. One could attribute this to an indifference bred of acceptance if it were not for the force of the reaction that seems to await any political figure who touches the nuclear nerve. The day Curtis LeMay verbally toyed with nuclear possibilities, George Wallace's fortunes began to wane. Nixon's speech advocating nuclear superiority was certainly among the factors precipitating his near-fatal decline. Goldwater had to spend his entire 1964 campaign explaining that he would not drop atomic bombs. When President Kennedy advocated fallout shelters, he set off a popular reaction that had every Democratic leader on the phone to the White House and that ultimately caused cancellation of the program—and he was greatly surprised at the enthusiasm evoked by mention of the test-ban treaty during his 1963 trip through the Western states. Perhaps we can understand these reactions by recalling the late nineteen-forties and the early fifties, when the horrors of nuclear holocaust were a pervasive topic. Almost everyone must at least once have been struck with sudden apprehension at the sound of an airplane, or gone to sleep with the thought that all could be over before morning. One of the young girls who worked for McCarthy during his campaign told an interviewer of the air-raid drills in her grammar school, and how for a while she was afraid every time she heard a plane. Thus, the atomic age has been a personal emotional experience for many Americans, and even, perhaps, for most. After a while, such feelings are put away or repressed, but they are never eliminated. They lie under the surface of reason and memory, evoking hostility toward any who may touch them. Although such fears help keep the peace, they are also a barrier to the reminder implicit in mobilizing public support for arms control. However, despite the seeming lack of concern, any political leader can be sure that real achievement in reducing danger will be rewarded by warm and grateful relief.

THE agency through which we can hope to formulate new policies is that strange American contraption the political party. My own repository of hopes for change is the Democratic Party, for the Republicans seem unlikely to discard their historical role as defenders of things as they are. Since Nixon's victory, political men have begun to discuss the future of the Democratic Party. Such discussion must come to grips with one essential fact: There is no Democratic Party. There is the party of Daley in Illinois and the party of the county leaders in New York. There is the fragile alliance of liberals and leaders in California, and there is Kennedy in Massachusetts. In the South, there is almost nothing left at all. It is a truism to state that American political parties are not ideological in nature, since they embrace many diverse groups. Still, in the past most elements of the Democratic Party agreed on certain broad goals and assumptions. There was, with some dissent, general agreement on the economic goals of the New Deal. It was broadly assumed that the Democratic Party represented the disadvantaged and the poor against the great interests, and that it stood for alliance and tolerance in world affairs. There was, in other words, a base of generally accepted belief and emotional attitude. That this has largely dissolved becomes clear when we compare the parties of Daley, Meany, McCarthy, and Kennedy. The cause of the dissolution is that the issues of the past thirty years have lost their vitality. The consequence is that the Democratic Party is little more than an institutional mechanism through which individuals hope to acquire public office. If the Democratic Party has a future, it will come not by raising more money or by hiring better advertising agencies but by developing a purpose and a program. I have outlined some of the possible elements of purpose and policy in support of which it might be possible to create a new, progressive coalition to replace the alliance of minorities, labor, and the South which has now fragmented and dissolved. The South has left; labor no longer exists as a coherent electoral force, having divided into upper and lower middle class; and the minorities

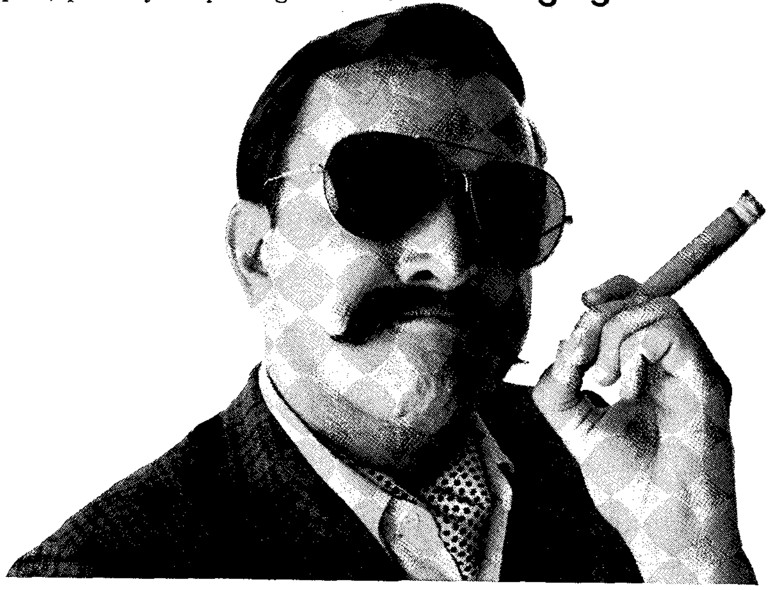
VERY Saks Fifth Avenue Bundle of joy, snuggled into one of our exclusive one-piece Ban-Lon® pram suits. Soft, stretchy nylon knit backed up with cozy brushed acrylic from hood to toe, and sweetened with ribbon appliqué. For girls in pink or yellow with flower edging; for boys in blue or yellow with Nordic motif; medium, 6 to 12 months, or large, 12 to 18 months, each $12. From our Baby Boutique. Mail and phone orders filled.

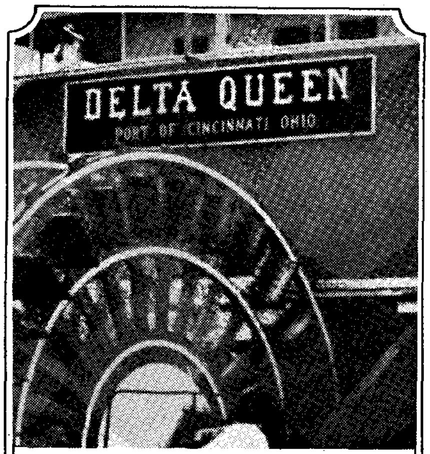
The underpriced Hilton for a millionaire's vacation.

Hurry up and slow down at the Mayaguez Hilton on Puerto Rico's west coast. A short flight from San Juan, Mayaguez is still undiscovered. So even winter rates are lower, just $10.50 a day, per person, double occupancy. The staff even friendlier. There's nothing to do but snorkel, deep-sea fish, play tennis, float in the Caribbean (only 15 minutes away), splash in our pool, polish your putting on our 18-hole green, decide between shrimp and fresh lobster for lunch, explore tiny mountain towns minutes away, then cool off in your big air-conditioned room. More of the best things in life cost less at the Mayaguez Hilton.

Call your travel agent, any Hilton hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.

Mayaguez Hilton





Recapture the Mighty Rapture of the RIVERBOAT!

. . . steaming to New Orleans for Mardi Gras '69 . . . or cruising historic ports on 27 other river trips aboard the romantic steamboat Delta Queen . . . America's only overnight paddlewheel steamer!

write for 1969 schedule and fares folder

Greene Line Steamers, Inc.

Public Landing, Cincinnati, Ohio 45202
New York, N.Y. 10016, 10 E. 40th Street
Los Angeles, Cal. 90038,
6900 Santa Monica Blvd.

Furniture for Gracious Living

Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.

UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is an early American inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Ice skating, skiing, a quiet winter's walk along the old canal towpath . . . and proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

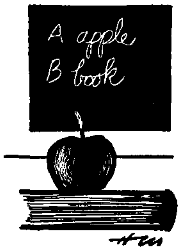
We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

1740 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

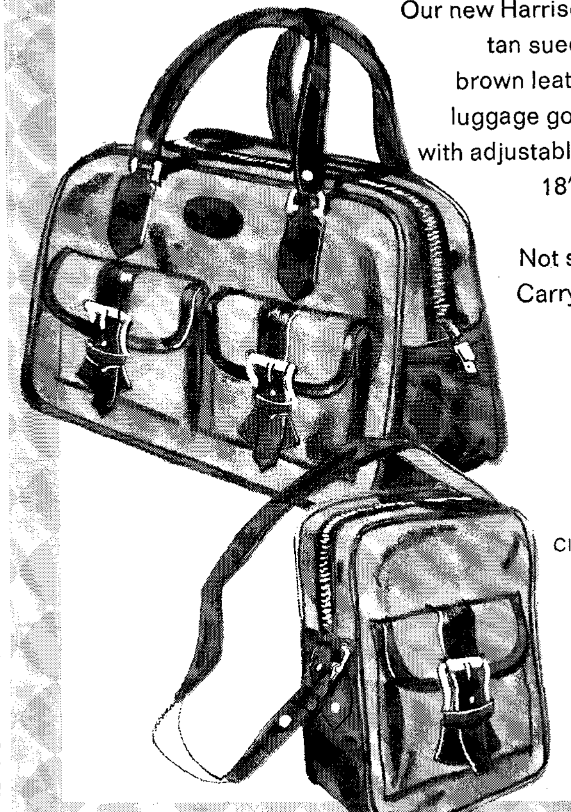
are often at each other's throat. A new coalition will have to be made up of the populations of the inner cities, including some lower-income whites, and of the new suburbs inhabited by those who work in offices, electronics factories, and so on. This is the coalition that both Kennedy and McCarthy were trying to build, with McCarthy moving inward from the suburbs and Kennedy outward from the inner city. Neither quite got across the bridge, but the fact that their divergent constituencies responded to men who stood for enlightened and progressive change is evidence that the possibilities of coalition are there. However, the issues that will unite these groups are not only traditional economic concerns—although there are specific economic problems that must be met—but issues of the type I have set forth. For example, both in the ghettos and in the suburbs there is a desire for increased control and power over local affairs and public policy. If I am right in the belief that such desires respond to deeply felt national needs, then failure to move in this direction will leave public-spirited men with no alternative but to try to form a new party to combat the forces of repression.

Finally, a few words of unsolicited advice to the next President. Since we need fundamental changes in public policy, it would be a serious mistake to begin the work of the next Administration in the traditional way: preparing budgets and policies for programs neatly tailored to old categories such as health, housing, and conservation. For the assumption of fundamental change is that the old categories and ways of looking at problems are no longer valid and that the structure of government itself is the threshold barrier to new approaches and policies. The powers of the Department of Housing and Urban Development, for example, are fashioned and limited in such a way that the Department cannot hope to deal with the problems of the city, however vigorous its leadership. The first task of a new Administration should be to construct institutions with authority and jurisdiction adapted to the policies they are to administer, and to concern itself with reallocating responsibility within the federal system. The secret of Roosevelt's success was his willingness to ignore or dismantle existing structures and to set up new ones, shaped to his purposes. Freud said that "anatomy is destiny." In government, structure is policy. If the existing structure of government is accepted, then serious change rapidly becomes impossible as bureaucracies, administrators, and ongoing programs begin to generate their inevitable and almost irresistible drive for survival. It is important to make structural changes early, and not only because a President is far more likely to have the necessary power at the beginning of his administration. The appointment of Cabinet officers, administrators, and even task forces immediately creates powerful vested interests. When a man becomes the chief of a large department, he assumes a new constituency of workers and bureaus, authority and appropriations. His natural urge, reinforced by the need to keep the loyalty of his subordinates, is to maintain his domain relatively intact and to minimize disruption and controversy. Thus, the Department of Labor under President Johnson fought against the poverty program, with some success, simply because it felt that it was the proper repository of such an effort. Examples could be multiplied. It would be a great mistake to misjudge the rapidity with which new men develop loyalties to old patterns, or the ability of an established bureaucracy to frustrate the most determined of Presidential designs. That is why the fundamentals of structure must be determined before operations begin if there is to be a serious and effective effort to chart new directions for public policy. This is little more than counsel to "think big," not in terms of huge expenditures or sweeping new programs but in terms of the hardest kind of innovation: liberating the public imagination from old categories, concepts, and structures. Our present inclination to look upon every national ill as a subject for federal action within the framework of existing departments is like trying to devise a way to go to the moon by putting a man in an automobile. We need not only new institutions but a fresh sense of which matters are appropriate to public action, and of where, within the federal system, responsibility and power should be vested.



BEYOND such concrete and practical acts, there is a need to explore the deeper causes of our discontent. Again, as in the eighteen-fifties, we can sense that we are at the beginning of a new age—or, rather, a new way of living—which is forcing its values and demands on a society not equipped to cope with them. This kind of dislocation, this gap between realities and custom, is characteristic of revolutionary historical periods. To pursue this analogy, the insulation and barrenness of the modern suburb are counterparts of the misery that enveloped the mid-nineteenth-century factory, and Mayor Daley is at one with the Southern agrarian in defending a system that history will find not to have been an unmixed evil. Without judging the efforts of men like Marshall McLuhan to abstract a single, seminal cause from the complexities of social change, we can agree with many that the ascendancy of technology is a principal feature of modern society. To that we must add growth, both of population and of our physical artifacts, such as houses, factories, and roads. The problem, however, is not technological but ideological. We are threatened not by our creations but by our beliefs. In another place, I have written, "All nations . . . are governed on the basis of ideas and values . . . which are not derived either from the necessities of nature or the command of God. If a man snatches his hand from a hot stove, that is not ideological. If he then decrees there shall be no more hot stoves in order to prevent burning, he has imposed an ideology (and one wholly alien to our own)." There is, for example, nothing in the development of the automobile which makes the clogging of our cities and the poisoning of our air logically inevitable. It is simply that we have preferred these consequences—perhaps without anticipating them—to restrictions on the use of automobiles.

No one has more bluntly stated the inward passion of the time than Lewis Strauss, who summed up the faith of two centuries when he was asked if nuclear physics might not have overstepped itself. "No," he answered. "I would not wipe out any part of it, not the bomb nor any other part of it, if I could. I believe everything man discovers, however he discovers it, is welcome and good for his future. In one this is the sort of belief that people go to the stake for." This is not a reasoned formula but an affirmation of an ideological belief verging on the mystical. Guided by such a belief, our society has developed virtually no mechanism for weighing technological change against the social consequences and enforcing its judgment. Only the great religious institutions engage in a similar process, and then, as in the case of Pope Paul and the pill, they are condemned because the values they seek to defend have lost their hold on men. This is not the place to pursue such philosophical abstractions. Yet



FOR HIM: BONWIT'S LUXE SUEDE AND LEATHER

Our new Harrison collection in rugged tan suede trimmed with russet brown leather is the most elegant luggage going! 12″ high Male Bag with adjustable shoulder strap, 30.00
18″ S'fari Bag fits under a plane seat, 50.00
Not shown: 20″ S'fari, 60.00
Carry-On One-Suiter, 75.00
18″ Club Bag, 30.00

LUGGAGE

Mail and phone.
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street,
New York Also in Manhasset
Westchester Short Hills
Philadelphia Jenkintown
Chicago Oakbrook
Cleveland Boston Palm Beach

BONWIT TELLER

To those of you who didn't buy Xerox in 1958:

BENGAL GIN
IMPORTED
BENGAL GIN

This time be the first to spot a good thing.
Try Bengal Gin. That's our tip for today.

94 PROOF GRRRR! IMPORTED FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, IN THE BOTTLE, BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

John Widdicomb

Makers of fine furniture for more than a century

A rare example of Spanish influence at its best. The carving is High Renaissance, a classic style that embodied the vitality and richness of the art of 16th Century England, Italy and Spain.

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture

See it at any John Widdicomb showroom through your dealer or decorator.

NEW YORK, 205 East 58th St. • PHILADELPHIA, 2301 Chestnut St. • BOSTON, 90 Berkeley St. • GRAND RAPIDS, Exhibitors Bldg.

Chicago • Cincinnati • Cleveland • Dallas • Denver • Houston • Indianapolis • Miami • Pittsburgh • St. Louis • Los Angeles • San Francisco

Free map and guide to Florida's dissimilar resort

See what makes Delray Beach so refreshingly different from other resorts on Florida's lower east coast. Learn why it's such a delightful place to relax while having fun on a holiday. A brand new full-color brochure depicts and describes its pleasures and includes a 16"x18" illustrated map of the city. It will make you at-home in Delray even before you arrive. Send for your free copy now. A lodgings directory will also be included to help you choose from many immaculate places to stay.

For a prompt response, simply drop a note to

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, DEPT. NY-5

Delray Beach

FLORIDA 33444

VISITORS' MAP AND GUIDE
Delray Beach

they are at the heart of the problem. In political terms, we are barred from much effective action because we have not regarded human values—except for those related to survival, civil liberty, and prosperity—as appropriate objects of public protection. This reluctance to allow government to become concerned with the quality of individual life has its historical roots in a healthy fear of the state and a desire to insure secular liberty. It now works against us, having been outdistanced by our material circumstances. Thus, traditional principles of private enterprise join with modern construction technology to create suburban blight. But there is no inherent reason a builder should not be under as much compulsion to provide open spaces, parks, and community centers as he is to provide safe wiring and sound structures. We can also maintain that clear air and freedom of movement are as important to us as the economic advantages of urban concentration. On a broader scale, we need to reëxamine all our institutions in order to determine whether what they do *for* people is worth what they do *to* them. This is not an easy job, especially since we must often match abstract or felt values against the formulations of logic and numbers. How, for example, does one explain an instinctive revulsion against the idea of a national computer center to store all the available information about every citizen, except to say that neatness and system and organization can be oppressive in themselves, and to draw upon our experience of human weakness to assert that increasing the capacity for control will increase the likelihood of control?

This kind of ideological reformation will not be easy for a people as little inclined to theory as our own. It will come, if it does come, in the context of relieving particular afflictions. Still, there is no other way that we can guide ourselves between the twin perils of uncontrollable turbulence and repression. We will be strengthened by the fact that such change corresponds to deeply felt human wants, many of which are manifesting themselves in our present disorders.

—Richard N. Goodwin

•

> One of the outstanding pictures of the sale was a comportrait of a ruddy-faced Soutine, a Lithuaman, New York, a dealer and an interior decorator.
>
> —*The Times.*

It would stand out anywhere.

THE THEATRE

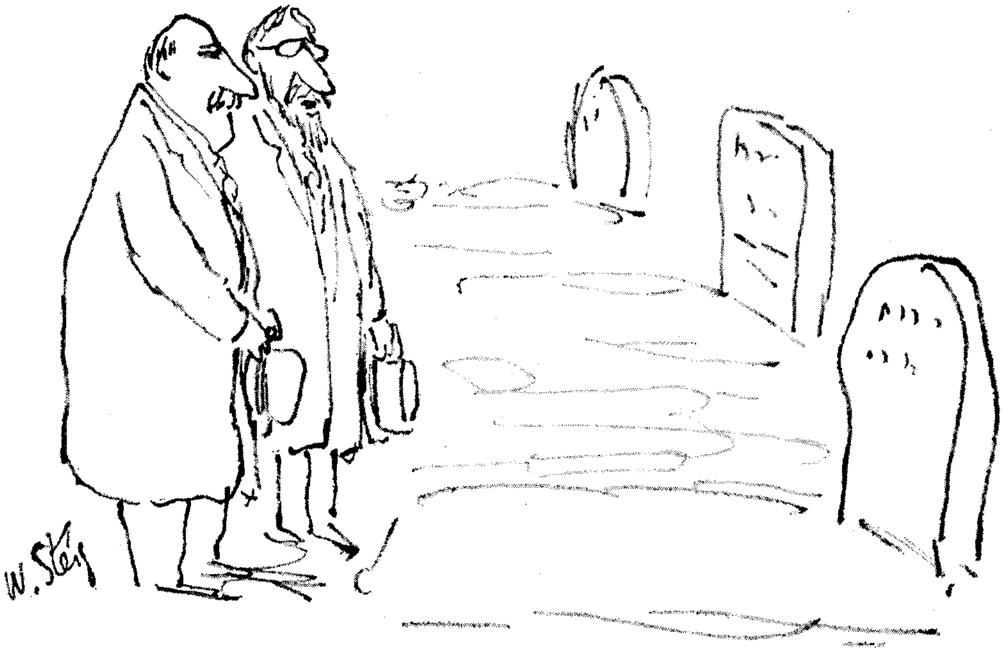
SOLVING THE GENERATION GAP

THE short and simple annals of the poor aren't a patch on the short and simple annals of success—what does one need to say about something that works well except that it works well and then "Hurrah"? I can be brief about "Forty Carats:" I can say "Hurrah." It is a silly trifle so nearly perfect of its kind—so merrily untrue to life and so stoutly true to trifledom—that I doubt if the bleakest curmudgeon in the land would dare to whisper a word against it. What could be more endearing, I ask you, than a comedy that makes one laugh all evening long at jokes that were no doubt breaking people up in Nineveh and that yet sound newly stumbled upon? There are one-liners to be heard at the Morosco that Adam may have used to lighten the day's work after Eve and he made good their escape from humorless Eden (Endsville, Adam called it), but we respond to them as if for the first time; the art that brings off this sort of feat this late in the twentieth century not only deserves applause but has earned the right to be left alone. I prefer not to examine the gossamer cat's cradle that supports "Forty Carats." If nothing that happens in the course of the play is to be believed for longer than the moment it takes to leap from one precarious preposterousness to the next, very well; there is much to be said in the theatre for the pleasure of crossing before one has reached it a bridge that isn't there.

"Forty Carats" is announced as having been adapted by Jay Allen from a comedy by a couple of French playwrights named Barillet and Gredy, but the director of the play is Abe Burrows, and I mean no offense to any of the other parties concerned when I say that his stamp, or spoor, is to be detected in nearly every jape and gesture. This is so much the case, indeed, that as the evening progressed I became increasingly convinced that Barillet-Gredy was but an anagram for "Try Abe grilled," obviously a code phrase for something on the order of "Get Abe to save the bacon;" certainly little that is Gallic remains of the original, if there *is* an original, except a conventionally excessive opening and closing of doors and a mathematical exactitude in the pairing off of lovers and surprises. The plot concerns a forty-year-old New York businesswoman—it is pleasant not to have her a teacher this time—who is fallen in love with by an idealistic twenty-two-year-old boy from Pittsburgh. (There are a couple of jokes about Pittsburgh that are not really very funny, but I confess I laughed at them; there is even a joke about Cleveland, at which, for a wonder, I didn't laugh.) The businesswoman has a seventeen-year-old daughter; this eager Dalton type sets her cap for a forty-five-year-old admirer of her mother. Meanwhile, the businesswoman's ex-husband, an actor reluctantly turning forty-two, has embarked on an affair with a teen-age baby-sitter, and the twenty-two-year-old's mother turns out to be the mistress of a mindless golfer half her age. Sexual countings off by two are one way of solving the generation gap; if it sounds fairly squalid in print, on the stage it is an occasion for prolonged high spirits and a few seconds of old-fashioned rue. When the last shuffle has been performed, everyone who wants someone has someone; if that does not pass for a happy ending, what can?

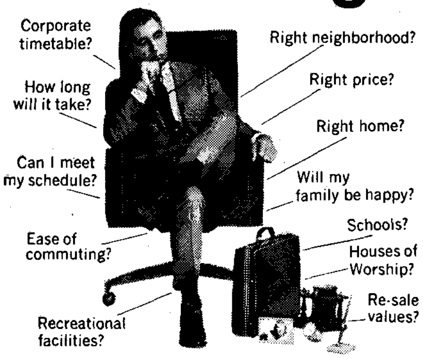
Julie Harris is fantastically attractive as the businesswoman; no man from twenty-two to ninety-two could possibly fail to fall in love with her. Marco St. John plays with grave charm the rather sticky role of the young idealist, and Gretchen Corbett makes a pretty and frightening apparition as the seventeen-year-old. Murray Hamilton is admirable as the ex-husband, and so is Glenda Farrell as a tough old battle-axe of a grandmother, while Franklin Cover makes an exceptionally witty thing out of his role as the forty-five-year-old. The handsome, free-wheeling scenery is by Will Steven Armstrong, and the costumes are by William McHone. I wish everyone concerned with "Forty Carats" a happy 1970—there is plainly no need to wish them well in 1969.

IF it were not a widely testified-to fact of theatrical history that Brecht's "The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui" has been given brilliant productions, I would be inclined to pontificate that such a thing was impossible; the only production of the play that I have seen is the one currently being presented here by the Minnesota Theatre Company (it alternates at the Billy Rose Theatre with "The House of Atreus"), and it left me wondering, not for the first time, how anything but a sow's ear can ever be fashioned from a sow's ear. The Minnesota group, directed by Edward Payson Call, though it works hard, seems unable to push the play to that extreme of flagrance which, in art if not in life, sometimes serves to bring a corpse back, Finnegan-like, into the merry turmoil of its own wake. To hold our attention, "Arturo Ui" must go somersaulting wildly past expected bounds; if the



"Experience is the best teacher."

EXECUTIVES...
Relocating?



Executive Homesearch can solve your househunting problems...WITHOUT CHARGE ...quickly...easily...efficiently

Through eight branch offices and a nationwide network of Realtors, we offer the fastest individualized personal attention to the problems of the homebuyer. We screen specific neighborhoods and match your requirements; fit community facilities to your needs. Relocating becomes a pleasure, not a problem... backed by Previews' 34 years of dedication, experience, and integrity. Executive Homesearch charges NO FEE for its services. Literature on request. Write or call (212) PL 8-2630.

Previews executive Homesearch™

49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Boston • Wash., D. C. • Palm Beach • Chicago
Denver • Los Angeles • San Francisco

Spit-fire dragon butane table lighter. Brass with green finish. Adjustable flame. $22.00 (postage $1.00)

Also perfume, gloves, jewelry.

"A distinguished store of impeccable reputation"

C.&M. CARON
P.O. BOX 1735
ST. THOMAS, VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write for our illustrated Price List

FOREMOST
STEAK HOUSE
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE
FREE PARKING
STEAK CASINO
33 University Place, N.Y.C.
9th ST. 1 Block E. of 5th AVE.
AL 4-7499

note continuously struck in it is not one of manic outrageousness, then it will appear but a ramshackle collection of obvious satiric points, most of them blunted enough at their first showing and further dulled by age. The play is, after all, nearly thirty years old. I am bound to suppose that I would have found it intellectually threadbare at its première; certainly I find it threadbare now.

It is to be said for "Arturo Ui" that no production of it, however faulty, can fail to let you see what its author is driving at; on the contrary, one sees it again and again and again, for Brecht's method—a very odd one for a poet—is not to cajole our sensibilities but to harangue them into submission, breaking up our conventional suave readiness to be entertained by make-believe with the brusque and deadly iteration of a jackhammer ripping open a stretch of smooth pavement. Brecht cultivates an abrasive vulgarity of apprehension as other poets cultivate fastidiousness. He is as farouche in the candor of his theatrical means as he is in that of his speech (assuming the accuracy in this case of George Tabori's racy translation), and, far from being ashamed to reveal that his chase has a beast in view, he keeps pointing the beast out to us as he rides it down, and he then requires us to watch him as, the beast done for, he stands knee-deep in gore to disembowel it. Brecht's interest in the Chicago stockyards, like his interest in Chicago gangsters, was no mere literary affectation; it may have been derived from books, as his interest in gangsters was derived from movies, but it was the real thing. If he was often the steer, he was also, from time to time, the man with the mallet.

The sophomoric satire of "Arturo Ui" attempts to laugh Hitler out of any claim to stature, even in respect to villainy, by comparing his rise to that of a frightened and maladroit little goon from Brooklyn. This goon—Ui—makes his way to the top in Chicago by muscling in on and taking over a so-called vegetable trust, consisting of a group of capitalists as crooked and as inept as himself. The parallels between Arturo and Hitler are made plain not only by the crudely carpentered episodes of the plot but also by three movie screens fixed above the skeletal set, upon which are projected appropriate newsreels of the nineteen-thirties. When a respected Irish political wheelhorse named Hindborough sells out in old age, we are shown Hindenburg onscreen, selling out in *his* old age; when Arturo's thugs set fire to a Chicago warehouse, we are shown the Reichstag burning; *und so weiter*. It is all very pat and very tiresome, not least because we know from the start the precise point at which Brecht is going to cause us to finish. But as a comment on history it is worse than tiresome—it is radically untrue, and it could be, under imaginable circumstances, dangerous. Hitler was a great villain indeed, and the dead in their millions bear witness to the fact that he was not to be outwitted by being mocked and called names.

Robin Gammell is an admirably twitchy and trigger-happy Arturo, though he has been ill-advised to risk the use of a Brooklyn-Sicilian accent, which often vanishes for minutes on end. Also worthy of mention out of a cast of twenty-odd are Paul Ballantyne, Richard Ramos, and Lee Richardson. The scenery and costumes are by Richard L. Hay, and the scandalously botched film sequences are by S. Leonard Auerbach. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Ruby and Dick and Joan

THE cheerful, unpretentious "Dames at Sea," which is part parody and part pastiche of all those musical movies about backstage life on Broadway as seen from the distance of the Warner Brothers lot back in the nineteen-thirties, at last manages to capture some of their foolishness. After heaven knows how many flabby or strident Off Broadway spoofs of old movies over the past few years, this show, which opened recently at the Bouwerie Lane, accomplishes its purpose—primarily, of course, because of the talent and discernment of those connected with it, but also, I think, because of their affectionate esteem for the original models, for what is being ridiculed. Jim Wise's melodic score is pleasant in itself and at the same time reminiscent of all those other pleasant, tuneful, forgettable scores; the words—book and lyrics by George Haimsohn and Robin Miller—are simultaneously amusing and nostalgic. At one point, somebody refers to the juvenile, an aspiring songwriter, as "a new De Sylva, Brown, and Henderson," which just about does it. Well up among the assets of the show is its leading lady, Bernadette Peters, as a girl just off the bus from Idaho who, faint with hunger, breaks into an onstage rehearsal wearing rehearsal clothes under her nasty gingham frock. ("Ah, give the kid a break," says Sally Stark, as a tough, heart-of-gold chorine named Joan, with bright Blondell hair, dark-red lipstick, and plucked, arched eyebrows.) Miss Peters' girl is called Ruby, and she is indeed all Keeleresque mannerisms—a plucky little soul, so down in the mouth when love goes wrong, so rainbow-through-tears when it takes a snappy turn for the better—and it is a joy to watch any expression, whatever it is, spread over her blank, wide-eyed face, and to watch her sudden, strenuous tap dancing. Miss Peters is as close to perfect as can be imagined, and so are the songs she sings and the lines she speaks. (She finally gets her big chance when the leading lady becomes indisposed. "But I don't know the music. I don't know the routines." "Can you do it?" "I'll try.") Her love is the songwriter—named Dick, of course. In the person of David Christmas, he is as decent and clean-cut a fellow as any girl could want (and a good dancer besides). In teasing, silver-plated, wistful charm, Miss Peters and Mr. Christmas time after time display the real thing, so the joke is more or less on them, to the benefit of all of us. Most of the performances, for that matter, are appropriate. The cast of six can sing and dance, and there is plenty of good stuff to sing and to dance to. Neal Kenyon was responsible for the direction and the choreography, and his production numbers hit just the right cock-eyed non-sequitur note, my favorite being one called "Raining in My Heart," which is sung plaintively by Miss Peters, with the backing of the jolly company, dressed in slickers and twirling umbrellas. But it is the small jokes and bits of business that count, and you must discover those for yourself. The theatre, at Second Street and Third Avenue, is in a bleak neighborhood; aside from that, no complaints. Like all respectable parodies, "Dames at Sea" stands on its own; you can enjoy it even if you weren't around thirty years ago, or if you have never switched on "The Late Late Show." —EDITH OLIVER

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Springfield (Mo.) Daily News*]

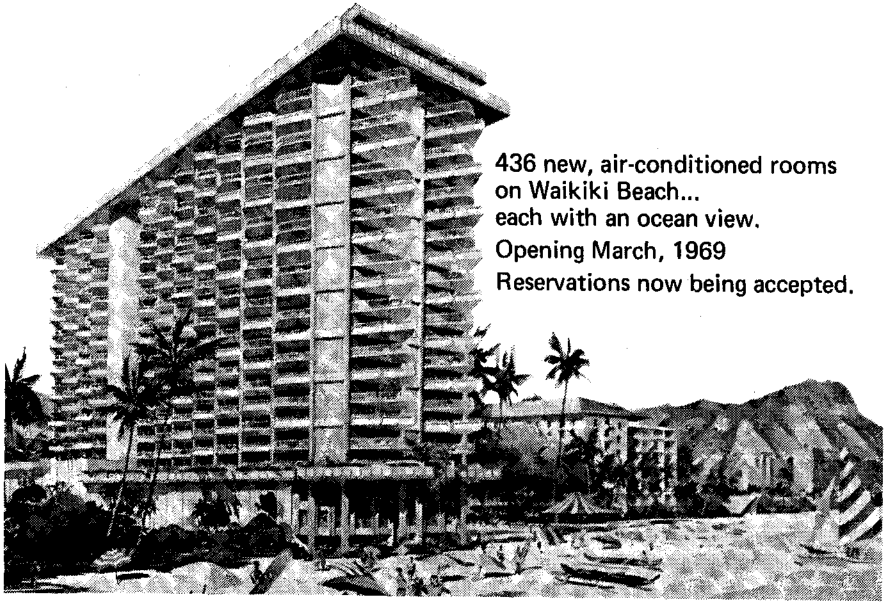
SALT LAKE CITY (AP)—Saying military nerve gas was not the cause of a massive Utah sheep kill last spring, an Army commander announced Friday a plan to keep it from happening again.

•

We imported an entire English still, just to make sure you'd get that true London Dry taste . . . without paying import duties.—*Gin adv. in The New Yorker.*

Slipped the fellow something?

SURFRIDER
HAWAII'S NEWEST HOTEL



436 new, air-conditioned rooms
on Waikiki Beach...
each with an ocean view.
Opening March, 1969
Reservations now being accepted.

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII
Royal Hawaiian/Princess Kaiulani/Moana/Surfrider/Sheraton-Maui/Sheraton-Kauai
For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel. A Worldwide Service of ITT

Auction of Fine Jewels
January 23 at 1:45 p.m.
From Various Owners. Including Jewelry from the Collection of His Grace, The Tenth Duke of Manchester

La Peregrina, the world famous pearl owned by Mary Tudor and 300 years of Spanish Royalty is an outstanding feature of this sale

Actual size

On Public View from January 18
Illustrated Catalogue $2. By Mail $3
Parke-Bernet Galleries • Inc
980 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10021

U.S. JOURNAL: OSHKOSH

A HEARING: "IN THE MATTER OF DISCIPLINARY ACTION INVOLVING CERTAIN STUDENTS OF WISCONSIN STATE UNIVERSITY-OSHKOSH"

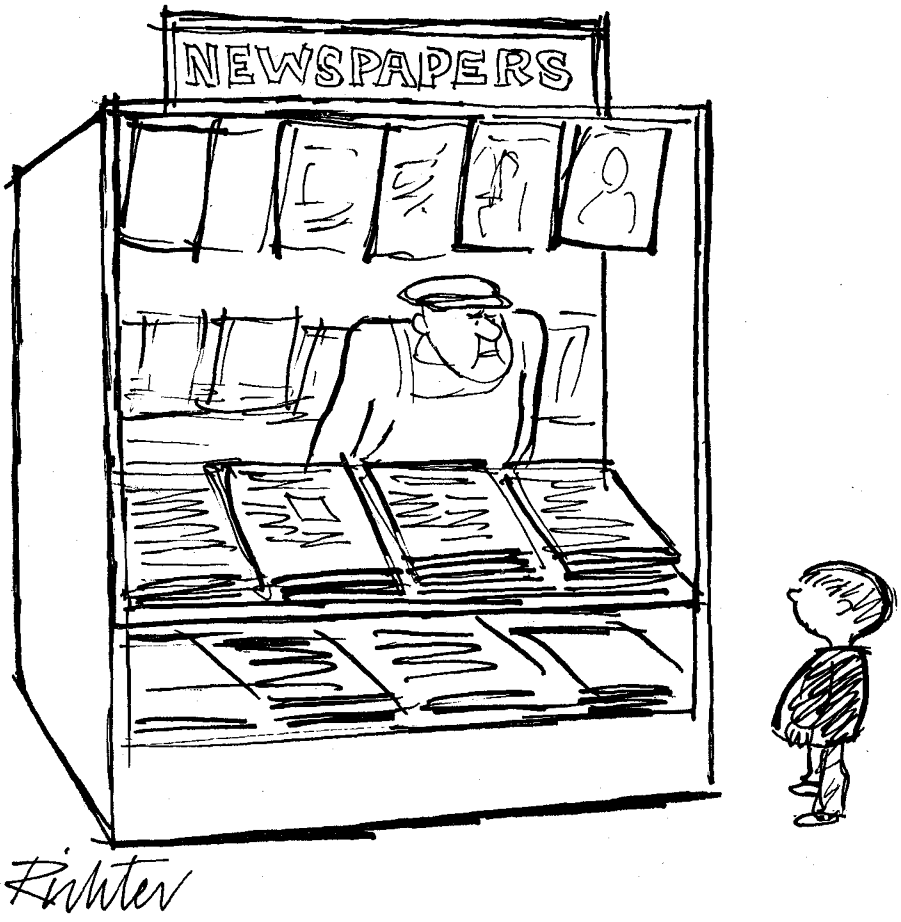
AFTER the events of November 21st, ninety-four of the hundred and fourteen black students enrolled at Wisconsin State University-Oshkosh were suspended almost immediately. They were told that a hearing could be requested by filing written notice within ten days. On December 9th, Federal District Judge James E. Doyle, finding that the suspensions had been imposed without due process of law, ruled that the university would have to reinstate the students unless it conducted the hearing on a specific charge and announced the results by December 20th. The Board of Regents of State Universities, which had assumed jurisdiction over the cases, chose to maintain the suspensions, and a hearing was held. In his opinion, Judge Doyle summarized what had happened at W.S.U.-O. on November 21st, and then wrote, "The events described in these affidavits cannot be recounted without evoking deep sadness; sadness in the memory of decades, even centuries, of injustice, the fruits of which are now so insistently with us; sadness that this legacy seems now to be producing a profound sickness in some of our people, and specifically some of our younger black people; and sadness that some of them appear so unaware that there is a sickness there."

ROGER E. GUILES, PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY, TESTIFIES TO BEING THE VICTIM OF UNDESIRABLE ACTIONS IN HIS OWN OFFICE:

GUILES (*A distinguished-looking man with a remarkable resemblance to the actor Fredric March, he speaks slowly from the witness stand, and twiddles his thumbs slowly as he speaks.*): I looked up somewhat surprised to find students standing in the doorway or moving through the doorway. . . . I looked up and asked if they had an appointment. . . . As I looked again, I noticed that they were in front of a much larger group of persons, who moved in through the office until there seemed to be no more space available. . . . I was presented with an eight-and-a-half-by-eleven-size sheet of paper on which were listed a number of demands, and I was told that I was expected to sign the statement. I was reminded that this was not to be a session for discussion or dialogue, that it was my signature that was being demanded and I'd better sign. . . . The students were crowded very tightly against all sides, and other students were sitting on the desk. . . . I pointed out that, Number One, I could not sign the statement. . . . I also asked the students to consider the fact that they were acting in a very undesirable manner and it was not to their advantage to remain in the room. This, however, was not accepted by them, as evidenced by the fact that they did not move. . . . After some fifteen or twenty minutes—a time during which I was unable to really communicate because my statements were interrupted—someone gave the signal of "Do your thing.". . . At that time, the room exploded. . . . In a relatively few minutes, the interior of the office became a shambles, as did the adjacent offices in rapid succession.

Just about everyone in Oshkosh was outraged by the property damage. It was originally reported, erroneously, at about fifteen thousand dollars. The Oshkosh Chamber of Commerce circulated a petition demanding that the students be expelled and be required to pay for the damage—then recalled the petition when it was pointed out that this uncharacteristic venture into the area of collegiate crime and punishment might be misinterpreted as reflecting some animus toward Negro students. A newspaper reporter who collected public reactions in Oshkosh a couple of days after the event found most citizens so angry and astonished that they could explain the destruction only in terms of outside influence, perhaps Communists. It was Oshkosh's first experience with modern student unrest—unless one counts some springtime trouble a couple of years ago when the legislature was considering raising the legal beer-drinking age.

Even people who considered themselves particularly sympathetic to the black students were shocked. "Nobody could understand why they did it," a local reporter told me. "I'm not sure that they understand why themselves." The university, after all, had consciously recruited Negroes and had established a special committee to assist them—the Advisory Committee for Culturally Distinct Students. The demands given to the president on November 21st were basically the same demands that had been turned over to the committee five weeks earlier—demands for an Afro-American cultural center, and black instructors, and courses on the black experience in America—and the university said later that the committee had actually been making considerable progress toward meeting the demands. An old house, due to be torn down next summer, had been offered as a temporary cultural



"When I was your age, I was already selling papers."

center, but was rejected; a couple of courses concerning black Americans were planned for the spring semester; letters had been sent to predominantly Negro colleges expressing interest in hiring Negro faculty members. Even before the demands were made, the university library had begun to stock *Ebony* and the plays of LeRoi Jones. "I think we did pretty well for five weeks," the committee's chairman told me. "After all, this is a bureaucracy."

PRESIDENT GUILES TESTIFIES TO THE PRESENCE OF BLACK STUDENTS AT THE UNIVERSITY:

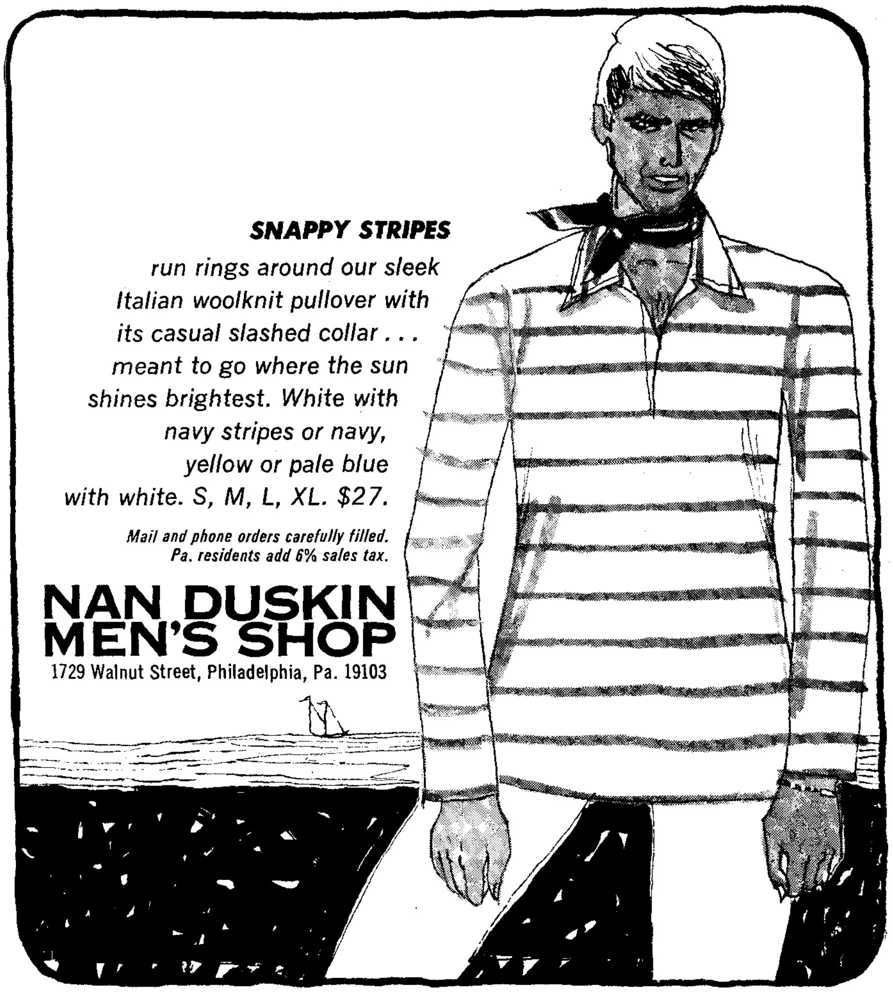
LLOYD BARBEE (*the lawyer for most of the suspended students—a bearded, frail-looking man, who is the only Negro in the Wisconsin state legislature*): President Guiles, when you first came to the university here, it was known as a state college, is that not correct?

GUILES: That's right.

BARBEE: And at that time did you have any black students?

GUILES: I believe that we've always had black students. I'm not absolutely sure of that, but as far as I can recall we've always had black students.

They were Africans. When Guiles arrived in Oshkosh, in 1959, after seventeen years at the state college at Platteville, there were about two thousand students enrolled. There may have been a few black African students among them, but until a few years ago black African students were the only kind of black students who came to Oshkosh. In 1964, the new director of admissions, Donald D. Jorgenson—now the registrar and the chairman of the Culturally Distinct Committee—mentioned to Guiles that the university ought to have some American Negroes, and was encouraged by the president's response. The following year, some Negro high-school seniors in inner-city Milwaukee, ninety miles away, began to receive visits from Jorgenson and even free bus tours of the W.S.U.-O. campus; Negro high-school seniors as far away as Newark, New Jersey, began receiving W.S.U.-O. applications in the mail. In 1967, a federally supported educational-opportunity center was established in Milwaukee and began channelling dozens of black students toward W.S.U.-O. The white enrollment had also been growing at an extraordinary rate. W.S.U.-O. now has eleven thousand students. About half of them are studying education—the university was called a teachers college before it was called a state college, and was called a normal school before that—but the university has promised a "sustained thrust toward



SNAPPY STRIPES
run rings around our sleek Italian woolknit pullover with its casual slashed collar . . . meant to go where the sun shines brightest. White with navy stripes or navy, yellow or pale blue with white. S, M, L, XL. $27.

Mail and phone orders carefully filled.
Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

NAN DUSKIN MEN'S SHOP
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19103

Does The Hallmark Make It Any Better?

Before the Hallmark goes on, it's already a masterpiece of delft. The Hallmark doesn't make it so. It tells you it's so. This cinnamon (or sugar) shaker is one of a kind because it's handmade—the same way delft was made in Colonial days. To make sure that no one mistakes any Williamsburg Restoration delft for the original antique, we bake the date of manufacture into each piece.

The Williamsburg Hallmark is reserved for those products that are crafted by one of the 17 licensed manufacturers of home furnishings and furniture.

For a colorful 144-page book full of Williamsburg® Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Dept. A-6, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Enjoy the warm hospitality
of the
ARIZONA
BILTMORE
in sunny Phoenix

One of America's
truly great resorts

Warm, friendly *hospitality*. It's all around you in this great resort hotel. *Hospitality* . . . graciously extended by staff members trained in the fine art of efficient service. You bask in other luxuries, too . . . private 18-hole golf course . . . sun bathing, swimming at the Cabana Club . . . riding on desert and mountain trails . . . tennis . . . dancing, entertainment . . . foods comparable to those you enjoy in the world's finest restaurants. Come . . . let us pamper *You*.

American or European Plan. Call your travel agent, any Warner office in the east, Hicks office in the west, or write John F. Clifford, General Manager, Arizona Biltmore, Phoenix, Arizona 85002. Phone (602) 955-6600.

PARIS IN NEW YORK
GOURMET DINNER, SHOW AND DANCING

RITA DIMITRI'S
chansonnette
890 SECOND AVE (47TH) PL 2 7320

JULES PODELL
PRESENTS
BOBBY DARIN
(BOB ROZARIO Musical Director)
IRWIN C. WATSON
COPACABANA
FULL COURSE DINNERS
SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

various forms of interdisciplinary studies." Through its interdisciplinary program in international affairs, W.S.U.-O. made some arrangements with universities in Ghana and Sierra Leone and, this year, began sending students off for a junior year in Africa.

President Guiles Testifies on the Difficulty of Estimating the Black Population of the City of Oshkosh:

Barbee: Doctor, do you know what the black population of the city of Oshkosh is?

Guiles: I haven't exact information. I have some idea. . . .

Barbee: What is that idea in terms of numbers?

Guiles: I do not know exactly, because that's not in my realm of responsibility.

Barbee: Is it large or small?

Guiles: Well, I don't want to get involved here with relative terms—what you mean by small, what you mean by large. I would assume that if you leave off the university population it would certainly be a very small percentage of the population.

If you leave off the university population, there aren't any black people in Oshkosh. There are very few Negroes in any of the cities along the Fox River Valley, from Oshkosh to Green Bay, but Oshkosh, a city of fifty thousand people, has been known for its singular whiteness. Before a few African students began coming to W.S.U.-O., about the only black people Oshkosh citizens ever saw were some who came up from Milwaukee on summer weekends to fish from the bridges. Off the campus, black students have occasionally run into fights and have regularly heard shouts of "Nigger!" from passing cars. In some bars, they have inferred that their patronage wasn't really welcome. More important, they have constantly felt stared at, strange, alone. "In Milwaukee, you go downtown and at least you see some black faces, even behind the counters," one of them told me. "Here everyone looks at you like you're some kind of freak."

Some of the black students didn't feel a lot more comfortable on the campus. The style and experience and dialect of the Milwaukee inner city did not provide an easy bridge for contact with middle-class white students from middle-class white towns in central Wisconsin. "This semester, everything seemed to go wrong," one of the black students told me. W.S.U.-O. is not a particularly demanding college—admission is automatic for any state resident in the top three-quarters of his graduating class; one undergraduate summed the university up as "a high school with ashtrays"—but graduates of black inner-city high schools are likely to have difficulty at any college, and the attrition rate of black students has been high from the start. This fall, a number of them also seemed to be running into administrative problems with the scholarships and loans that had been arranged through state and federal programs. "They should make black students feel at home, just like white students," one of the black students told me. The black students—almost all of them freshmen and sophomores—felt a long way from home. They tended to go around together in groups, and to keep their own counsel. (The white liberals on the faculty who denounced their suspension became close to them only after November 21st.) Few of them took part in the ordinary student activities. Every Wednesday, they got together for a meeting of the Black Student Union, and talked of demands that black students should make. "That cultural center was important to us," one of them told me. "It would be a psychological symbol that we exist."

President Guiles Testifies on the Committee That Had Been Given the Demands in October:

Barbee: Dr. Guiles, what could this . . . committee do in view of the demands that the black students had given it?

Guiles: Well . . . it is true that a large part of their responsibility hinges upon the art of persuasion, but that's not uncommon on a university campus.

"If the university was serious, they would have given the demands to a committee that had some power and money," one of the black students told me. In the opinion of one faculty member sympathetic to them, the black students had a sense of urgency about the demands which the administration never understood—and a need to assert themselves. They found the normal language of academic bureaucrats maddening. They considered the committee a stall, and events since November 21st have tended to convince them that they were right. Despite the talk about hiring black professors, for instance, the students have been told by white liberal faculty members that the departments felt no serious pressure to do so, and the one black instructor now at Oshkosh—a Nigerian—has said that when he gave the university some leads they were ignored; at a university convocation held a couple of days before the hearing Guiles said, "Here faculty is selected on the basis of background and ability for the position to be filled. Race should have nothing to do with it." At the same convocation, university officials replied to accusations that the then accepted damage figure of twelve thousand dollars was inflated by perhaps five hundred per cent. It was explained that the figure had reached the press by mistake—being not the actual damage but the total of an accounting that the university had made, for some reason, to show what the cost would be if every piece of furniture involved were replaced, so that a tipped-over desk showed up as a new desk. "They were *really thorough about adding up* the damage," one of the black students said. "What they're not *interested* in is what really caused the damage."

President Guiles Testifies to Problems of Identification in a Large University:

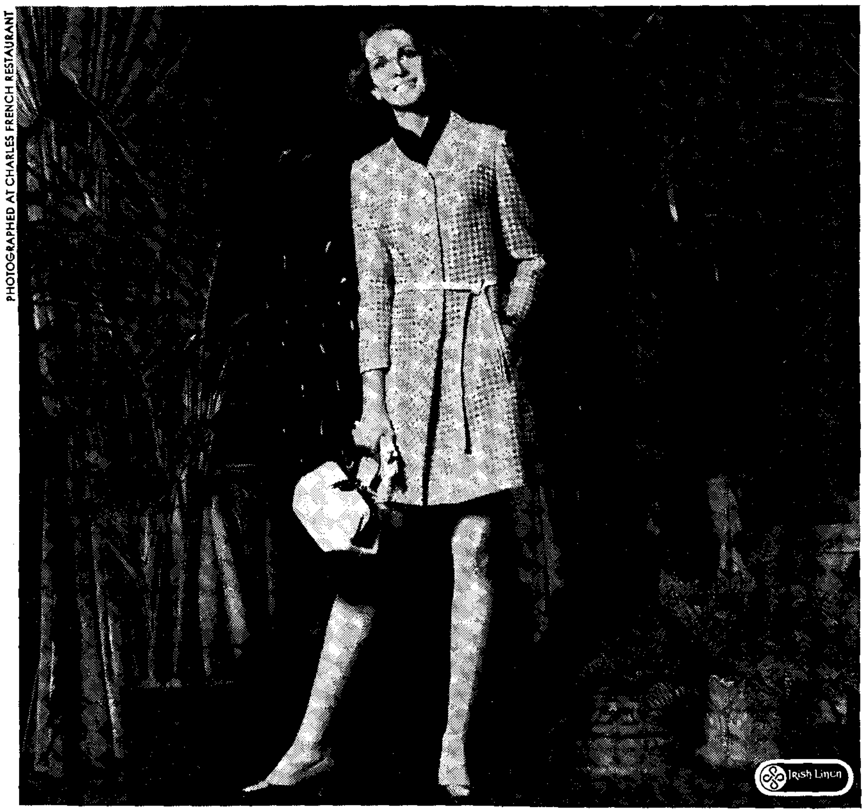
A State Assistant Attorney General (*acting as prosecutor for the regents*): Now, Dr. Guiles, were these students all black?

Guiles: All of these students who were in the offices—all the students I observed—happened to be black.

Assistant Attorney General: Now, do you recall any particular student who was in your office on this morning?

Guiles: I think I would have to say, first of all, that with an enrollment of eleven thousand students . . .

It is agreed by the eyewitnesses that only a certain number of the students who were present participated in damaging the president's office, but the eyewitnesses are unable to say which students they were. The damage was what had outraged everybody—that, and the idea of students presenting demands rather than requests to the president—but the hearing had to be held on the charge of blocking the use of a university office. All the students had been arrested for refusing to leave the suite of offices, and the police arrest list had provided the names for the mass suspension—even the names, it turned out, of a few students who, perhaps not having been present the previous evening, when the Black Student Union decided to stage the demonstration, had been in class during the time the damage was done and had only joined the crowd in the presidential suite later in the morning. It is agreed by both sides that many students merely stood in the office all morning, and that some stood there only through the pressure of racial solidarity. (The solidarity was eventually carried further: the black students remaining at W.S.U.-O. presented Guiles with a statement saying that they would not return next semes-


PHOTOGRAPHED AT CHARLES FRENCH RESTAURANT

GLENGANNON LINEN SPECTATORS BY DELMAN

Georgia Bullock

Bank on the beautiful checks of Georgia Bullock . . . as she fashions Erinore's wrinkle-free Irish Linen into a smartly scarved coat dress in beige and white. Sizes 8 to 20. About $125. At J. W. Robinson's, Beverly Hills; Woolf Bros., Kansas City; Frost Bros., San Antonio; Nordstrom Best, Seattle; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas.
William Ewart & Son, New York, Ltd.

Erinore®

When nations work together

The International Portable

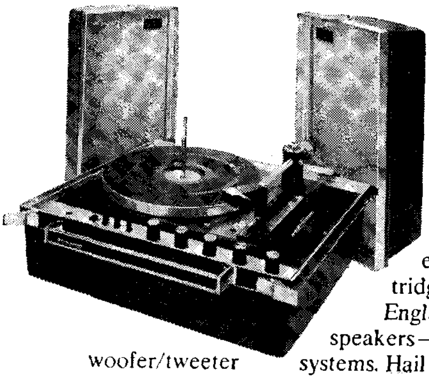
West Germany gave us the precision Miracord 620 turntable equipped with the Elac 244 cartridge. Wunderbar!

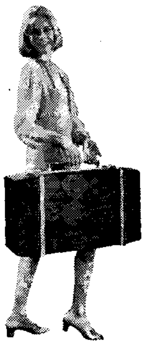
England contributed the famous EMI speakers—the delightfully compact, two-way woofer/tweeter systems. Hail Britannia.

The magnificent 32-watt Benjamin amplifier with all controls a music lover would want is strictly U.S. You'll pledge allegiance.

The Benjamin 1020 international portable in a handsome luggage-type case. Only $229.50. With built-in FM stereo tuner, $299.50. Other stereo compacts from $329.50. Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp. Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. (Also in Canada).

Benjamin 1020





De Busschere
Belgian Shoes
HAND MADE · HAND SEWN
MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

BANCO
Wine Lizard
Black Trim
$85
Built up leather heel
Other colors to order
Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request.
BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

Stan Musial & Joe Garagiola invite you to Miami Beach's
ivanhoe By the Sea
Oceanfront at 101st St., Bal Harbour, Miami Beach
FREE GOLF at nearby 18-hole Championship course, olympic pool, private beach, and famous KNIGHT ROOM Restaurant-Lounge.
call ROBERT REID ASSOCIATES, Inc.
NEW YORK PL 7-2444

ter if any of the suspended students were expelled.) The suspended students say they weren't asking that their demands be met immediately but that the president sign the paper immediately, as an indication of his good faith.

"You know," I was told by a girl who had been present, "we were just praying he would sign that paper."

E. O. THEDINGA, VICE-PRESIDENT FOR STUDENT AFFAIRS, TESTIFIES TO WHAT HE DID UPON HEARING THAT THE BLACK STUDENTS HAD TAKEN OVER THE PRESIDENTIAL OFFICE:

THEDINGA (*He has been at Oshkosh since 1936 and is as distinguished-looking as President Guiles. The students call him the Silver Fox.*): I immediately picked up the phone and dialled for Mr. James McKee. He responded. I said, "Do you know that the black students have taken over the presidential office and the executive suite?"

The plans for attracting black students to W.S.U.-O. did not establish any office or program to give them special attention once they arrived. Last February, after it was brought to the attention of a W.S.U.-O. faculty member that a number of the black students were carrying unrealistic class loads, he organized an ad-hoc committee that was eventually made into the formal Advisory Committee for Culturally Distinct Students. This fall, the university hired James McKee, a Negro, to coördinate its efforts for the culturally distinct, and hired one of the first Negro graduates of W.S.U.-O. as his assistant. The committee considered the hiring of McKee a solid accomplishment and considered McKee its link with the students. Testifying at the hearings, McKee went out of his way to indicate his sympathy for the students, but on November 21st he had been as surprised as E. O. Thedinga to hear that they were occupying the president's office. "The students thought of me as part of the administration," McKee told me. "I hadn't talked to them in weeks."

SERGEANT DISCH, OF THE OSHKOSH POLICE, AND SERGEANT MISCH, OF THE WINNEBAGO COUNTY SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT, AND OTHERS TESTIFY THAT THEY TOLD THE STUDENTS TO LEAVE, IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN, AND LOADED THEM ON TWO HERTZ RENTAL TRUCKS AND TOOK THEM TO JAIL. BARBEE THEN MAKES SOME CLOSING REMARKS:

BARBEE: The university administration here is used to operating a certain type of higher-educational institution that it has always run and that has not become flexible enough to meet the realities of the current generation . . . the university attempted to handle the situation in the normal middle-class administrative way of appointing a committee . . . and engaged in the kind of vague semantic language that was no substitute for action.

What a college administrator might expect from black students at a predominantly white Northern university was, of course, quite a bit different in 1964, when the idea of recruiting Negroes came up at W.S.U.-O., from what it is today. "I think a lot of people here thought it would be a good idea both for the black students and for the broadening of the white students, a lot of whom come from pretty parochial backgrounds," a faculty member told me. "I think that even after students were being recruited directly from the ghetto there was some feeling that they would just be black versions of our middle-class white students. It was hard to accept the idea that they had different patterns of behavior, different expectations." Some of the black students I spoke with during the hearings had reached the conclusion that the entire program was cynical—a way to qualify for federal grants. (The university says there is absolutely no federal money in question.) A lot of the black students, though, think the administration wanted to do the right thing. "I think they were sincere," one of them said. "They just didn't know what they were being sincere about."

ROBERT SILVERSTEIN, A LAWYER REPRESENTING SEVERAL OF THE STUDENTS, MAKES SOME CLOSING REMARKS:

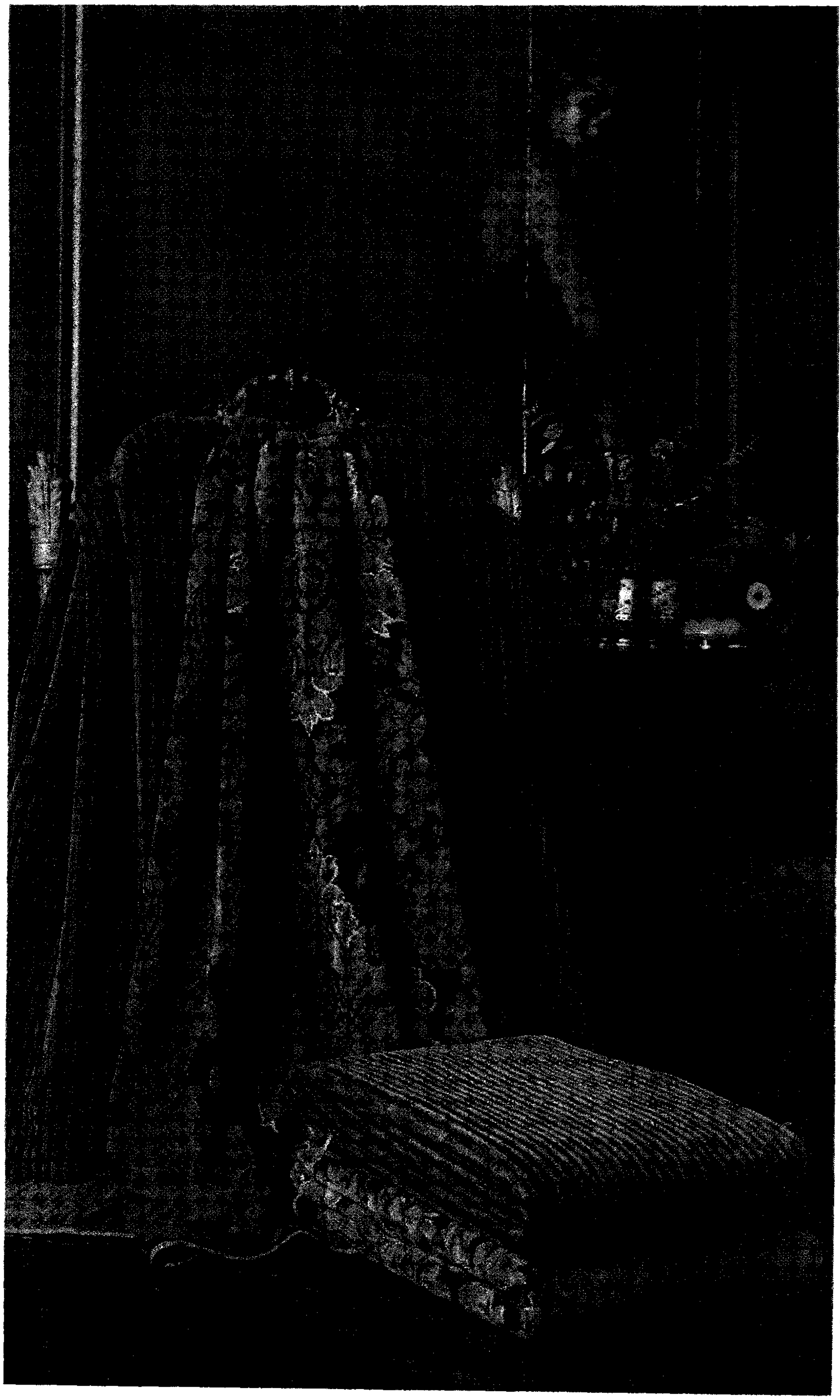
These students were trying to tell us something . . . obviously the signing of that paper by the president was nothing more than a symbol—a symbol saying "Yes, we realize we haven't listened. We're listening."

THE ASSISTANT ATTORNEY GENERAL MAKES SOME CLOSING REMARKS:

I'm not going to engage in a philosophical or a sociological argument. . . . However, I don't believe that any group of students, whether they be black or white, has the right to present such an ultimatum as was presented to President Guiles on the morning of November 21st. No group has that right.

Two days after the hearing ended, the Board of Regents, adhering to the time limit set by Judge Doyle, expelled ninety of the ninety-four suspended students. —CALVIN TRILLIN

Just everyday things.
Made beautiful by Stevens.



Beautiful Things for the Home: Here are two luxury towels from the Stevens Fine Arts Collection™—"To the Queen's Taste" and "King's Taste." Both are 100% cotton sheared velour. Both are as fit for a palace as they are for a tucked-away cottage. Available in five rich color combinations: green, red, laurel, antique brass and blue. For the store nearest you, call any hour, any day at no telephone charge: (800) 243-1890. In Connecticut call collect: 325-4336. J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10036.

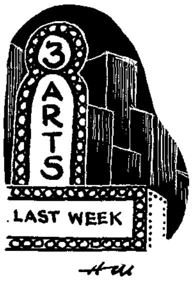
Forstmann® blankets, Gulistan® carpets, ready-made draperies Beauti-Blend™ sheets and Utica® sheets, towels and bath rugs:
JUST EVERYDAY THINGS FOR THE HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL BY
Stevens

Gino Paoli is for golfers who still dress for golf.

This is the way to look outstanding on the links.
But not the least bit outlandish.
Gino Paoli golf clothes are designed for men and women
who have a sense of style. And the sense to choose
golf clothes which will never get in the way of their game.
The colors are pure, crisp, sparkling!
Look for Gino Paoli wherever authentic golf fashions are sold.
Gino Paoli, Active Sportswear Division,
1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018

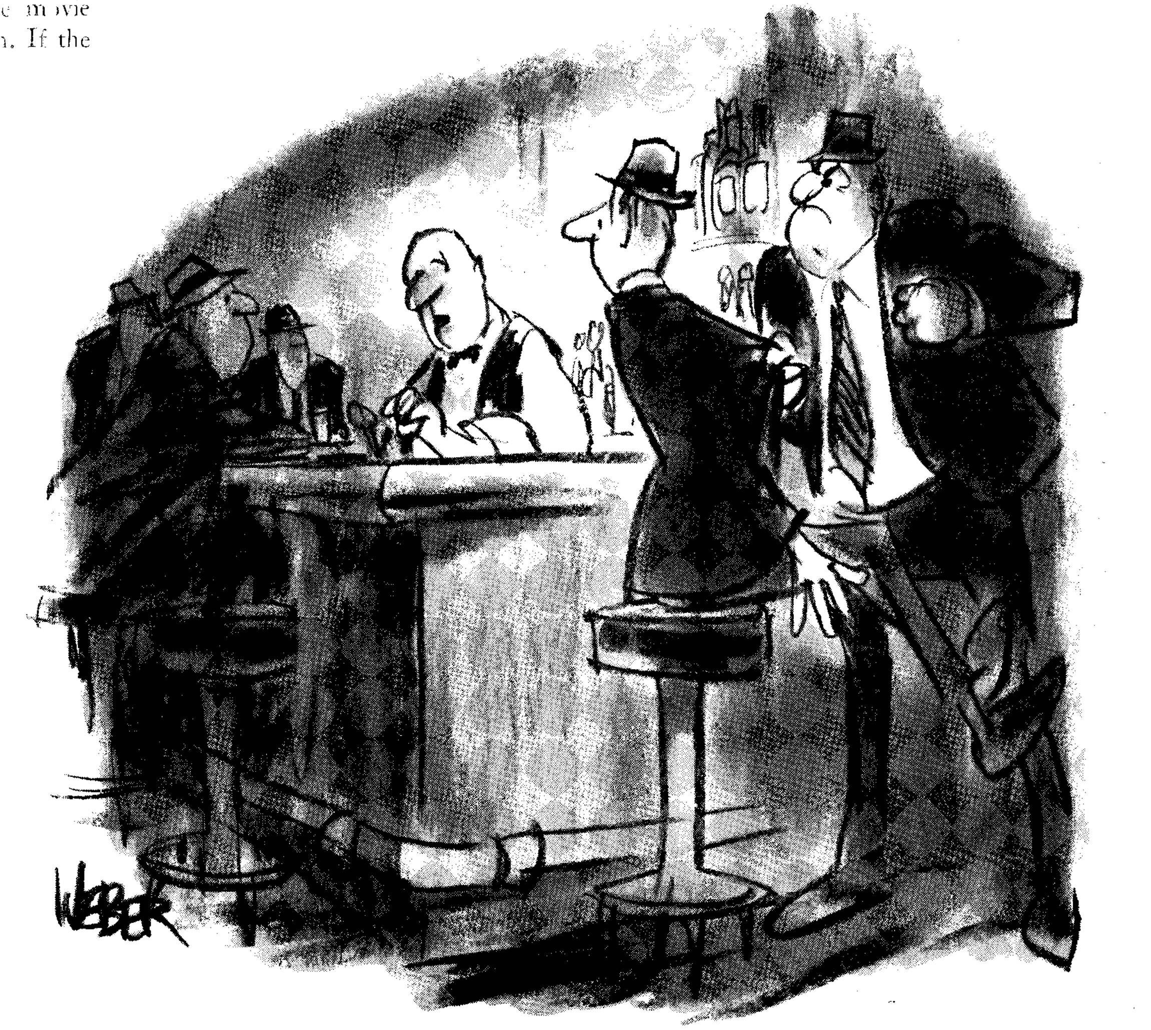
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Big Misses

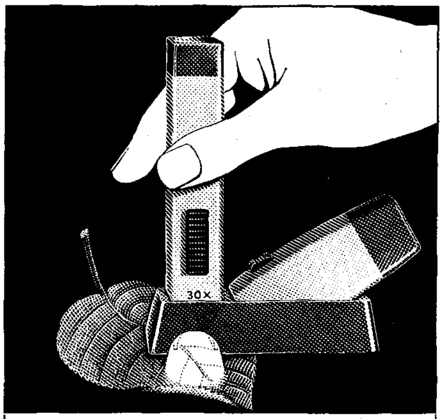


THE submarine commander (Rock Hudson) is given his top-secret special assignment by his superior, who asks, "Jim, just how much do you know about Ice Station Zebra?" We're in purest old Hollywood, with such exquisite locutions as "Something's gone wrong up there, that's for sure." One of my least favorite actors (Ernest Borgnine) delivers my favorite example of Douglas Heyes' screenwriting: "Aha!" I hadn't heard a real "Aha!" like that in years. "Ice Station Zebra" is one of the most expensive adventure movies ever made, because after the picture was half shot—with Gregory Peck as the submarine commander—the producer, Martin Ransohoff, became dissatisfied with the script and halted production while a new one was prepared; Peck went on to other commitments, and almost half the movie had to be redone, with Hudson. If the dialogue I heard was the *improved* version, what could the version Ransohoff was *dissatisfied* with have been like? After a very few minutes of "Ice Station Zebra," I wanted to leave, but it was icy outside, too, so inertia kept me, and after a while I had invested so much time I thought I might as well try to figure out what the devil was supposed to be going on. It was obvious that the movie hadn't been made to exhibit the wit and wisdom of Mr. Heyes; perhaps there was a good spy-adventure story buried in the verbal muck, and the director, John Sturges, would dig it out. Eventually, the sort of plot one expects in an episode of a television series emerged, and the silliness of the whole big movie became almost satisfying, in a ritualistic, bad-movie way. After your ear is numbed, the tired old lines don't really bother you; it gets to be like living in an echo chamber, and pop music has taken the mystery out of *that*. You begin to think Hudson isn't really as ghastly as he used to be; you've got so used to his dreariness he's just colorless and inoffensive, and you begin to think he's held up pretty well—which is somehow reassuring. They may have forgotten how to make pictures in Hollywood, but they sure know how to keep people in an excellent state of preservation. And people turn up that you know from other places (Patrick McGoohan, of the "Secret Agent" television series, doing his stylish smarty-pants act—and never has a movie needed a little style and smartness more) and better times (Alf Kjellin, who was the first Ingmar Bergman hero, in the film "Torment," made from a Bergman script, and now plays a lean Russian colonel). And there is Jim Brown—so blankly beautiful he almost passes for enigmatic—and troops of actors flopping around in their pretty parkas. Sturges's direction is as dull as in "The Satan Bug," but after a while you don't expect it to be good, the way it was in "Escape from Fort Bravo" or "Bad Day at Black Rock" or "The Great Escape," and so you adjust to this, and don't mind it very much. Your expectations get scaled down in everything else, too; "Ice Station Zebra" is terrible in such a familiar way that at some level it's *pleasant*. We learn to settle for so little, we moviegoers.

YOU can't get adjusted to "Candy," even though it has some good bits, because, in defiance of all your expectations, it keeps getting worse than seems possible. What might have been a classic sex burlesque in the genre of "I'm No Angel" (Mae West as the lion-tamer who brought out the beast in men) is just a shambles of a sex spoof, and though it sticks fairly closely to the book, which was an erotic satire, it isn't erotic. "Candy," based on the novel by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg, is late in arriving on the screen. For maximum effect, it should have been done several years ago, with a young version of Marilyn Monroe; George Axelrod did something similar in "Lord Love a Duck," with Tuesday Weld. The material—Candide as a teen-age American girl who believes



"Don't look at me, pal. The guy who would defend to the death your right to say that isn't here tonight."



LUMISCOPE
ILLUMINATED 30x MICROSCOPE SYSTEM

Your first look through **LUMISCOPE** will evoke a gasp of surprise and disbelief! Here, *in a brilliantly illuminated field you will discover the mini-structure of inanimate and living things.* You needn't restrict yourself to static observations. Have you ever watched life within a drop of water? Or the subtle color *changes as electricity courses through a resistance wire?* These and other fascinating sights can be visible to you with **LUMISCOPE.** The System consists of the Microscope, light attachment (may be used separately as a flashlight), stand and batteries– in fitted case.

Send me: ☐ Standard **LUMISCOPE** $12.95.
☐ Measuring **L'SCOPE** (3mm reticle) $19.95.
I enclose this amount (plus $1 for post. & ins.) Calif. residents add 5%. Refund in ONE YEAR if not delighted.
NAME
ADDRESS
ZIP
NY0104
584 Washington St. San Francisco, 94111 **haverhill's**

EXTRAORDINARY PEOPLE OF IMPECCABLE TASTE WILL APPRECIATE OUR FREE-76-PAGE CATALOG
of the Unique, Unusual & Rare from Africa, Europe, Asia. For Ladies & Gentlemen; home, office, sport, travel, town & country. Write Dept. NY
Sixth Edition 1969
Visit our SAFARILAND™ Showroom
HUNTING WORLD
247 EAST 50 ST., NEW YORK 10022

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful
Year-around Garden or
Continental Dining Rooms.
Also facilities for private
parties. Parking at Delaware
entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION
SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

what men tell her and is pleased that they *need* her—no longer holds many surprises, so it was necessary for the movie to be very cleverly directed. It's an incompetent mess, but there are Richard Burton's parody of Dylan Thomas (though it does go on), Marlon Brando's Grindl the Guru episode (especially under the covers), and the bloody hospital sequence, with James Coburn as Dr. Krankeit. This satire of surgery seems to work not just because it's well acted by Coburn and because the comic ideas build but because it's in such terrible taste that it's almost irresistible. You know that it's a bad sick joke and that you should want it to end, because it's crude and wicked, but you're laughing helplessly—which demonstrates once again that it's impossible to use "good taste" as any kind of aesthetic standard. But Charles Aznavour's Hunchback and Ringo Starr's Emmanuel don't work at any level, and although Walter Matthau acts acceptably, his part—a right-wing general—is tired. John Astin is well cast as the Daddy and Uncle Jack characters. He seems the true Terry Southern hero—and, like Southern, funny but not as funny as he seems to think. The women are *all* terrible (especially Elsa Martinelli as Aunt Livia, who is arch). Ewa Aulin, who plays Candy, looks great in stills and has the requisite lewd quality for a born dupe whose innocence serves as an aphrodisiac, but she lacks the necessary dewy *freshness.* And she isn't, and can't act, American (her vocal inflections are reminiscent of Peter Lorre's in his pussycat roles), and she's too untrained (and unassisted by the director) for her happy martyrdom to be funny. The movie looks as if the director, Christian Marquand, had been delighted to have all those stars and beautiful women around and hoped it would all come out right. I have visions of the editor holding his head—his brain slipping through his fingers—as he tried to figure out how to put this stuff together. The picture gives one total geographical confusion: you can never believe that it was shot where the action is supposed to be—you keep wondering if you're in Europe or America, or where. This absence of a sense of milieu is one of the clearest signs of the director's incompetence, and there are many others. One is a scene of two cops beating a man up: we know how to read it, but it's so badly and brutally done it's just ugly. The movie needed to be crude—and ugly in places—but deliberately, not helplessly. Treating sex as lust, the book carries things so grossly far that it brings out in us the naughty, dirty kid who carries jokes too far, until they turn stupid and ugly, and this out-in-the-open dirty kid's approach might have been entertaining if Marquand knew how to direct burlesque (as some of the stars obviously knew how to play it).

IT is one of the paradoxes of the movie business that the movies designed expressly for children are generally the ones that frighten them most. I have never heard children screaming in fear at any of those movies we're always told they should be protected from as they screamed at "Bambi" and "Dumbo." Bambi's mother is murdered, Dumbo's mother is goaded to madness and separated from Dumbo; these movies really hit children where it counts. And here we are again in "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang," with its climax of a child-catcher (Robert Helpmann) who lures hungry children with promises of sweets, traps them right before the eyes of helpless adults, and throws them into prison. What a sweet bit of whimsey! This musical for children is almost sadistically ill-planned: it runs a hundred and fifty-six minutes, plus intermission, and almost all the fantasy material is in the last hour. That means that the small children (and who else wants to see it?) will be restless, exhausted, overfed, sticky, and irritable long before they even get a chance to become frightened and upset. Do the men who concoct these entertainments ever consider the simple logistics of what parents go through before, during, and after a three-hour movie?

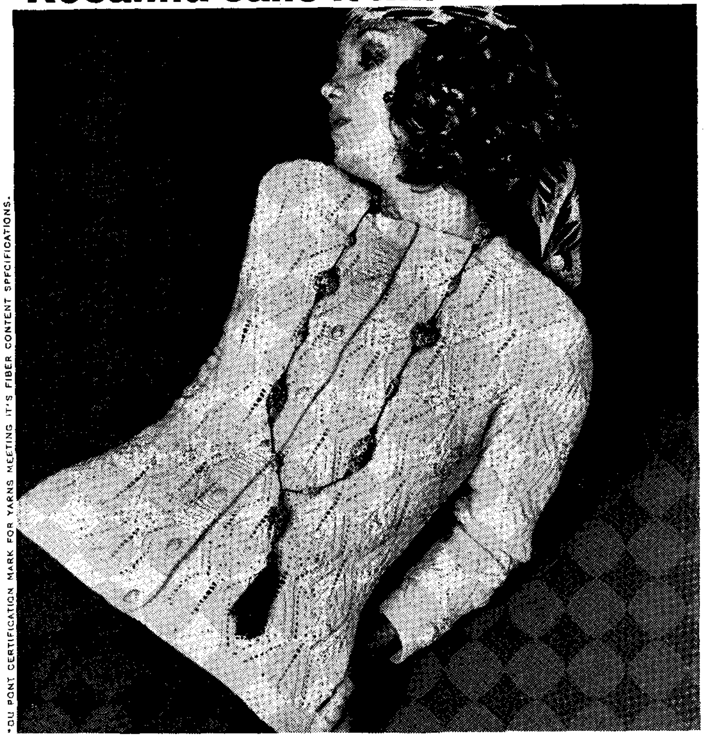
This ten-million-dollar musical fantasy for children has a desperate jollity; everybody has been doing his damnedest and everything has gone hopelessly wrong. The script, by Roald Dahl and the director Ken Hughes, from Ian Fleming's volume of stories about an Edwardian motorcar (which makes noises that sound like "chitty chitty bang bang"), tries to be fanciful. The writers try to appeal to kids with the kind of cheerlessly cheerful "imaginative fantasy" that falls flat between comic strip and fairy tale, and they try to appeal to adults with a jokey tone of complicity that keeps saying: Look at those precious children, and doesn't everybody love harmless eccentrics? They might as well have gone the rest of the way and put canned laughter on the sound track. The movie needs it, because the writers have failed to make the eccentrics into characters. And Ken Hughes directs in that "Isn't this humorous?" style of Ken Annakin's

"Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines," only much worse. I have some residual affection for Dick Van Dyke, but I don't understand why, so early in his career, when he should be fighting for good roles, he has sunk to family pictures of the sort that actors fall back on when they're finished. He *is* ingratiating; he shouldn't *act* ingratiating. He has become a daddy before he needed to.

Maybe it's just because the action in "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" eventually shifts from England to a Bavarian kingdom called Vulgaria, where people talk in comic German accents, but the whole thing seemed to be an Aryan nightmare. Sally Ann Howes (as Truly Scrumptious) has that cold "princess" look that the movie moguls have always foisted on us as beauty. She's the female equivalent of the "handsome" Hudsons and Pecks who are cast as "the hero" because they don't project enough character or interest for anything else. She looks absolutely in place when she's pretending to be the mechanical doll on a German music box. This bland operetta of a movie is hardly in a position to satirize Vulgaria. German dialect humor has never been very witty—it's always broad and forced—but Anna Quayle manages to bring off a duet with Gert Frobe, called "Chu-Chi Face," that is the high point of the movie. Miss Quayle is getting to be a picture-redeemer, the way Angela Lansbury (whom she somewhat resembles) used to be. Other good points are the first sight of Ken Adam's two big sets for the Scrumptious Candy Cookery, and the little-girl heroine (Heather Ripley), a storybook girl who is serenely, unconscionably beautiful. The magical flying-floating car itself is elegant when seen from underneath in the air, but the technical processes are a disgrace; when children have waited so long to be carried aloft in imagination, such clumsy fakery seems cruel. The construction of the Pushmi-Pullyu and the Great Pink Sea Snail in "Doctor Dolittle" were also pathetic. "Finian's Rainbow," with fewer magical effects, had more magical feeling. Big, expensive movie fantasies used to be very proud of their technical perfection, but perhaps fantasy must always be the imaginative expression of one person, whether a storyteller or a designer or a director, and the factory methods of the big, new, overanxious productions don't work. It may be that modern moviemaking methods take the magic out of magic.

—PAULINE KAEL

Rosanna calls it Minnie Ha Ha.



*DU PONT CERTIFICATION MARK FOR YARNS MEETING IT'S FIBER CONTENT SPECIFICATIONS.

Because it tickles the fancy.

Heap great cardigan. Quadrangle pointelle stitch. Easy wash. How? All WINTUK* Orlon® acrylic. In yellow, blue, pearl grey, sand, shrimp, black and white. About $16. Wow. At Best & Co., New York; Carson, Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; the Broadway, Los Angeles and all fine stores.

rosanna

THE RESORT THAT IS!

Pier 66 is 22 tropical acres, bordered by blue water and white-hulled yachts. It is green par-three fairways, turquoise swimming pools, bikinied bathers and relaxing sunjourners. It is three superb restaurants (nightly entertainment). It is spectacular views, from the revolving Pier Top Lounge, from your balconied tower room, or from sun-patioed motel rooms. It is every service expected in a great resort. Just ask your travel agent or write direct.

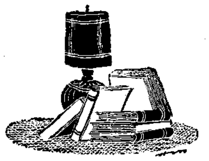
LANDMARK FOR FUN
IN FORT LAUDERDALE

PIER 66

DEPARTMENT NY-25
17th ST. CAUSEWAY • FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33316

BOOKS

The Greatest of the Monsters



IN sitting down to write another full-length book on Wagner after Ernest Newman's magnum opus, Mr. Robert Gutman was taking a risk, but I am happy to say that "Richard Wagner, The Man, His Mind, and His Music" (published, at twelve dollars and fifty cents, by Harcourt, Brace & World) is an admirable and indispensable addition to Wagnerian criticism. Among its many virtues I must mention one because it is not as common as it should be: the index is excellent. I have two very minor criticisms. I do not understand why Mr. Gutman has anglicized the titles of the operas. Both at the Met and at Covent Garden they are always given in German; I have never myself seen "Die Walküre" billed as "The Valkyrie." Secondly, when he makes a joke, he ends his sentence with an exclamation mark; such superfluous punctuation should be left to Queen Victoria.

On principle, I object to biographies of artists, since I do not believe that knowledge of their private lives sheds any significant light upon their works. For example, the scene between Wotan and Fricka in "Die Walküre" is no doubt based upon Wagner's reminiscences of marital rows with Minna, but this does not explain why it is, musically, one of the greatest scenes in all opera. However, the story of Wagner's life is absolutely fascinating, and it would be so if he had never written a note. It is sad, but a fact, that while the lives of decent folk usually make dull reading, the lives of bad hats are nearly always interesting, and Wagner, aside from being one of the greatest musical geniuses who ever lived, was a very bad hat indeed.

In financial matters, from early youth till the day of his death he was a common-or-garden, though highly successful, crook:

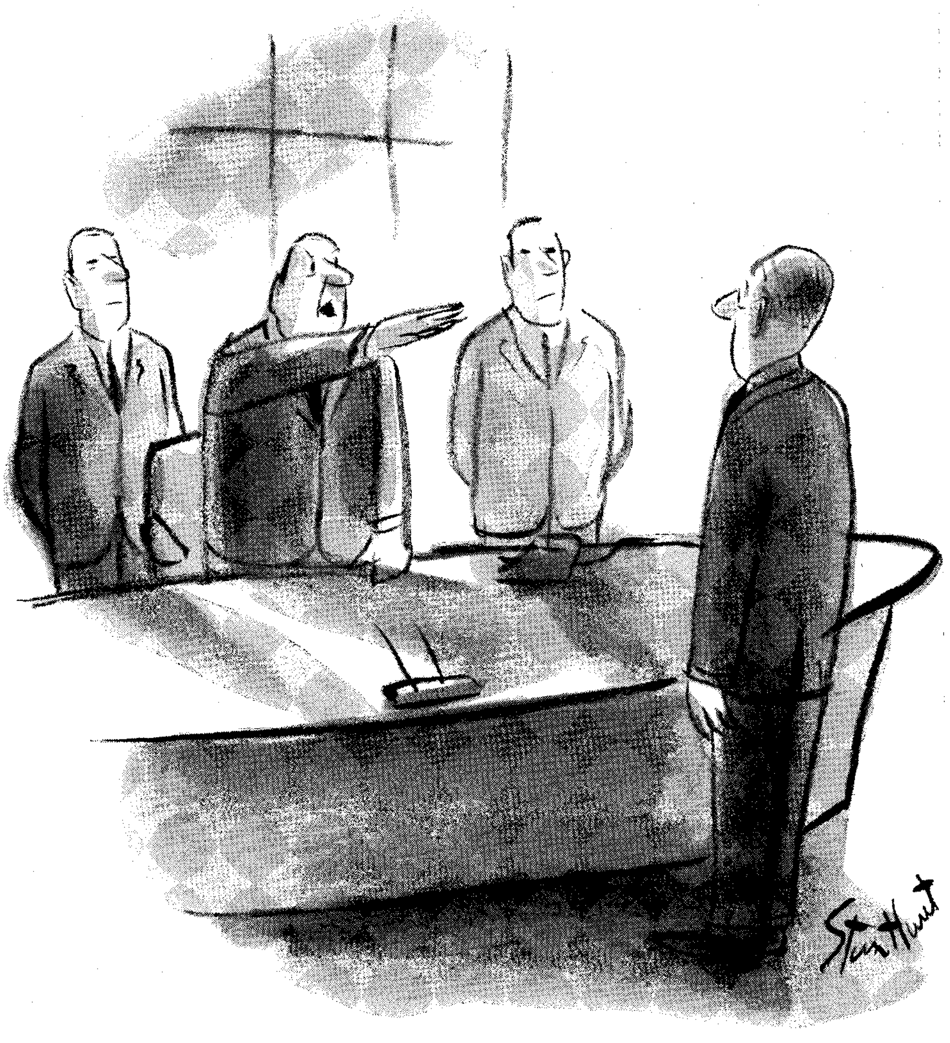
> He pleaded with Breitkopf and Härtel and with Liszt to purchase his publishing venture from Meser and secure the copyrights of "Rienzi," "Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser." Typically, it escaped Wagner's memory that he had already conveyed to Pusinelli ownership in his published works as collateral for loans. He was even to ask the doctor to purchase a second time this very security that was becoming his by default! That the rights to "Tristan and Isolde" were later given him as general compensation did not stop Wagner from subsequently negotiating their sale to Breitkopf and Härtel. Nor was Pusinelli to be the only victim of such chicanery. Otto Wesendonk, who bought the publishing rights to "Rhinegold" and "Valkyrie" in 1859, had wide experience with Wagner's character and was perhaps not too startled to learn that "Rhinegold" was soon sold again to Schott of Mainz without any intention on Wagner's part of repaying the original advances. As requital Otto was granted the rights to "The Twilight of the Gods"—an unwritten work! But in 1865 Wagner demanded that Otto without reimbursement give up all claims to the Ring (he had also paid for the incomplete "Siegfried") and even surrender—"amiably and generously"—the autograph orchestral score of "Rhinegold," his only remaining asset of these transactions, to the Ring's newest proprietor, the Bavarian king. The climax of double dealing came after the first Bayreuth festival, when King Ludwig's ownership rights, for which he had paid untold thousands of marks, were ignored by Wagner, who proceeded to sell the Ring to individual theatres for his own profit.

Socially, he was a spoiled brat:

> On one famous occasion he became so upset to discover himself not leading the discussion and in fact to observe his guests quietly chatting with one another that, to regain their attention, he simply opened his mouth and screamed.

Many artists are jealous of their colleagues and say nasty things about them, but as a rule they reserve their malice for those who are on a rival artistic track and they are willing to give credit to those by whom they have themselves been influenced. But it was precisely about those composers from whom he had learned most that Wagner was nastiest. It is obvious, for instance, that he was influenced by two works of Mendelssohn's, "The Scottish Symphony" and "Lobgesang;" the latter he called "purblind ingenuousness," the former "effeminately depressed," which, coming from Wagner, of all people, is a bit steep.

In his sexual life, he indulged in one affair after another. Again, many artists have done the same, but they have not, as Wagner did in opera after opera, extolled the virtues of renuncia-



"... I do now, therefore, by the authority vested in me, declare you, Walter Herman, obsolete."

Seven of many relished ways to have fun in Fort Lauderdale

Plus a free booklet
showing all the others

DEEPSEA FISHING. Devotees include both sexes and, as our photo attests, many trophy-size catches are made by pint-size wives. Charter boats take you out with bait and tackle furnished.

ISLAND HOPPING. You see more islands along Lauderdale's 165 miles of waterways than on a sail to Samoa. Rent a small powerboat, or board a sightseeing cruiser and go exploring.

GOURMET DINING. Here you have a great choice of superb restaurants. The foods of practically every cuisine-famous nation are authentically presented in unique settings that add to dining-out fun.

SUN AND SURF. Every gal looks more glamorous after tanning on our beach. There are six golden miles of it, bordered by blue Atlantic surf. The transparent waters are ideal for bathing, and snorkeling.

YEAR-ROUND GOLF. Play on thirty courses, all within a short drive of your lodgings. Any time of year you'll find the fairways lush on championship layouts, executive-size or par-three links.

SHORE PICNICS. A half-mile section of beach with grills, tables and benches is set aside for family fun. Appetites soar after a dip in the salty surf. So bring plenty of charcoal and fixin's.

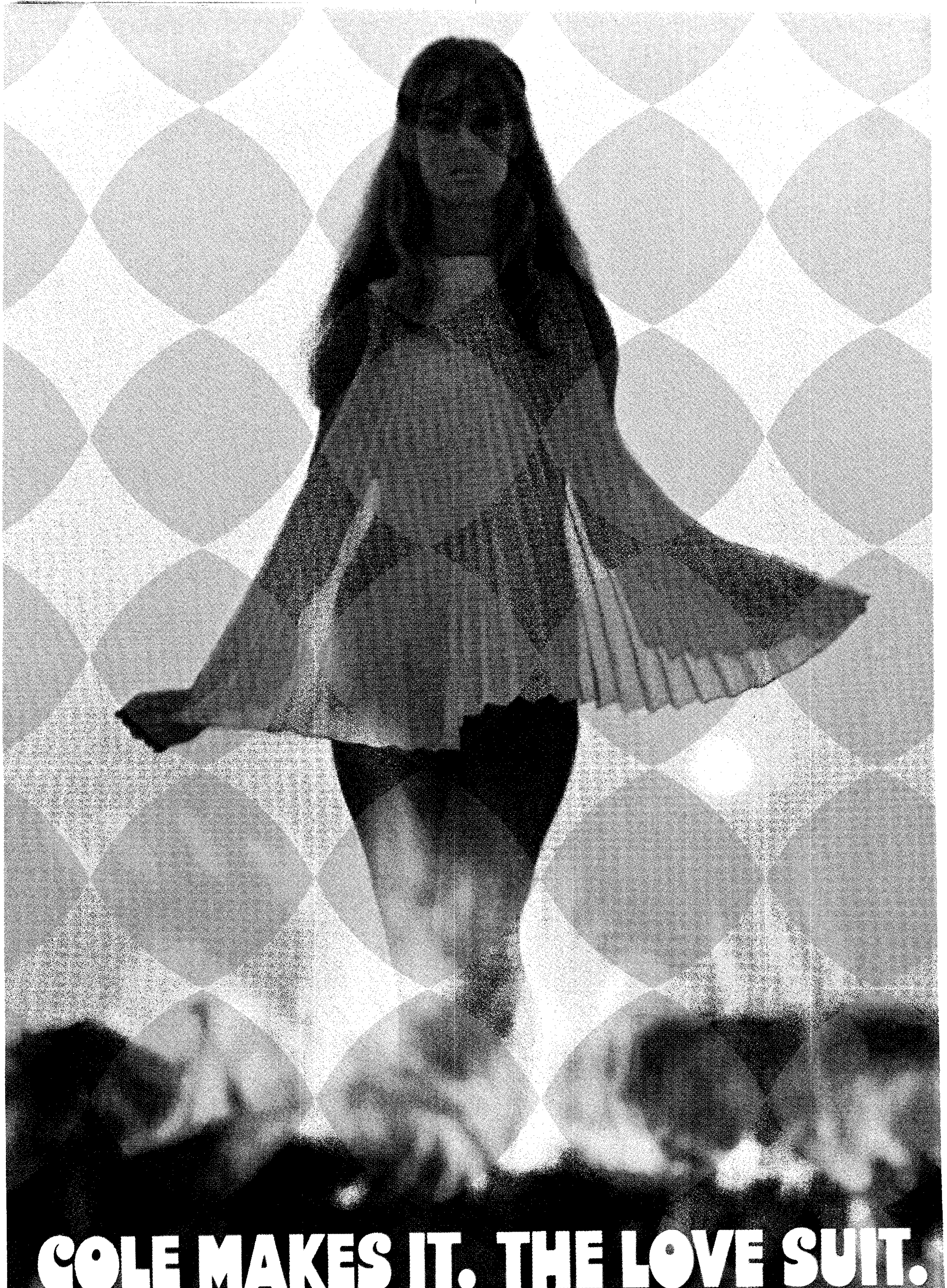
PERFORMING ARTS. A festival of drama, opera, ballet and symphony goes on over a long season. And in the million-dollar Parker Playhouse, Broadway hits are presented nightly with big-name casts.

FREE COLOR BOOKLET. To see all the other ways to have fun in Fort Lauderdale, send for illustrated booklet. Lodging guides included, if you check your choice on coupon below. Simply fill it out now and mail it today.

VISITOR SERVICE
P.O. Drawer 1181, Dept. N-49
Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302
Please send free color booklet to:

NAME____________________
ADDRESS____________________
CITY____________________
STATE____________ZIP______
Also, send free lodging guides for
☐ Hotels ☐ Motels ☐ Apartments
No. in my party____________
Approx. dates________to________

FORT LAUDERDALE
the Place to go in Florida



COLE MAKES IT. THE LOVE SUIT.

Just for the sheer romance of it. "Unforgettable" a nude nylon tank to swim with or without the cover of pleated polyester.

Cole of California® — Another fine Kayser-Roth product: 2615 Fruitland Ave., Los Angeles, California 90058 tion and chastity, just as, in his prose pamphlets, he preached vegetarianism while continuing himself to enjoy a French cuisine.

His tastes in clothes and interior decoration were those of a drag queen:

> That his skin was extremely sensitive may explain his silk chokers and underwear but hardly those quilted, shirred, bowed, laced, flowered, fringed, and furred gowns he dragged through his private rooms. In a famous letter to Bertha, his seamstress, he once poetically described and sketched a sash five yards in length to be made for a fantastic pink satin robe of his own design. Considering his height of little over five feet, one must wonder how he managed to walk in these costumes without tripping.
>
> Coincidentally with his work on the first act of "Parsifal" he wrote frankly to his "douce amie," Judith [asking her] to ship limitless amounts of amber, Milk of Iris (he poured half a bottle of it into his daily bath), and Rose de Bengale, and he called for powdered scents to sprinkle over fabrics. . . . His study in Wahnfried was directly over the bath, which he would inundate with rare odors. Seated at his desk and attired in incredible silk and fur outfits douched with sachet, he breathed in the aromatic fumes rising from below and with them memories of Judith's glowing embraces. Amid scenes worthy of Huysmans' Des Esseintes, the first act of the "religious" drama, "Parsifal," came into being.

Such weaknesses and eccentricities make amusing reading, but there is nothing funny about Wagner's hatred of the French and the Jews. He was furious at Bismarck for not razing Paris to the ground, and when the Parisians were starving during the siege he wrote a farce about it, "A Capitulation," in which the chorus were to sing, "Rats with sauce! Sauce with rats!" Most nineteenth-century anti-Semites would have been genuinely horrified by Auschwitz, but one has the uncomfortable suspicion that Wagner would have wholeheartedly approved. His vocabulary in "Know Thyself," written in 1881, is hair-raisingly prophetic.

> Only when his [Wagner's] countrymen awakened and ceased party bickering would there be no more Jews, a "great solution" (*grosse Lösung*) he foresaw as uniquely within the reach of the Germans if they could conquer false shame and not shrink from ultimate knowledge (*nach der Überwindung aller falschen Scham die letzte Erkenntnis nicht zu scheuen*).

Before leaving this unpleasant topic, let us recall with admiration that King Ludwig, though he idolized Wagner, refused to pay the slightest attention to his anti-Semitic ravings.

I said earlier that I do not believe an artist's life throws much light upon his works. I do believe, however, that, more often than most people realize, his works may throw light upon his life. An artist with certain imaginative ideas in his head may then involve himself in relationships which are congenial to them. In Wagner's case, this is unusually clear. For example, his affair with Mathilde Wesendonk was, as Mr. Gutman says, the "result" rather than the "cause" of "Tristan," and when, in order to write the last act, he found it necessary for them to part, it cost him little grief. More mysteriously, a situation already treated in his work may turn up later in an artist's life. Anyone who pays close attention to the text and the music in that same opera is aware of the homosexual triangle Mark-Melot-Tristan. In his long monologue after the lovers are surprised, Mark ignores Isolde completely and addresses himself to Tristan alone, causing a problem for the stage director:

> For all practical purposes Isolde might well vanish from the garden with Mark's entry. . . . How many Isoldes have desperately rearranged their veils a thousand times while awaiting those few lines near the end of the act!

(Flagstad solved this problem by sitting down with her back to the audience.) And at the end of the third act, Melot dies with the name Tristan on his lips. In the first act, also, Isolde has four lines which seem to indicate that she is aware of the situation:

Ich pflag des Wunden,
dass den Heilgesunden
rächend schlüge der Mann,
der Isolden ihn abgewann.

(I nursed the wounded man so that, when recovered, he might be slain in vengeance by the man who won him from Isolde.)

Ernest Newman tried to explain these lines away as a grammatical error: Wagner, he suggested, had written the accusative *ihn* when he should have written the ablative *ihm*, and what he meant the fourth line to say was

by the man who won Isolde from him

thus expressing Isolde's hope that Tristan would meet his death at the hands of one of her future lovers. Not only does this emendation make no emotional sense in the context but, as Mr. Gutman says:

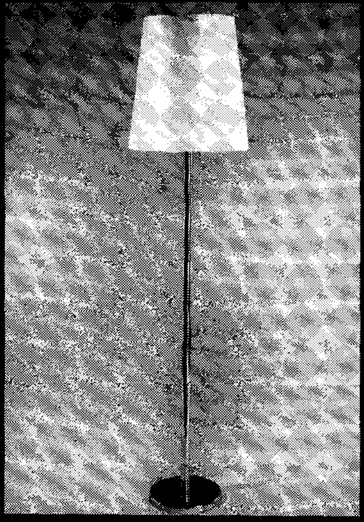
> Though Wagner's grammar was at times weak, he did know the difference between *ihn* and *ihm*, and, as Newman himself admitted, the passage appears in Wagner's manuscript and was printed in poem and score for all the world to see.

(I am shocked to discover that in the Boehm recording the emendation has been quietly adopted.)

A biographer who did not know

OPERATE YOUR OWN POWER STATION.

If you're a frustrated electrical engineer—or just power crazy, this 63" floor lamp is for you. (If you're sort of normal, we'll sell you one anyway). Turn the switch once and you get direct light from 4 100 watt bulbs. Turn it again, you get indirect light from a 300 watt flood lamp. A third turn and you are the master of 700 watts! Both the stem and 10" diameter base are polished chrome. The 16" shade is off white linen. $65. And you can have the brightest room in town.

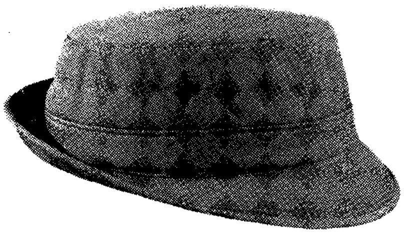


SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOGUE
Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-103, 831 Madison Avenue · 69th Street,
New York 10021, UN 1-8955, open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

Bean's Insulated Hunter's Hat



Shell of water repellent Dacron and cotton poplin. Fully lined with quilted thermofoam rubber. Warm and retains hat shape. Stitched brim. Lined neckband and ear-laps fold inside hat. Colors: Hunter's Scarlet, Olive Green. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾. (Order ⅛ size larger than regular.) Price, $4.35 postpaid anywhere in U.S.A.

☐ Send Free Catalog

☐ Ship________ Hunter's Hats @ $4.35

Color ______________________________

Size ______________________________

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

______________________________ Zip __________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
233 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Hunting, Fishing and Camping Specialties

Winter Sports

Only 100 miles away...
(at reduced seasonal rates)

Winter sports are fun for the whole family at The Inn. Try a snowmobile ride. Ski on expanded slopes (we make our own snow). Two Poma Lifts. Ice skating and sledding, too. Heated Ski Chalet. Instruction. Rental equipment. Fine guest accommodations, great food. Enjoy a winter holiday only 2½ hours away.

Special Winter Package Plan

BUCK HILL
INN & GOLF CLUB
TELEPHONE 717-595-7441
BUCK HILL FALLS • PENN.

For reservations and information:
New York, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W.
245-5620; Philadelphia, 922-2180.

Barrie Ltd.®
Sportsman Boot

BROCHURE ON REQUEST

A modified jodhpur boot with single strap and buckle of natural grain calfskin, soft leather-lined forepart, complete storm welts, double leather soles, and leather heels with v-plates. In brown ☐, maple ☐ or black ☐. $24.95 postpaid. *ORDER BY MAIL—State Shoe Size. BARRIE LTD., DEPT. N—NEW HAVEN.*

OR AT BARRIE LTD. SHOE SHOPS:

260 YORK STREET, NEW HAVEN, CONN.
22 TRUMBULL STREET, HARTFORD, CONN.
152 EAST BROAD STREET, COLUMBUS, OHIO
914 15th STREET, N.W. WASHINGTON, D.C.

This is the impossible dream.

Just 8 miles west of Montego Bay you'll find a hillside of wonders, a beach of delights and the beautiful sea. Where the accommodations are excellent, food epicurean and service impeccable. Impossibly perfect but perfectly possible to enjoy. Nov. 22nd to Apr. 15th.

Round Hill
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
See your travel agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. • 630 Fifth Ave., New York. JU 6-4500 • Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Toronto, and Miami.

when "Tristan" was composed would naturally suspect that the Mark-Melot-Tristan triangle was an artistic metamorphosis of the real-life triangle Ludwig-Prince Paul-Wagner, especially when he discovered that Prince Paul was known in the Ludwig-Wagner circle by the nickname Melot.

Before we consider his compositions, a few words should be said about Wagner as a professional musician and man of the theatre. In these spheres he deserves almost unqualified praise. However "bohemian" his life, however chaotic and absurd his verbal ideas, when it came to music and its performance Wagner exhibited all the "bourgeois" virtues—bee-like industry, patient attention to detail, tidiness (his scores are beautiful to look at), and even common sense. However justly one may complain about prima-donna conductors and the sort of public that is more interested in a conductor with a "name" than in the music he conducts, one must admit that the recognition that conducting is in itself an art has enormously raised the standard of orchestral and operatic performances, and for this recognition Wagner is very largely responsible. I have always felt that Wagner's own works should be taken at a clip. (My favorite Wagner conductor, though I never heard him in the flesh, was Albert Coates. On the other hand, I once sat through a "Götterdämmerung" conducted by Knappertsbusch as if it were the "Siegfried Idyll," and thought I should go out of my mind.) I am happy to learn that Wagner felt the same. In "Aspects of Wagner" (published in London by Alan Ross), Mr. Bryan Magee gives some interesting facts:

> I once timed all the available recordings of the prelude to "Die Meistersinger": the longest lasted ten and a half minutes and the shortest eight and three-quarters; yet when Wagner himself conducted it in Mannheim in 1871 it lasted only "a few seconds over eight minutes." On one occasion we find him complaining of a performance of the overture to "Tannhäuser" that it had lasted over twenty minutes, pointing out that under his own baton in Dresden it had lasted twelve. He also complained of a performance of "Das Rheingold" in Augsburg that it had taken three hours and reminded everyone that under a conductor coached by himself it had lasted two and a half. Liszt, after conducting the première of "Lohengrin" at Weimar in 1850, received a letter of complaint from Wagner that the performance had taken a full hour too long.

With his singers Wagner took endless pains, and he was always willing

la maisonette
presents
DORIS HINES
January 2nd-18th
GEORGE CORT his Piano
& Orchestra alternating with
QUINTERO and his Latin Band.
Dancing 7:30 'til 2.
LA BOITE Dinner at 6:30.
Music 'til 1:30 with
Ernest Schoen & Julius Kuti.
Nightly except Sunday
Reservations PLaza 3-4500
Jan. 20th-Feb. 1st—ARLENE FONTANNA

St-Regis-Sheraton
5th Ave., at 55th St., New York
A Worldwide Service
of ITT

Steaks renowned
'round the world
...the choice of
discerning gourmets

B

Bruno's
Pen and Pencil
Restaurant
205 East 45th Street • MU 2-8660

John C. Bruno

CHICAGO
MOHAWK 4-2788
The Red Carpet
EXPENSIVE
RESERVATIONS IMPERATIVE

delightful
Frenchy's
wonderful food
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

to make cuts or changes to suit their voices:

> To accommodate Tichatschek and Niemann he consented to alterations in the second act of "Tannhäuser," and, for his niece, Johanna Wagner, he shortened the prayer in the third. . . . In 1861 by cuts, transpositions, and text changes he recast the part of Tristan to meet the limitations of the panic-stricken Viennese tenor, Ander. Unhappy with his Wotan after the first Bayreuth festival he wished the role to be assumed by the bass Siehr, whose anxieties over its great range he allayed by assurances that high notes might always be lowered.

Indeed, as Bernard Shaw pointed out, Wagner's vocal writing is more considerate to tenors and sopranos than Verdi's; his roles may demand more lung power, but they are less taxing on the vocal cords. I am glad to learn from Mr. Gutman that the Wagnerian "bark" with which we are all too familiar was not Wagner's handiwork but was developed only after Cosima took over Bayreuth. Wagner himself wanted a *bel-canto* style.

It has become a commonplace to say that Wagner had no sense of stage direction, but after seeing what some of our "famous" modern stage directors can do with his operas I only wish he could come back to earth and take charge. Technical advances in stage lighting have made certain effects possible of which Wagner would no doubt approve, but stage directors today seem to imagine that everything can be done with light, or, rather, with darkness. Ever since someone made the happy discovery that the love scene in the second act of "Tristan" is more effective if the scrim is lowered and only the faces of the lovers are spotlighted, we have had to sit through performances of entire operas which seem to have been designed for an audience of owls. Take the opening scene of "Die Walküre." The whole dramatic tension depends upon *Gastrecht:* once Siegmund has got inside Hunding's home, the latter is obliged to give his enemy food, fire, and shelter. In all the recent performances I have attended, there was no food, no fire, and not even a hut.

Of course, in Wagner's Bayreuth, as in every opera house, comic mishaps occurred. The first papier-mâché Fafner arrived with its neck missing (it had been addressed by mistake to Beirut); at the first performance of "Parsifal":

> Carl Brandt had miscalculated the rate at which the painted landscape was to unfold across the stage during the two

Golfers in the know are whispering:

"They have 54 fabulous holes of golf at Florida's Belleview Biltmore"

Three Championship courses—the finest in all Florida—on gently rolling terrain. Two starting tees at the Hotel door. Four teaching Pro's, friendly, capable golf staff, golf carts and veteran caddies. *No starting times—ever.* * After golf, stroll through miles of beautifully landscaped lawns and gardens, swim and sun at our own Cabana Club or in the king-size, mosaic tile pool. Tennis on three Har-Tru courts. * Delightfully spacious bedrooms.

Belleview Biltmore
TEL. (813) 442-6171
BELLEAIR, CLEARWATER, FLORIDA

Beautifully old-fashioned service and traditional American cuisine. Evening entertainment, night club, dancing. * Season: Early January to mid-April. Broad range of rates. See your travel agent or write, Dept. N., Donald E. Church, Manager, for reservations, information and color brochures. Represented by Robt. F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. (212) JU 6-4500; Also offices in Washington, D.C., Boston, Chicago and Toronto.

LARGEST RESORT ON FLORIDA'S GULF COAST AND RANKED AMONG THE TEN FINEST RESORT HOTELS IN THE WORLD

ON 45th STREET EVERYTHING IS STILL

LOBSTERRIFIC!

Been around Times Square lately? The mid-40's look like a dinosaur's play pen. In the area of the once Hotel Astor, the demolition experts had a field day. But if most of it looks strange, some of it remains the same.... Take us, for example.... In nearly 50 years at the same location, it's been very difficult to improve on our seafood, steaks and chops. That's why we're not tampering with a good thing. We're still at the same address, surrounded by all your favorite theatres. Come visit us. You'll be glad that not everything is changing!

The Lobster (SINCE 1919)
145 W. 45th St. • JU 2-0400

The real JAMAICA

Slow-paced, idyllic. Incredibly thoughtful Jamaican service. Silver Seas is the real Jamaica. More like a private club than a hotel. See your travel agent. Or write RR Hotel Representatives, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York 10036. Ask for the real Jamaica.

Silver Seas Hotel. Ocho Rios.

Peanuts! in French!

Aimez-vous Peanuts? Nous avons importe les trois paperbacks pour vous. Bonjour Peanuts, Hardi Peanuts, and Peanuts a Vendre. And what a wonderful way to practice French! ——— Set of three books **$4.00**
Mail orders shipped promptly.
Send for catalog.

Holiday House
1 Bellevue Theatre Bldg.
Upper Montclair, N.J. 07043
(201) 744-4949

Florida

on the sunny side

Come and bask in the warmth of snow-white sands at the beautiful Lido Biltmore Club. Sarasota's sparkling Gulf Coast provides the setting for unhurried golf on 18-hole championship course . . . swimming in fresh-water pool or in our private stretch of ocean. Relax and enjoy delicious meals, comfortable accommodations, and friendly service. Leisure is the gracious way of life at the Lido Biltmore Club!

For rates, reservations, color folder, see your travel agent or N.Y. Reservation Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza W. Tel. LT 1-3462.

FLOYD ALFORD, JR., PRES. & GEN. MGR.

Lido Biltmore CLUB
LIDO BEACH • SARASOTA • FLORIDA

Art Collectors...

Record your growing art collection in a new expanding ART RECORD BOOK.

Order this elegant, handsomely bound 8" x 6" volume to document your personal art collection. Contains information spaces for 20 full page or 40 half page art records in transparent envelopes. (Private information can be listed for insurance, etc. on concealed back side of each record.) Extra filler sheets are included for expansion. *Send name, address and Zip Code with $10.00, covers your book, handling and Postage. Additional gift book orders will be mailed direct with your card.*

HEMINGWAY GALLERIES
201 Lafayette St. • Jamestown, N.Y. 14701
243 East 60th St. • New York, N.Y. 10022

Hundreds of beautiful birds. Ten thousand palm trees. Maybe a million flowers. But not too many people.

This is South Andros. A beautiful Bahamas out island 180 miles from Miami.

This is Las Palmas Hotel where you can look out your window and watch the sun walking across the waves from every guest room. Every room has air conditioning and double beds. And a private patio. We have a fresh water pool. A putting green. Driving range. Shuffleboard. Charter boats. Sailboats. And bonefish boats and gear.

See your travel agent or our representative, Leonard Hicks, Inc., about our new color brochure or for reservations.

LAS PALMAS HOTEL
South Andros, Bahamas

WHITE HART INN
Salisbury, Connecticut
FINE FOOD, JOYFUL BEVERAGES
- *New England Country Store*
- *Hummingbird Art Gallery*

Junction Rtes. 41 & 44 / 203-435-2511

orchestral interludes depicting Parsifal's progress along the almost inaccessible paths to Monsalvat. There were yards and yards of excess canvas. The error was discovered at rehearsals, but too late to change the complicated roller mechanism especially constructed for this *Wandeldekoration*. In order to bring pit and stage together, Wagner was obliged to order the first-act interlude played twice and with liberal retards.

The mere fact, however, that some of Wagner's demands are difficult to meet does not excuse modern stage directors from ignoring them completely. About Grane, they are probably right: the kind of horse which can stand the footlights is too elderly and docile for a daughter of Wotan to ride. Fafner and Lohengrin's swan are another matter; the sooner they are restored the better.

The best-known of Wagner's theoretical writings about opera as an art form is "Opera and Drama," published in 1851. The theory he then put forward may be summarized as follows:

1. In opera, the words are at least as important as, perhaps more important than, the music. The poet presents the conceptual elements which beget the musician's vocal line. The latter interprets the text emotionally through artfully calculated juxtapositions of rhythm, accent, pitch, and key relationships.

2. There must be no duets or ensembles because these make the words difficult to hear. There must be no repetition of words. Strict metrical forms, even rhyme, are to be avoided.

3. The orchestra takes over the operatic role of the chorus.

4. The traditional formal arias linked by recitative are to be replaced by a free, continuous melody, unified by a series of motifs. Certain musical phrases are to be repeated by voice or orchestra whenever the ideas associated with the original words have particular relevance.

5. Historical subjects are unsuited to opera. The proper subjects are myths.

Essentially, this theory is a polemic directed against the "singers' " opera, in which words, plot, and orchestra have only one function—to provide opportunities for vocal display. To this negative tenet Wagner remained faithful, but the only works of his which conform to the positive dogmas are "Das Rheingold" and the first two acts of "Die Walküre." When he started composing "Siegfried," the conflict between the dogmas and the kind of music he wanted to write had become so acute that he had to stop, and he did not resume work on it until after he had written "Tristan" and "Die Meistersinger." In "Tristan," the duet reappears, the words are swamped by the flood of orchestral sound, and, though he does not literally repeat words, Wagner does not hesitate to string together a series of appositives and synonyms whenever they suit his musical needs. In "Die Meistersinger" and all his subsequent operas, the *Gesamtkunstwerk* theory is thrown out of the window, and what Wagner gives us is post-Meyerbeer nineteenth-century grand opera. As Mr. Gutman says:

> "Meistersinger" boasted a libretto obviously modelled on the practice of Wagner's detested French foeman, Eugène Scribe; and there were distinct arias, marches, choruses, a rousing crescendo finale, a ballet, and elaborate ensembles capped by—*horrible dictu*—a quintet! All the closed Italian forms on the Wagnerian Index were shamelessly exhibited.

And of "Götterdämmerung," with its "poisoned drinks, conspirators' ensemble, massed chorus, and Scribe-inspired *coups de théâtre*," Bernard Shaw quite rightly remarked that it has much in common with "Un Ballo in Maschera."

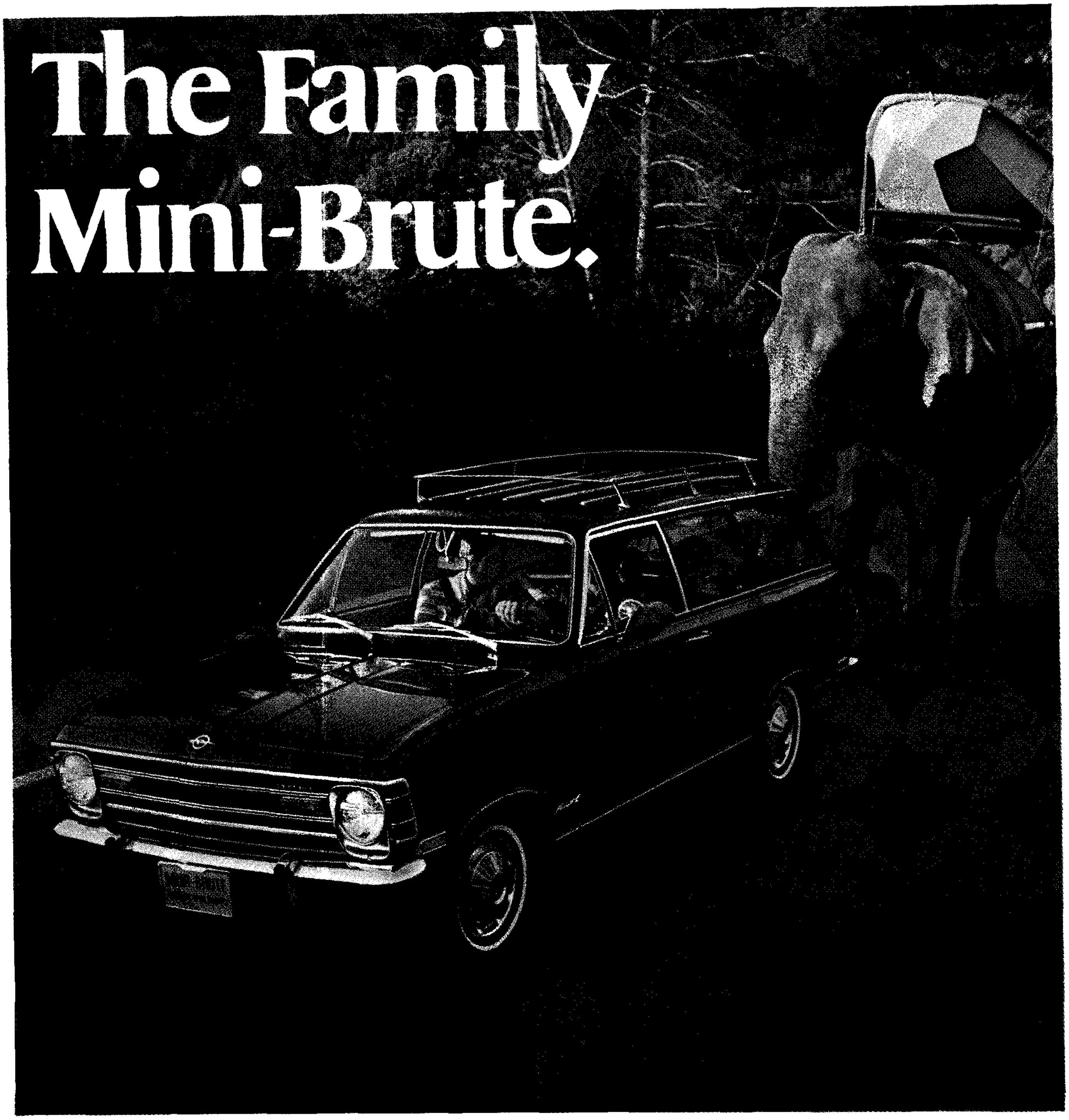
Though Wagner continued to use leitmotivs, these become less and less like what Debussy called "visiting cards;" that is to say, it became harder and harder to identify them with a specific character, emotion, or dramatic situation. He used them freely, and sometimes recklessly:

> Not far from the absurd is that *locus classicus* in the final act of "Siegfried" where Brynhild's sudden wild passion, burning glance, and enfolding embrace are painted by the Dragon motif . . . and those two bars in the prelude to "The Twilight of the Gods" where Siegmund's and Sieglinde's love theme underlines Brynhild's devotion to her horse.

The principal difference between Wagnerian and Italian grand opera is that in the former the vocal line is subordinate to, sometimes even dictated by, what the orchestra is doing. Hanslick was only slightly exaggerating when he wrote:

> Given the text and the orchestral accompaniment, a good musician, well versed in Wagner's music, would be able to insert suitable vocal parts in the empty spaces, just as a sculptor can restore the missing hand of a statue. But one could as little restore the lost orchestral accompaniment to Hans Sachs' or Eva's vocal parts as create the whole statue with only the single hand to go on.

Could Wagner revisit the earth, he would, I think, view the contemporary



The 1969 Mini-Brute can turn everyday driving into a pleasant vacation.

One thing is certain about our new Opel Kadett Deluxe 2-door Wagon. It's certain to make any drive, every drive, more enjoyable. It handles the toughest terrain or the most snarled traffic with ease. And it's so comfortable and roomy that you'll never know how tough the traveling is.

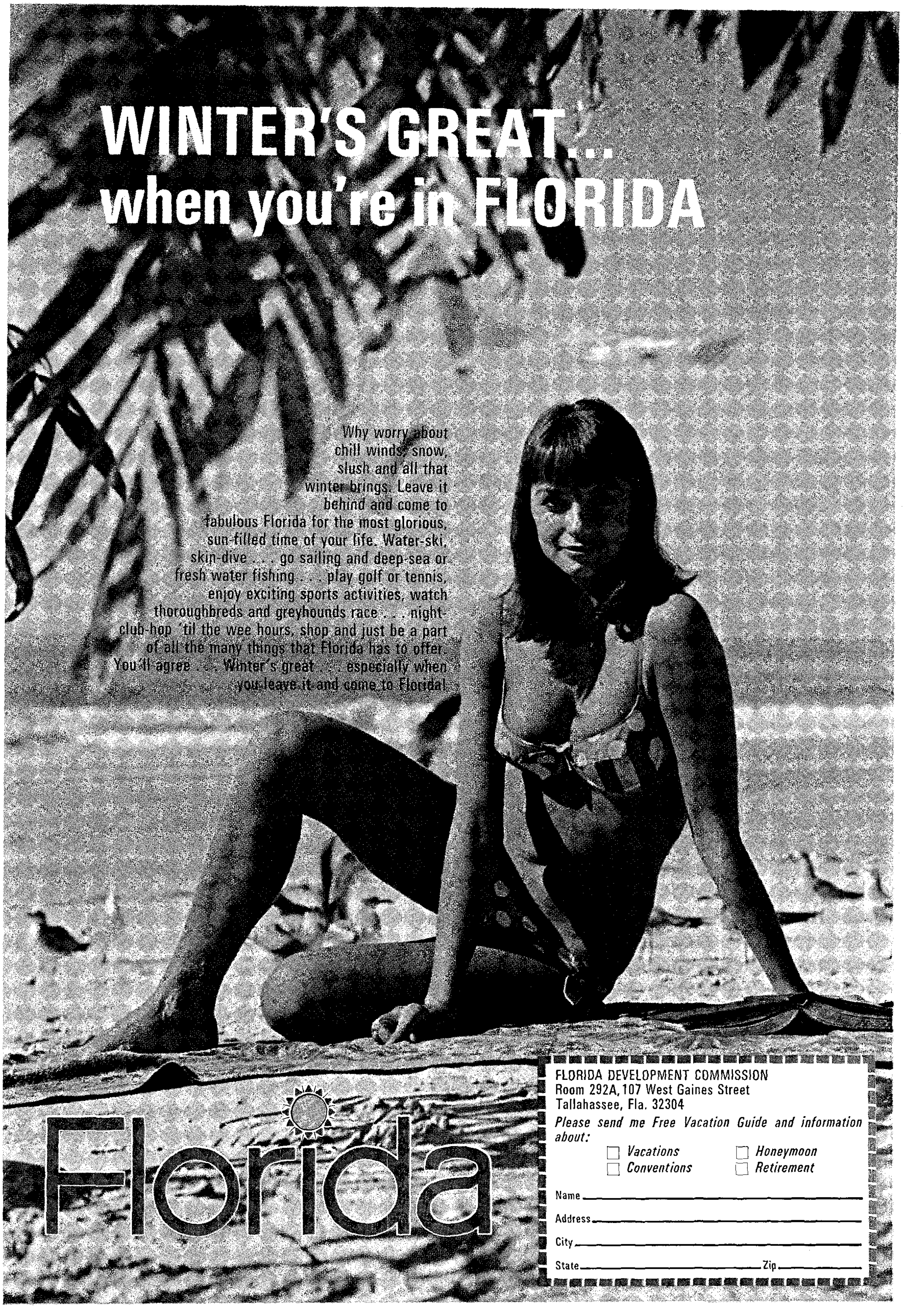
The list of standard equipment will give you an idea of just how great this Mini-Brute really is. That luggage rack you see is standard equipment. A folding rear seat is standard. A 55-horsepower engine that seems like it could run forever on a single tank of gas is standard. An electric clock is standard. A long list of GM safety equipment is standard on all the new Mini-Brutes.

All the new Mini-Brutes are waiting at every Buick-Opel showroom. The Mini-Brute has more dealers than any other import car. Visit one. And choose the Opel Kadett you like best. It'll make your driving more enjoyable than ever. Deluxe 2-door Wagon. GM Rallye Kadett. Super Deluxe Sport Coupe. Two-door Sport Sedan. Two-door Sedan.

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

Buick's Opel Kadett. The Mini-Brute.



WINTER'S GREAT...
when you're in FLORIDA

Why worry about chill winds, snow, slush and all that winter brings. Leave it behind and come to fabulous Florida for the most glorious, sun-filled time of your life. Water-ski, skin-dive . . . go sailing and deep-sea or fresh water fishing . . . play golf or tennis, enjoy exciting sports activities, watch thoroughbreds and greyhounds race . . . night-club-hop 'til the wee hours, shop and just be a part of all the many things that Florida has to offer. You'll agree . . . Winter's great . . . especially when you leave it and come to Florida!

Florida

FLORIDA DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION
Room 292A, 107 West Gaines Street
Tallahassee, Fla. 32304

Please send me Free Vacation Guide and information about:

☐ *Vacations*
☐ *Conventions*
☐ *Honeymoon*
☐ *Retirement*

Name ________________________

Address ________________________

City ________________________

State ____________ Zip ____________

operatic scene with mixed feelings. On the one hand, he would be gratified to find that all over the world his operas have become part of the standard repertory, and savagely exultant to discover that the archfiend Meyerbeer has disappeared from it. On the other hand, he would be dismayed to learn that the race of Wagnerites has died out (Hitler was probably the last of them), that the opera public listens one night to Wagner and the next, with equal pleasure and admiration, to Verdi, whom he had dismissed as a composer of no account. He would be right, I believe, in feeling dismay, though not for the reasons he would himself give. Wagner's operas are freaks, and if we are to appreciate them correctly we must listen in a way unlike that in which we listen to most operas.

Of all guides to Wagner, Nietzsche is by far the best. (Mr. Gutman, incidentally, demonstrates convincingly that in his discussion of the break between Nietzsche and Wagner Newman was inaccurate and unfair to the former.) Nietzsche perceived the one-track obsessiveness of Wagner's imagination; in opera after opera, the same theme turns up in a new disguise:

> Someone always wants to be saved in his operas—now it is a youth; anon it is a maid—this is *his problem*—and how lavishly he varies his leitmotif! What rare and melancholy modulations! If it were not for Wagner, who would teach us that innocence has a preference for saving interesting sinners (the case in "Tannhäuser")? Or that even the Wandering Jew gets saved and *settled down* when he marries (the case in "Der Fliegende Holländer")? Or that corrupt females prefer to be saved by chaste young men (the case of Kundry)? Or that young hysterics like to be saved by their doctor (the case in "Lohengrin")? Or that beautiful girls love to be saved by a knight who also happens to be a Wagnerite (the case in "Die Meistersinger")? Or that even married women also like to be saved by a knight (the case of Isolde)? . . .
>
> That it is possible to draw yet other lessons from the works above mentioned, I am much more ready to prove than dispute. That one may be driven by a Wagner ballet to desperation *and* to virtue! (Once again the case in "Tannhäuser.") That not going to bed at the right time may be followed by the worst consequences. (Once again the case of Lohengrin.") That one can never be too sure of the spouse one actually marries. (For the third time, the case of "Lohengrin.")

And he perceived the true nature of the Wagnerian hero and heroine:

> Wagner's heroines one and all, once they have been divested of their heroic husks, are almost indistinguishable from "Madame Bovary." Just as one can conceive conversely of Flaubert being *well able* to transform all his heroines into Scandinavian or Carthaginian women, and then offer them to Wagner in this mythologized form as a libretto. Indeed, generally speaking, Wagner does not seem to have become interested in any other problems than those which engross the little Parisian decadents of today. Always five paces away from the hospital! All very modern problems, all problems which are at home in big cities. Have you noticed (it is in keeping with this association of ideas) that Wagner's heroines never have any children? They *cannot* have them. The despair with which Wagner tackled the problem of arranging in some way for Siegfried's birth betrays how modern his feelings on this point actually were. Siegfried "emancipated" woman, but not with any hope of offspring. And now here is a fact which leaves us speechless: Parsifal is Lohengrin's father! How ever did he do it? Ought one at this juncture to remember that "chastity works miracles"?

Nietzsche also—and this was the most important of his insights—grasped the true nature of Wagner's musical genius:

> Here is a musician who is a greater master than anyone else in the discovery of tones peculiar to suffering, oppressed, and tormented souls, who can endow even dumb misery with speech. Nobody can approach him in the colors of late autumn, in the indescribably touching joy of a last, a very last, and all too short gladness; he knows of a chord which expresses those secret and weird midnight hours of the soul, when cause and effect seem to have fallen asunder.

Wagner, like Milton, another monster, whom he resembles in more ways than one, is a striking example of an artist whose actual achievement is quite other than his conscious intention. Just as Milton expected the reader to take his God the Father and God the Son as the Christian God, when in fact they are Homeric deities employing a pseudo-Christian vocabulary, so Wagner expected his audience to admire his heroes and heroines when in fact he presents a succession of underbred neurotics, portrayed with consummate skill. As no one else can, he paints all that is irrational, morbid, cranky, self-destructive, "Wagnerite" in human nature as it really is; that is to say, in all its formidable enchantment. Had he been conscious of this he could not have done it, for he would then inevitably have portrayed such weaknesses satirically, without the enchantment which makes us succumb to them. When he is consciously satirical, as in his portrait of Beckmesser, the result is unsatisfactory; according to the libretto, Beckmesser is a serious rival to Walther, both as a wooer and as a mu-

Now! one of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the World is twice as Wonderful!

We've built a beautiful new addition and changed our name to Cherry Hill Inn & Lodge. All to make your vacation or visit twice as much fun!
NOW! 500 luxury guest rooms
NOW! Twice the fine dining & Cocktail lounging
NOW! Two swimming pools indoor/out — plus golf and other sports

RESERVATIONS & INFORMATION:
PHONE 609-662-7200
DIRECT N.Y. NO. 212-226-2969

Cherry Hill Inn and Lodge

Now! Two of the 7
Wonderful Inns of the World
15 minutes from downtown Philadelphia
4 miles from N.J. Turnpike Exit 4
Route 38, Cherry Hill, N.J.

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin
Superb pre-theatre dining... and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"
HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST., NEW YORK • MU 7-4400
Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Café Carlyle
MABEL MERCER
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT
JAN. 2 thru FEB. 1
and her songs
ACCOMPANIED BY BUDDY BARNES
Complete Dinner $6.50—served to 9:30 p.m.
Entertainment from 9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Cover $3 p.p. Minimum $3 p.p. after 9:30.
HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. AT 76TH ST. • TEL. 744-1600

sician, but the music Wagner gives Beckmesser to sing makes it impossible to take him seriously as either.

If we are to get the full benefit from Wagner's operas, we have simultaneously to identify ourselves with what we hear and see on stage—"Yes, all that is in me"—and to "distance" ourselves from it—"But all that is precisely what I must overcome." If we can do this, then we shall find that, just as Milton was "of the Devil's Party without knowing it," so Wagner, equally unknowingly, was on the side of Reason, Order, and Civilization.

—W. H. AUDEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ADVOCATE, by Borden Deal (Doubleday). In the course of this novel, John Bookman, a small-town lawyer, has to defend a sex murderer and the will of an eccentric millionairess. He has to choose between professional ethics and his own conscience, decide whether to run for governor of the state, and whether to tell his childless wife that he has a bastard son. That's one weighty decision too many, and our sympathy begins to pall.

A, by Andy Warhol (Grove). A "novel" produced by taping the conversation of a number of people in Mr. Warhol's factory. Like "Ulysses," it deals with the many events of one day; like "War and Peace," it has innumerable characters; like "Remembrance of Things Past," it is preoccupied with homosexuality; like "Four Saints in Three Acts," it is endlessly repetitious; like "Finnegans Wake," it remakes the language. The book has nothing else in common with those illustrious works, however, since it is an unreadable, and thus a totally boring, jumble. Ten dollars.

GENERAL

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS CARLYLE TO HIS BROTHER ALEXANDER, edited by Edwin W. Marrs, Jr. (Belknap-Harvard). Two hundred and seventy-one letters, filling almost eight hundred pages and giving an unsurpassed portrait of Carlyle: reporting on his writing, lecturing, and dealings with publishers; giving detailed accounts of his own dyspepsia or his "very precious little Wifie's" various ailments; sending a half sovereign home to be distributed among the poor; complaining that London potatoes are in-

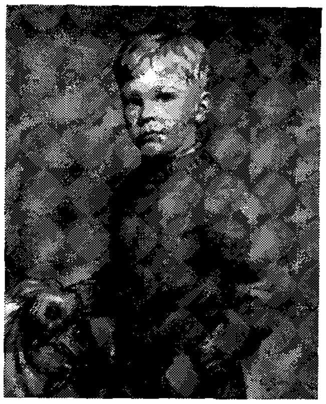
Reservations are now being accepted for this distinguished new apartment residence Fall 1969 occupancy

The Sun and Surf
ON THE BEACH AT PALM BEACH

Inquiries invited. Renting office on premises: 100 Sunrise Ave. (305) 833-6616
Palm Beach representative: Robert E. List Co., 292 So. County Rd. (305) 833-2578
New York representative: Pease & Elliman, Inc. 60 E. 56th St. (212) 838-6600

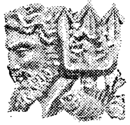
Beyond the Burning
life and death of the ghetto
STERLING TUCKER
Coordinator, Poor People's March
National Field Director, National Urban League
A powerful, militant statement of the realities and dangers of our racial situation, with sound, constructive solutions. "Angry . . . a manifesto of militancy."—Washington STAR. "Interesting . . . challenging . . . realistic."—FEDERAL TIMES. $2.50 paper; $4.95 cloth
ASSOCIATION PRESS
291 Broadway · New York, N.Y. 10007

POST-HOLIDAY VACATION
Play Two Great Robert Trent Jones Golf Courses—Relax and unwind! Write for illustrated brochure and golfers holiday plan today. Reade Whitwell Mgr. (602) 935-3811
THE WIGWAM
ARIZONA'S COUNTRY CLUB RESORT
LITCHFIELD PARK, ARIZONA
FAWCETT/WARNER REPRESENTED



Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice
PORTRAITS, INC.
We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors
41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK

LESLEY GORE
Wow! Need we say more?
from January 1-January 21
Performances at 9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PLaza 9-3000
PERSIAN ROOM
AT THE PLAZA



Sea-Fare of the Aegean
25 West 56th St., N.Y.C.

OLD·DROVERS·INN
DOVER·PLAINS·N.Y.

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED TUES. & WED.

THE MAYAN ROOM Luncheon • Cocktails
Dinner • Superb Continental cuisine and Mayan dishes served in a gracious Continental manner. ROCKEFELLER CENTER
16 West 51st Street • Tel.: LT 1-3580

edible or that Edinburgh oatmeal tastes like sawdust. A few related family letters are included. The editing meets the highest standards, and includes a glossary of Carlyle's Lallans words. Fifteen dollars.

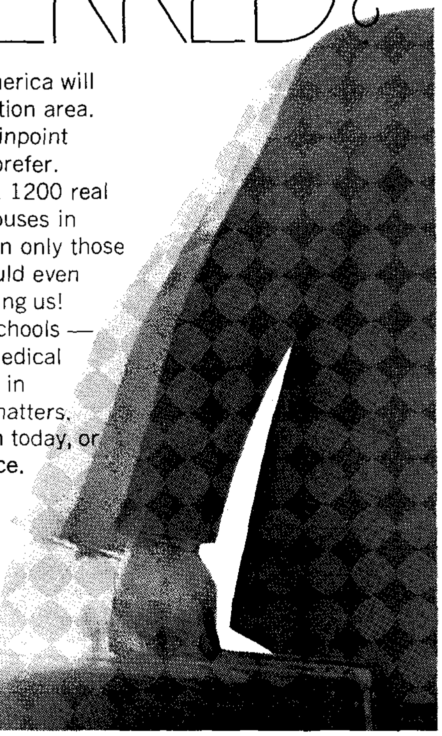
My People: The Story of the Jews, by Abba Eban (Random House). This physically sumptuous book, which tells the life story of the Jewish people from its earliest ascertainable beginnings, cannot strictly be called a history—Mr. Eban is too passionately involved with his people and their past, and too committed to their future—but it is still a magnificent piece of work. The story is all here—the coming out of Egypt and the conquest of Canaan, the advent of the law of Moses, the destruction of the temple, the long agony of the Diaspora and the shorter one of Auschwitz, and the new beginning, only twenty years ago. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

Kiki, by Albert Maori Kiki (Praeger). The taped autobiography of a Papuan who grew up in a tribal Stone Age culture and, through a combination of brains, ambition, and the encouragement of a white friend who perceived his potential, got an education and is now a pathologist and a political leader in New Guinea. His story—particularly his mail-order courtship of the educated Papuan girl who became his wife—is a valuable ethnological document, and delightful reading in addition. Photographs.

Death of the Roman Republic, by Stewart Perowne (Doubleday). The rise, decline, and evolution into the Roman Empire of the so-called Roman Republic. Mr. Perowne proposes that the forces that eventually (circa 30 B.C.) destroyed the Republic—the autocracy of the Senate, the destruction of the small farmer by slave-owning capitalists, the creation of a professional army whose loyalty was to its leader rather than to Rome—were set in motion by the very foreign conquests that created the Roman state, and then goes on to demonstrate this disenchanted proposition in a style that has something of the classic Gibbon tone: "This was not only a crime but a blunder as well: not merely honour, but money was now at stake."

My Friend Che, by Ricardo Rojo, translated from the Spanish by Julian Casart (Dial). The author of this modestly written but appealing memoir first met his fellow-Argen-

BEING TRANSFERRED?

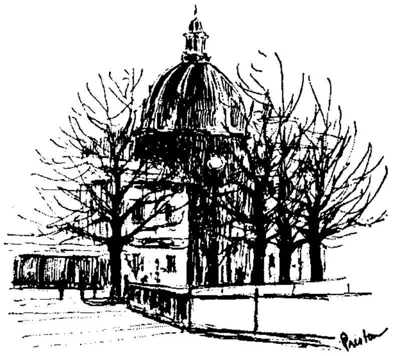


See Homerica First! Without charge, Homerica will send you the vital facts about your relocation area. After careful analysis, Homerica will pinpoint the suburb your family will probably prefer. Through our national network of more than 1200 real estate brokers, Homerica will screen houses in any of 4,000 communities. You will be shown only those that meet all your requirements. You could even find your home within a week of contacting us! Homerica knows all about commuting, schools — recreational, religious, cultural and medical facilities. Homerica will guide you in market values, financing and related matters. Without cost to you. Telephone S. Hardin today, or write your nearest Homerica office.

HOMERICA INC.

200 Park Ave. New York 10017
Phone 212 661-3111
Chicago • Los Angeles

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form



name

address

(Please include zip code number.)

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

One Year (52 issues) ☐ $10
Two Years (104 issues) ☐ $17

(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

The New Yorker, 25 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036

MONTEGO BAY at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL

A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

WORLD'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL

Fiddler on the Roof

Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $9.90; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. $5.80; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80; Sat. Mat.: Orch. $6.10; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4, 3.60, 2.80.

Beg. April 14 Wed. Mat. Orch. $6.25. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $7.50

MAJESTIC THEATRE, 245 W. 44th St., N.Y.C.

YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

New York
East 120 E. 56th St.
LT 1-0930
West 61 W. 56th St.
LT 1-0931
Chicago
166 E. Superior St.
664-9643
Hawaii
opening Spring 1969

There's always something exciting at the new Madison Square Garden. And just a stone's throw away is exciting food at

Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

MONSIGNORE
ELEGANT CONTINENTAL CUISINE
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
STROLLING VIOLINISTS—CHARGE CLUBS
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070

Lord Jim's
COCKTAILS•DINNER•SUPPER
THE ULTIMATE IN STEAKS
224 West 49th St. Bet. B'way & 8th Ave.
Phone: 265-7075 — Closed Sunday

tine Che Guevara when both men were in their early twenties and on the loose travelling through South America. Guevara was a young doctor with an interest in archeology who held money-making in contempt, was unconcerned with politics, and had undefined urges to dedicate himself to some altruistic undertaking. (He volunteered for work in a leper colony but was turned down.) Rojo, an escapee from Peron's police state, was a political, and he vainly tried to interest his friend in the various revolutionary situations in Peru, Bolivia, Guatemala, and the other countries they were invariably kicked out of. In Mexico City, Fidel Castro and his little band of Cuban exiles accomplished what Rojo could not; Guevara went off to the Sierra Maestra, and Rojo went his separate way. In the years that followed, however, the two kept in touch, and Rojo saw a good deal of his friend after Guevara became a power in the Castro government. The book is the most intimate and revealing of any available biography of Guevara, and ends with a full and detailed account of his last days and death in the Bolivian jungle. Photographs.

GREECE, GODS, AND ART, by Alexander Liberman and Iris C. Love (Viking). A stunning photographic celebration, with explanatory notes and captions, of the surviving glories of ancient Greece—architecture, sculpture, frescoes, historic landscapes. The notes and captions are the work of Miss Love, a professor of art history and archeology at Long Island University, and they are short, pointed, and absolutely essential to the full appreciation of Mr. Liberman's photographs. The photographs—a hundred and twenty-one of them, almost all in color—are beautiful beyond description. They are also, it might be added, presented in a generous format of nearly nine by thirteen inches. Robert Graves contributes a pleasant introduction. Twenty-two dollars and fifty cents.

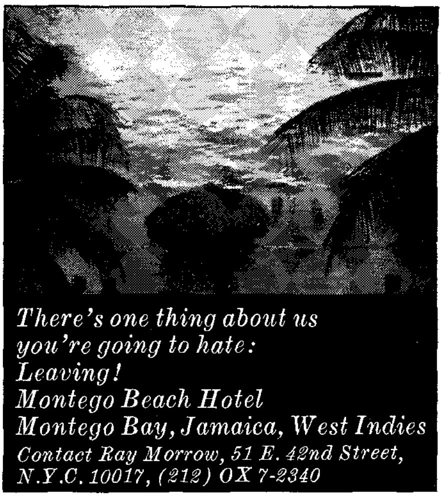
•

One fixture of the Maison Francaise that has definitely not lost any of the *ancienne elegance* is Madame Bruenig, the *grande dame* of the institution. She greets visitors with a tentative "Banjour" that might lead into a conversation in French, but which would not discourage one preferring to speak English.—*Columbia Spectator.*

We'll go with English.

RED MASK MYSTERY
Just out—a new RED MASK MYSTERY
NICK THE CLICK
By G. K. Wilkinson
Riotous suspense, dedicated to the proposition that crime *does* pay — for quick-witted pornographic photographers like Nick the Click — but *not* for a nest of deliciously iniquitous characters straight out of Damon Runyon. "Very good!"—*N. Y. Post.* "It's all fun and games."—*Publishers' Weekly.* Coming soon as a major motion picture.
$4.50 at bookstores
PUTNAM

Mid-Manhattan at its Luxurious Best
Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave. • 212 CI 7-7300



There's one thing about us you're going to hate:
Leaving!
Montego Beach Hotel
Montego Bay, Jamaica, West Indies
Contact Ray Morrow, 51 E. 42nd Street, N.Y.C. 10017, (212) OX 7-2340

Don't go abroad this year without it.
FODOR'S 1969 GUIDE TO EUROPE
$7.50
McKAY
Fodor helps you discover each country, know the people, enjoy the life.

FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

—The courtyard at
The Little Pub, Ocho Rios,
Jamaica, W. I.

Tia Maria. Jamaica's haunting liqueur

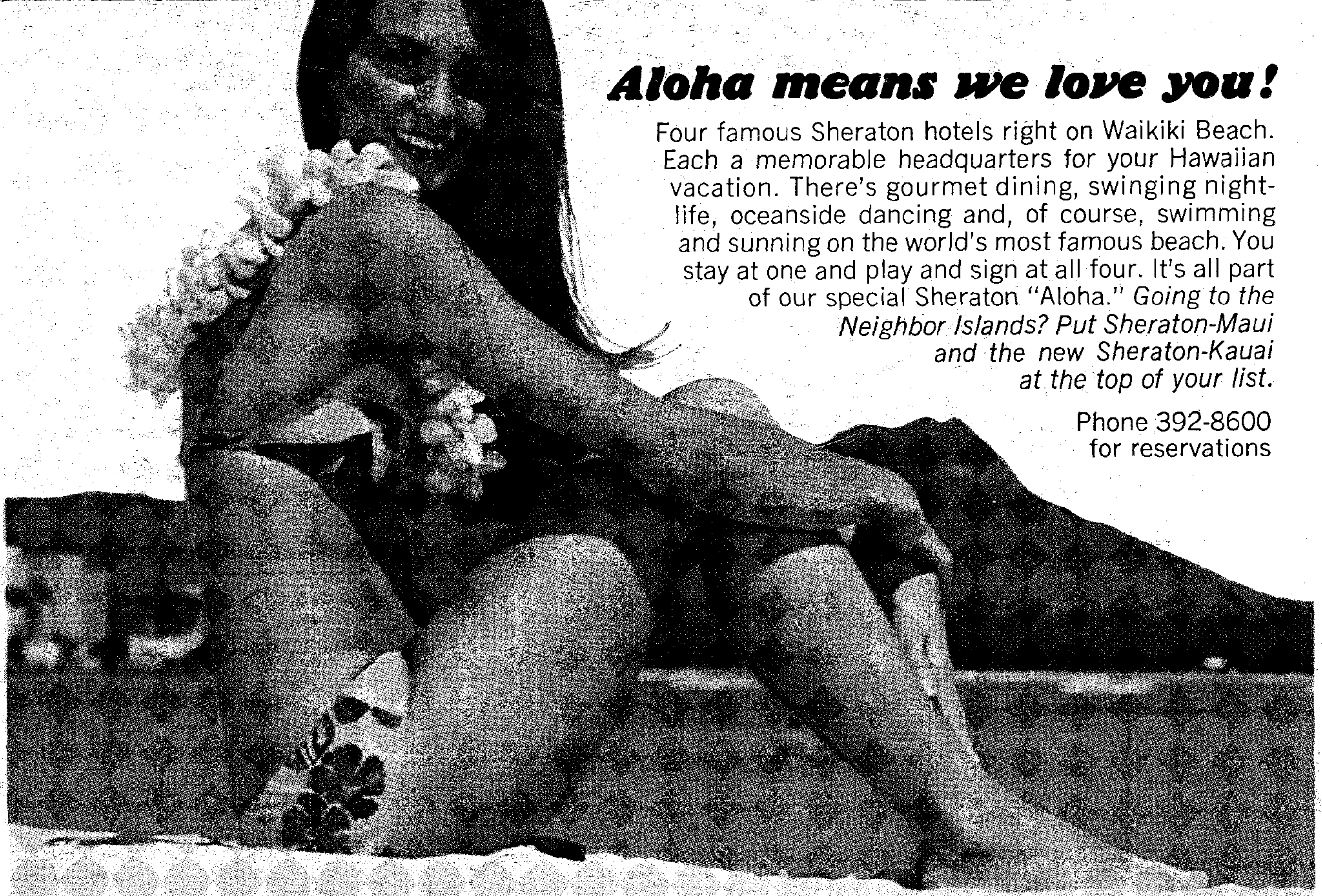
W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. 63 PROOF.

ROYAL HAWAIIAN—The queen of Pacific hotels. A cool, green oasis that is a hallmark of elegant luxury. A tradition with sophisticated travelers.

SURFRIDER—A sleek, new hotel that offers swinging luxury on the beach. Surf and surfers and ocean excitement right in front. Opens early 1969.

MOANA—A classic South Seas hotel, roomy, comfortable, it embraces an ocean-side courtyard under a mammoth banyan tree.

PRINCESS KAIULANI—A hotel of tropical views, it's Waikiki's "in" resort . . . and inexpensive, too. The fun begins when you arrive.



Aloha means we love you!

Four famous Sheraton hotels right on Waikiki Beach. Each a memorable headquarters for your Hawaiian vacation. There's gourmet dining, swinging nightlife, oceanside dancing and, of course, swimming and sunning on the world's most famous beach. You stay at one and play and sign at all four. It's all part of our special Sheraton "Aloha." *Going to the Neighbor Islands? Put Sheraton-Maui and the new Sheraton-Kauai at the top of your list.*

Phone 392-8600
for reservations

SHERATON HOTELS HAWAII

Only $100 jet fare from the West Coast to Sheraton's Aloha Vacation

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel. Diners Club, American Express, Bank Americard, Shell Oil and Sheraton Credit Card will be honored for all hotel services. Sheraton Hotels and Motor Inns in Major Cities. A World Wide Service of ITT